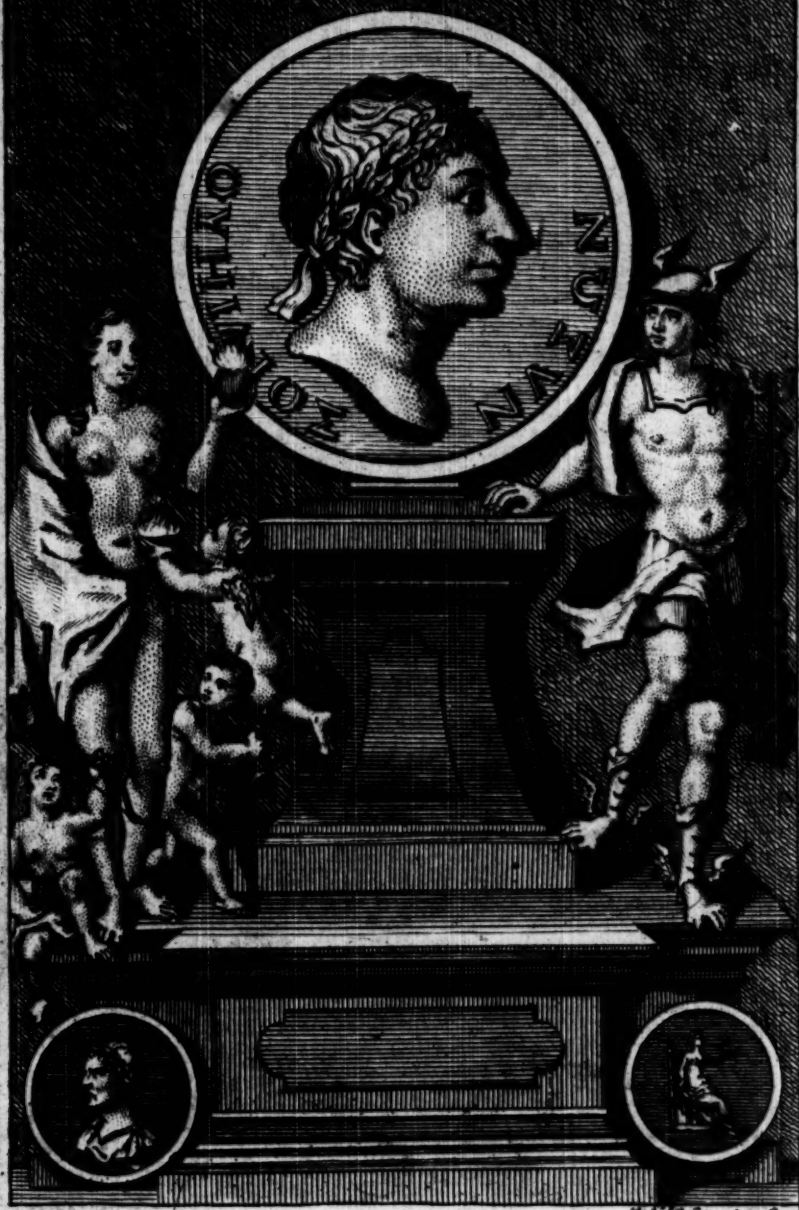


M. J. G. Gucht. Scul.



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OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

IN FIFTEEN BOOKS.

Made ENGLISH by

SEVERAL HANDS.

ADORN'D with CUTS.

VOLUME I.

The Second EDITION, with great Improvements

By Mr. *SEWELL*.



L O N D O N :

Printed by S. PALMER, for A. BETTESWORTH,
at the *Red-Lyon*, and E. TAYLOR, at the *Black-*
Swan, both in *Pater-Noster-row*; W. MEARS, at the
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at the *Half-Moon* against *St. Dunstan's Church*, in
Fleet-street. MDCCXXIV.

the Pedant. You have us'd this favourite Poet, as you do your Friends, rally their lesser Blemishes with an Air of good Breeding, but dwell upon their Virtues with a sincere Pleasure and Transport. As I am to speak something of *Ovid*, I shall be so just as to return you many of your own Observations upon him; which I own that I borrow'd, as a Man does Money from his Friend, to pay you back again without Interest. However, I hope you will look upon the Frankness of the Acknowledgment, and the Pleasure I take in Payment, as a little additional Satisfaction for a Debt so long withheld.

I shall reduce what I have to say to *Ovid*, under three Heads.

- I. The Author himself.
- II. The former Translations.
- III. The present Translation, and particularly that Share that belongs to myself.

Asto *Ovid* himself, I may venture to affirm, that if he is not the best, he is certainly the most universally entertaining and improving Poet of Antiquity. These Books of the *Metamorphoses*, are the Work that he laid the greatest Stress upon, and seem'd to promise himself more Glory from Posterity by these, than any other of his Performances. Now, if a Poet is not allow'd to be the properest Judge of his own Writings, yet he certainly is of the Labour and Pains he took in their Composition. But in all Probability *Ovid* did not speak only from himself, but the Judgment of his Contemporaries, who had seen and allow'd them the Praise the Author afterwards seem'd to assume to himself; and this might make him the bolder, in insuring Eternity

nity to his Name, from the lasting Admiration which would be paid to his *Metamorphoses*. We may observe, that *Horace* does the same in Regard to his *Odes*; which, in many Passages, he lays as the Foundation of his Fame with future Ages. But were not this modest Excuse to be allow'd, and we say, that these Poets *spoke wholly from their own Opinion*; this only will prove them the best Judges of themselves, since the great Masters in Criticism, and all Men of delicate Taste, have confirm'd the Judgment they gave of their own Writings. *Horace's Odes*, and *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, are still reckon'd their Master-pieces.

The first Thing to be consider'd in our Poet, is, his *Imagination*; which is wonderfully extensive and fruitful, comprehending the greatest Variety of Subjects, and working upon all in the most natural and agreeable Manner. As he was Master of an inexhaustible Fund of Images, he sometimes pours them upon his Reader a little too thick, and allows not Room enough for one to display itself, before it is follow'd and lost in a second and third. If this be a Fault in the Poet, it is a Fault the Reader ought to thank him for, who is left at Choice to select and improve any one which affects him most. I am sure that *Ovid's* Successors in Poetry stand highly indebted to him upon this Score; and were it a proper Entertainment, SIR, for one of your Discernment, I could give many Instances from the most admir'd Poets in our own Tongue, to justify my Assertion. The *shadowy Beings*, as they have been lately very properly term'd, which abound in *Spenser*, *Milton*, (and I might go back to *Chaucer*) are mostly owing to *Ovid*. *Spenser*, in particular, is remarkable for imitating the Exuberance of our Poet in all his *Creatures of Fancy*. But to
wave

wave that, let us look only on the Life and Force of all *Ovid's* Pictures, his Descriptions being the finest and exactest Copies of Nature. You behold his *Daphne* flying, his *Europa* swimming, his *Iö* weeping, and his *Niobe* enters upon you with a slow majestic Pride not to be express'd in Picture. As to that Part of *Description* which is peculiar to this *Book of Ovid's*, that relates the gradual Progress, or different Manner of the *Changes and Transformations* of Persons, every Story in his Book is a convincing Instance of the Exactness of his Judgment. The Masters of Painting know this so well, that hardly any of them attempt a Story of his, without consulting the Poet; and some of their best Pieces of this Kind, are only so far beautiful and natural, as they come near the Descriptions of *Ovid*. I remember that I took a great Pleasure, when I was very young, in comparing many of his Stories done by the late famous *Verrio*, with the Originals in the *Metamorphoses*. But, SIR, I must forbear this Subject before you, whose Delicacy of Taste in *Painting* makes you far more capable of doing our Author Justice; I chuse rather to say something of his Stile in Versification.

This, I think, is generally allow'd to be pure, easy and natural; and yet, when the Subject requires it, *Ovid* can rise up to a Sublimity both of Thought and Expression equal to any Poet. It were easy to give many Instances of the Elevation of his Stile; but I only chuse to repeat one from an acknowledg'd Master in Criticism, as well as Poetry. They are the three following Lines in the Story of *Phaëthon*.

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus Orbem

Occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet, Ostia septem
Pulverulenta.

D E D I C A T I O N.

V

Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles.

Which, says Mr. Addison, are as fine and noble as Virgil himself could have wrote.

A lofty Stile is far indeed from being the general Character of Ovid's Poetry; but yet it often falls in his Way, as the Consequence of his Subject; and then we may see with what Force and Spirit he could rise above himself, and reach Heights not inferior to the Epic Writers. After this, I can't forbear wondering at an Observation of Mr. Dryden's on the Verification or Stile of Ovid, which he is pleas'd to rank with that of Claudian; he says, *It consists of one equal and constant Return of Sounds, without Variation*; and, after his metaphorical Manner, calls it *All Carpet-Ground*. There are not perhaps any two Poets so different in Stile, as Ovid and Claudian; and this Mr. Dryden might have known from Scaliger, or any common Critick; or indeed from the most common Ear; and surely that great Man was never more mistaken, than in this unlucky Judgment he has pass'd upon this Poet. The reading of any single Story in Ovid, is sufficient to refute this Observation; and I leave it to every one's own Judgment, to bring Instances, since I am sure they will be better pleas'd with a Conviction of their own Choice, than any given by another Hand.

I have heard you, SIR, often observe, that tho' the Fancy of Ovid is in most Places full of Beauty and Variety, yet it is most conspicuous in the Number of *Love-Stories* dispers'd in the *Metamorphoses*. They are all natural, and yet finely diversify'd; so that out of so many upon the Subject, where the same Thoughts and Images would occur, there are not any two which have the same

Air

Air and Colouring. He was, indeed, a perfect Master of that Passion, and knew all the Differences, both of its Cause and Effects, so well, that he must be qualify'd to give to most moving and exact Description of it. And here, SIR, I have an Opportunity of publishing to the World many more Strokes of your uncommon Observations upon *Ovid*; but I have before confin'd myself in too narrow a Room, and must therefore keep my Method, and speak something of the former *Translations* of this Author.

Mr *Sandys*, whom Mr. *Dryden* calls the best Versifier of the last Age, is much too close to appear beautiful to an *English* Reader: He is sometimes very happy in the turning of a few Lines, and soon after despicable to the last Degree. As I am indebted to him for some Lines, which I despair'd of translating better, I think myself oblig'd to bring an Instance or two from his Version, which give us all the Beauties of *Ovid* in a very narrow Compass: As these two,

*Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia siccis,
Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus.*

The Cold and Hot, the Dry and Humid, fight
The Soft and Hard, the Heavy and the Light.

And these beautiful ones in the Story of *Niobe*:

*Ingemuere simul, simul incurvata dolore,
Membra solo posuere; simul suprema jacentes.
Lumina versarunt; animam simul exhalarunt.*

Both

Both groan at once, at once their Bodies
 bend;
 With bitter Pangs at once to Earth descend;
 Their rolling Eyes together set in Death;
 Together they expire their parting Breath.

I own myself surpriz'd, that Mr. *Sandys*, who certainly wanted not Learning, should sometimes very grossly mistake the Sense of his Author; and that his Admirers may not think him falsely accus'd, I desire they would take Notice of this Passage in the seventh Book.

*Carmina Laiades, non intellecta priorum,
 Solverat ingenii, & præcipitata jacebat
 Immemor ambagum vates obscura suorum;*

Which relates to the Riddle of *Sphinx*, expounded by *OEdipus*, the Son of *Laius*; but Mr. *Sandys* has translated it as if he knew nothing at all of the Matter, and quite spoils the Connexion of the Story, by a wrong Interpretation: As thus,

*Dark Prophecies, not understood of old,
 The Naiades, with searching Wits, unfold.*

Whereas the Sense is,

*The subtle Son of Laius had display'd
 The mystick Riddle of the Monster-Maid,
 And the dark Prophetess herself lay dead,
 Now mindless of the Wiles that fill'd her Head.*

I think it needless to say any more of this Translator; those who want to construe *Ovid*, may pick out his Sense from Mr. *Sandys*, but will rarely

rarely discover any of his Beauties. That is the Praise of a later Age, and of Genius's who have improv'd our Poetry to the highest Pitch of Perfection.

Among these, Mr. *Dryden* is unexceptionably the first, both in Attempt and Success. He might with good Reason, as he frequently does, value himself upon his happy Version of many Parts of *Ovid*; which I believe will be found, upon a strict Examination, to excel all his other Translations. And as this is a Praise he himself seems fond of, so no one ought to think it too small an Acknowledgment, since nothing can be a greater Commendation of the Performance of any Poet, than that the World approves his Works as highly as he himself did, and admires those Parts most, which the Author was best pleas'd with.

If there be any Thing wanting in Mr. *Dryden*, (as some are still apt to imagine) the Translations of Mr. *Addison* certainly supply that Defect: He is always *Ovid*, just, smooth, easy and delicate; the Turns, the reigning Beauty of the Poet, are ever preserv'd in the purest, most natural, and most inimitable Language; his Notes alone are sufficient to shew how great a Master he was of the Poet he translated; and we can only bewail that we have not more both of the *Critick* and the *Translator*. We have many other Parts of *Ovid* in our Tongue, which deserve the Name of fine *Translations*; but, above all, I have seen one Book of Sir *Samuel Garth's*, in Manuscript, which, at least, comes up to the Purity and Happiness of the best *Translators*. But, alas! SIR, such is the Fate of great Genius's, when they have perform'd in the most excellent Manner, they get no other Thanks, than that they have answered
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the Expectation of the World. A fair Return indeed, for all the Pains they take ! A noble Acquital of their Obligations ! But such is the Tribute of the Lazy, who perform nothing themselves, and are all establish'd Judges of others, and unquestion'd Awarders of Fame. What Treatment then must a Name so obscure as mine expect ? I begin to cry out Quarter already to the *Criticks*, and have no other Hopes left, but your generous Protection, which never forsook the Weak and Well-dispos'd, for Fear of the Insults of a Multitude.

And now, to come to a Confession ; I own that the Parts I have attempted to translate, were rather a Task, than any Choice of my own. This was the Reason that the Version often languish'd under my Hands, was interrupted and resum'd by Fits, and never went on in that Equality which is necessary to make it appear regular, and of a Piece with itself. In such a Disposition as this, it is no Wonder if some Parts of this Translation are very different from others ; and the whole, unless where you were pleas'd to assist me, ask rather for Pardon than Praise. No one could be more sensible of the Difficulties of a good Translation, than I was ; so that I proceeded with Heaviness, and review'd with Pain and Dissatisfaction. In the mean Time, the Undertakers, finding their Work stand still, thought it high Time to call in for other Hands, of whom I can say no more, than that as I have not so much as read their Translations, so I have no Share in their Merits, or their Faults. It is enough for me, that I have near four Books to answer for ; and if the Reader will not take my former Excuses for these, I must send him

X DEDICATION.

him to the Story of *Niobe*, the best Part of which I owe to you, to put him in a good Humour, and make him the more inclinable to forgive the rest.

I wish, SIR, that I had much more of your Translation to boast of; your frequent Corrections I acknowledge with Pleasure and Gratitude.

I must own, that in a *Dedication* of this rambling Nature, I might attempt to do Justice to your publick and private Virtues, as well as your elegant Taste of the Classic Authors; I might speak of your Zeal for your Country and Constitution, the just OEconomy of your private Life, and the Politeness of your Conversation; but I rather chuse to conclude with my Wishes, that you would permit some at least of your excellent Compositions to come Abroad; and then the Publick will allow me, that I have chosen the most proper PATRON for so elegant a Poet as OVID: In short, whatever they might think of me as a *Translator*, all Men of Judgment would conclude me much in the right, and very happy in being

Your most devoted

Humble Servant,

Aug. 1. 1716.

G. SEWELL.







OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the Beginning, the Chaos is separated into four Elements; the proper Species of Inhabitants are assign'd to each Element, and Man is made of Earth and Water. The four Ages of Mankind follow; in the last of which, a Race of Men spring from the Blood of the Giants, provok'd by whose Impiety, Jupiter, though he had before turn'd Lycaon into a Wolf, for a Warning to the World resolves, by a general Punishment, to destroy all Mankind by a Deluge, in which, Deucalion and Pyrrha are only preserv'd; who, upon the restoring of the Earth, repair Mankind, by casting of Stones behind their Backs. As for all other Animals, they were produc'd by Heat

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and Moisture; and among the rest, the Serpent Python, whom Apollo kills, and then institutes the Pythian Games, in Memory of the Action. The Conquerors, at these Games, were honour'd with a Crown of Ash; for as yet there was no Lawrel, 'till the Nymph Daphne was turn'd into that Tree. Upon this Accident, the River-Gods came to condole with, and comfort her Father Peneus; in which Assembly, Inachus alone was wanting, he being in Search of his Daughter Io, whom Jupiter, after he had debauch'd, chang'd into a Cow. She being committed to the Custody of Argus, Mercury, after the Relation of the Transformation of Syrinx into a Reed, kills him, and Juno transplants his Eyes into the Peacock's Tail. Jupiter re-transforms Io into her own Shape, and she brings forth Epaphus.



F Bodies chang'd to other Forms, I sing;
Aid me, ye Gods, from whom these Changes
spring;
And from the World's first Rise, to present
Days,

Deduce the lengthen'd Tenour of my Lays.

Before the Earth and Ocean yet were made,
And the high Arch of Heav'n o'er all display'd,
Nature one Form of Things, a *Chaos* show'd,
An indigested and unfashion'd Load,
Where ill-cemented Seeds in Discord jarr'd,
And all the Elements together warr'd.
No Sun yet brighten'd o'er the dusky Night,
No waxing Moon renew'd her waining Light,
Nor Earth self-ballanc'd in the Air was plac'd,
Nor *Amphitrite's* Arms the Ball embrac'd.
Then Ocean, Air, and Earth confounded were;
Unstable was the Earth, and dark the Air;

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BOOK I. METAMORPHOSES.

3

The Sea unnavigable. No Forms assign'd
To each as yet distinguish'd any Kind;
But all was mutual Feud; *This, That* resists
Internal War thro' ev'ry Mass exists.
The Cold and Hot, the Dry and Humid fight,
The Soft and Hard, the Heavy and the Light.
But God and careful Nature interpose,
To reconcile the Elemental Foes:
He Earth from Heav'n, and Sea from Earth disjoins;
And, from gross Air, the purer Heav'n refines;
Then by his prudent Care the Mass controul'd,
Began her blind Materials to unfold.
He to each Portion proper Seats assigns,
And all the beauteous Whole in Peace combines.
Then first up-shot the Fire by Nature Light,
Surrounding with her Flames the arched Height,
Air, next in Levity, and next in Place,
Sunk lower down, and fill'd the midmost Space.
The Earth, of closer and compacter State,
Fell self-incumber'd, with her proper Weight.
On her the grosser Elements attend,
And to the deepest, lowest Part descend.
The Waters last took Place, and flowing round,
The girded Globe's extensive Circuit bound.

Whatever God thus broke the formless Heap,
And bid the Parts a just Proportion keep.
First, that the Earth might regular appear,
He rounds the Figure to a perfect Sphere.
Next bid the Sea to roll, the Winds he gave
To swell the Surges of the rising Wave.
The rising Waves commission'd to explore
The compass'd Earth, and bound it with a Shore:

Then gave the Springs to rise, the Lakes to spread,
Adown their winding Banks the Rivers led,
Descending gradual from the Fountain-Head.

These different in Place and Site abound,
Some Earth receives, and sucks into the Ground:
Some to the Sea draw on their humid Train,
Swelling the boundless Treasures of the Main.
There in their narrow Banks confin'd no more,
They freer rage, and lash the sounding Shore.
Then last are cloth'd the Woods, the Plains extend,
Subside the Valleys, and the Hills ascend,

And as two equal Zones on either Side,
On Left and Right the measur'd Heav'n's divide,
While the fifth rages with intenser Heat;
So the same Lines the parted Globe compleat.

Excessive Heats possess the midmost Place,
A sad, adust, inhabitable Space,

On two eternal Hills of Snow are seen;
And two indulgent Heav'n has plac'd between,
Whose Climes a due proportion'd Mixture hold,
Temper'd with equal Parts of Heat and Cold.

The spacious Fields of Air suspended high,
Inclose the Ball, and skirt it with the Sky:

Air, which with Fire ballanc'd, holds the same,
As lighter Water to the earthy Frame.

There changing Clouds their wand'ring Courses take,
Thence at the Thunder's Voice pale Mortals shake;
Thence Storms invade, and pointed Light'ning spring,
And chilling Winds the Wint'ry Season bring.

Nor did the Maker's providential Care
Leave them at large the Tyrants of the Air.

BOOK I. METAMORPHOSES:

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Scarce now the World the threaten'd Wreck restrains,
Tho' each confin'd, in distant Quarters reigns,
So fierce a War the Brotherhood maintains.

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Eurus to *Persia* and the Regions flies,
Bless'd with the Morning Rays and spicy Skies;
The gentle *Zephyr* wings his *Western* Way,
To Countries warm'd with the Remains of Day;
Tempestuous *Boreas* blasts in *Scythia* War,
Near slow *Bootes*, and his frozen Car;
While *Auster* all the *Southern* Clime distains
With gloomy Clouds, and everlasting Rains.

Far above these, in Order and in Place,
The wise Creator fix'd the heav'nly Space;
Pure liquid Fields of Light, from Dregs refin'd,
Unclogg'd by Earth, by Distance unconfin'd.

Scarce were these Parts in proper Limits fix'd,
When long depress'd, and with Confusion mix'd;
Each Star up-shot its explicated Head,
And Heav'n's wide Pavement with new Glories spread.
Then, that no Void in Nature might appear,
With Forms divine he fill'd the heav'nly Sphere.
The passive Air receiv'd the feather'd Broods,
Beasts shar'd the Earth, and peopl'd all the Woods,
And the bright Fish diversify'd the Floods.

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A nobler Creature yet was undesign'd
Of higher Powers, and more exalted Mind;
Of Thought capacious, whose imperial Sway
The lower mute Creation must obey:
Then Man was made, whose animated Frame,
Or God inform'd with a celestial Flame,
Or Earth from purer Heav'n but lately freed,
Retain'd some Particles of Kindred-Seed:
Which, when *Prometheus* in a Mass had fix'd,
And tempering with the living Current mix'd,

He on his artificial Work impress'd
The Godhead's Image, in the Soul confess'd.
Hence, while his Fellow-Creatures of the Earth,
With downward Sight betray their humbler Birth,
Man of erected Frame looks up on high,
Heav'nward he casts his elevated Eye,
And grows familiar with his native Sky.
Thus Clay first fashion'd, other Shapes put on,
And new transform'd in Human Figure shone.

The Golden Age was first, when Man maintain'd
His Soul unclouded, and his Sense unstain'd,
And Truth, and Innocence together reign'd:
Nor Fear nor Punishment compell'd an Awe,
When all were govern'd by unwritten Law.
No Books were then, nor at the Judges Look,
In suppliant Crowds the guilty Pris'ners shook,
Conscience the only Judge, and only Book.
Guiltless of Wounds, the *Pine* securely stood,
Nor chang'd for distant Seas her native Wood.
Then unambitious Mortals knew no more
Than the short Prospect of their native Shore.
No Walls, nor steepy Bulwarks rais'd in Air,
The Cities girt; as yet no Cities were.
No Hand had yet the wreathing Trumpet made,
The polish'd Helmet, or the murd'ring Blade;
Fearless, and guiltless of the Warrior's Crime,
The happy Nations slept away the Time.
The Earth unwounded bore, the willing Soil
Put forth her Fruits, without the Plough-man's Toil;
And Man content with his spontaneous Food,
Gather'd the Fruits of Nature in the Wood;
The fragrant Berries from the Mountains tore,
And spoil'd the Bushes of their blushing Store;

BOOK I. METAMORPHOSES.

7

On Cornels, and on ruddy Wildings fed,
And ripen'd Acorns, which the Oaks had shed.
On Flow'rs unsown soft *Zephyr* spread his Wing,
And Time it self was one immortal Spring.
Ensuing Years the yellow Harvest yield,
The bearded Blade up-sprung from Earth untill'd,
And loaded unrenew'd the hoary Field.
Floods were with Milk, and Floods with Nectar fill'd,
And Honey from the sweating Oak distill'd.

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Saturn depos'd, and down to Hell convey'd,
Usurping *Jove* the worldly Empire sway'd.
Succeeding Times the *Silver Age* beheld,
Purer than *Brass*, by better *Gold* excell'd.
Jove now contracting *Spring's* extended Rays,
Reduc'd the Year into unequal Days.
Now *Summer*, *Autumn*, *Winter*, first began,
And *Spring*, the shortest of the Seasons, ran;
Then glow'd the Air with sultry Heats, the Wind
Began in Icicles the Rain to bind:
Mortals to Houses then for shelter fled.
Caves were their Houses, or an Osier-shed;
Then Furrows for the quick'ning Grain were broke,
And labouring Oxen groan'd beneath the Yoke.

Third in Succession ran the *Brazen Age*,
Cruel of Heart, and prone to martial Rage,
Not yet compleatly wicked; but the last
Of harden'd *Iron*, all the rest surpass.
All Ills abound from this corrupted Vein,
And various Crimes their baser Morals stain;
Then Modesty, and Faith, and Right, withdrew,
Succeeded by a foul abandon'd Crew.
Cunning, and Fraud, and an insidious Train
Of Wiles, and Stratagems, and Force obtain,
And execrable Lust of wicked Gain.

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Then first with Wind the swelling Sails were fill'd,
 The Tackle rude, the Sailor yet unskill'd.
 Trees that long rooted on the Mountains stood,
 Now bounded o'er the deep unpractis'd Flood.
 Now Property began, the Measurer's Care
 Marks out the Lands, and limits ev'ry Share,
 Lands before common as the Light and Air.
 Nor did they only from the Earth demand
 Her annual Stores for each Possessor's Hand;
 But what kind Providence had deepest laid,
 And nearest Hell's impenetrable Shade,
 By Force they seek, explore the darksome Way,
 For rip'ning Oar, embowell'd Earth display,
 And bring the Source of Mischief into Day.
 And now an impious Race of Men behold
 Accursed Steel, and more accursed Gold:
 The fatal Parents they of new Alarms,
 Give Birth to War, and fill the World with Arms;
 In bloody Hands resounding Weapons shake,
 While Men the Ties of moral Good forsake.
 All is a State of War, the Host his Guest,
 The Sons-in-Law their Father's Blood request.
 Friendship with Brothers now is rarely found;
 Husbands their Wives, and Wives their Husbands wound.
 The Step-Dames to their Sons new Poisons give,
 And Sons enquire how long their Sires shall live.
 Duty with Piety expiring lies,
 And *Justice* long oppress'd with bloody Cries,
 Last of the Virtues, seeks her native Skies.

Nor were the Gods themselves secure on high,
 For now the Giants strove to storm the Sky:
 The lawless Brood, with bold Attempt invade
 The Gods, and Mountains upon Mountains laid.

But

BOOK I. METAMORPHOSES.

9

But now the Bolt, enrag'd the Father took,
Olympus from her deep Foundation shook;
 Their Structure nodded at the mighty Stroke,
 And *Ossa's* shatter'd Top o'er *Pelion* broke.
 They in their own ungodly Ruins slain,
 Gave to their Parent-Earth their Blood again:
 She that some Monument might still be seen,
 That such a wicked Progeny had been,
 Drench'd as she was, and reeking in the Strife,
 Conceives with Heat, and warms their Blood to Life.
 Another Race ensues; but like the first,
 Hateful of Gods, and by the Gods accurst;
 Full of Revenge, and Cruelty, and Flame,
 Resembling well the Blood from whence they came.

This Scene presented to impartial View,
 A Sigh from *Jove's* imperial Bosom drew;
 Who now revolving in his troubled Breast
 The horrid Secret of *Lycaon's* Feast,
 A deep Resentment in his Soul commenc'd,
 And worthy of Divinity incens'd.
 A Synod of the Gods he calls; without Delay,
 Th' assembling Synod his Commands obey.
 A liquid Tract of Light extends on high,
 Clear to the View in an unclouded Sky;
 The Place for a distinguish'd Whiteness fam'd,
 By Men below the *Milky Way* is nam'd.
 The bright Immortals tread this heav'nly Road
 To *Jove's* high Court, the *Thunderer's* Abode.
 On Left and Right the Golden Doors unfold,
 Which Pow'rs of a superior Order hold;
 The *Commons* scatter'd o'er the azure Space,
 The Front august the fav'rite God-heads grace.
 This Place, so bold a Figure might I try,
 The Muse should call the *Windsor* of the Sky.

Soon as the Deities were seated round,
 And *Jove* superior their Assembly crown'd,
 The God did on his Iv'ry Scepter bear,
 And thrice he shook the Terrors of his Hair;
 Thro' Ocean, Earth and Sky, the Motion ran,
 When thus in Indignation he began.

Not more Concern possess'd my jealous Soul,
 For this debated Empire of the Whole,
 Then when the snaky Brothers durst invade,
 And would on Heav'n their hundred Hands have laid.
 Tho' fierce the Foe, yet did that War depend
 On one Original, and soon had End.
 Now all the Race of Man I must confound,
 Wherever *Nereus* walks his wavy Round:
 And this I vow by those infernal Floods,
 That slowly glide thro' silent *Stygian* Woods.
 All Remedies I try'd, but vain my Strife;
 But Limbs incurable demand the Knife,
 Left they corrupt, and taint the fonder Springs of
 Life.

Our Demi-gods, our Satyrs, Nymphs, and Fauns,
 Who haunt the Springs, the Mountains, and the Lawns,
 (On whom, since yet we please not to bestow
 Celestial Dwellings) must subsist below.
 Think you, that they in Safety can remain,
 When I my self, who o'er Immortals reign,
 Who send the Light'ning, and this Empire sway,
 The stern *Lycaon* practis'd to betray?
 All are alarm'd, in Rage the Wretch demand.
 So when bold Treason fought with impious Hand,
 By *Caesar's* Blood to sink the Name of *Rome*,
 All Nations trembled at the sudden Doom:
 The World was shock'd; nor less thy People's Love
 In that sad Day didst thou, *Augustus*, prove.

Then—

BOOK I. METAMORPHOSES.

15

Then *Jove* his Gods, who nodding, now suppress,
Their pious Murmurs, and thus told the rest.

He hath his Punishment, remit that Care ;
The Manner how, I will in brief declare :
I heard the wicked Scandal of the Times,
But hop'd that Fame had magnify'd their Crimes ;
And so the sad Experiment to try,
I hasten'd down, and left the Golden Sky.
A God, transform'd like one of Human Birth,
Long did I wander thro' the peopl'd Earth.
'Twere long to tell what Crimes of ev'ry sort
Swarm'd in all Parts ; the Truth exceeds Report.
Now thro' the dreary *Menalus* I pass,
The Haunt of monst'rous Beasts, an horrid Waste :
Next thro' *Cyllene's* airy Height I rove,
And cold *Lycaus* and her Pine-Tree Grove.
There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when doubtful Light
Drew on the dewy Chariot of the Night,
I enter'd his unhospitable Court.
The better Vulgar to their Pray'rs resort,
When I by Signs had shewn a God's Repair :
Lycaon first derides their zealous Pray'r ;
Then cries, we soon the certain Truth will see,
Whether he mortal, or immortal be,
So in the Night, when I should sleeping lay,
He thought to murder his intended Prey.
Nor with so foul an Enterprize content,
An Hostage murders from *Molossus* sent :
Part of his Limbs yet warm with Life he boils,
And others he on hissing Embers boils,
Thus was he pleas'd to try his doubtful Guest ;
And sets before me this Inhuman Feast :
But soon my Flames around the Palace spread,
Now falling on its guilty Master's Head :

He

He frighted to the silent Defart flies,
 And there to speak with vain Endeavours tries.
 His Voice is howling now; and then he draws,
 Still like himself in that, his raging Jaws:
 His Nature in his Lust of Blood remains,
 And now against the fearful Herds obtains;
 His Arms turn Thighs, his Clothes are shaggy Hair,
 His Features, now a Wolf, some Likeness bear.
 So hang his hoary Hairs with grisly Grace,
 And such the meagre Horror of his Face,
 His Eye-balls glaring with their wonted Flame;
 His Form all terrible, and still the same.

One House that Fate, which all deserve, sustains;
 For thro' the World the fierce *Erinny*s reigns.
 It looks like a Conspiracy to sin; but all
 Shall pay their Score, and, as they merit, fall.

Jove's Words a Part approve, and his Intent
 Exasperate; the rest give their Consent:
 Yet all for Man's Destruction griev'd appear,
 And ask what Form the widow'd Earth shall bear?
 Who shall with Odours their cold Altars grace?
 Must only Beasts possess the desert Place?
 The King of Gods re-comforts their Despair,
 Charging himself with that important Care;
 Then bids them on his sacred Word rely
 For Restoration, and a new Supply,
 That from strange Origins their Births should trace,
 A better People, and more pious Race.
 And now about to let his Light'ning fly,
 He fear'd the circling Flame should catch the Sky,
 And burnt Heav'n's Axle-tree. Besides, by Doom
 Of certain Fate, he knew the Time should come,
 When Sea, Earth, Heav'n, and all the curious Frame
 Of this World's Mass should shrink in purging Flame.

He

He therefore lays his *Cyclops* Darts aside;
His Thoughts a diff'rent Punishment provide,
To drown Mankind by Waters from on high,
And open all the Flood-gates of the Sky.

Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* Prison laid,
And those dry Blasts which gather'd Clouds invade;
Out flies the *South*, with drooping Wings, who shrouds
His gloomy Visage in a Night of Clouds.
His white Hair Streams, his Beard all-swell'd with Show'rs
Mists bind his Brows, Rain from his Bosom pours.
As his broad Hand the hanging Clouds constrains,
They roar and scatter in descending Rains,
Iris extends her Bow of various Dies,
And feeds the weeping Clouds with new Supplies.
The Corn now lodges, the despairing Swain
Mourns his lost Harvest, and his fruitless Pain.
Now *Jove* unsatisfy'd with Heav'nly Rage,
Calls in his Sea-green Brother to engage,
And bids him with auxiliar Waves resort;
The God straight calls the Rivers to his Court.
The Rivers came, when *Neptune* rising said,
The Time demands few Words, and speedy Aid.
Go all in Haste, exert your wat'ry Force,
And take a larger, more licentious Course;
Unlock your Springs, and give your Floods the Rein,
Nought check your Torrents, nor your Pow'rs restrain.
Thus charg'd, they all return, their Springs unfold,
All to the Sea with head-long Fury roll'd,
His Trident strikes the Earth, the trembling Ground
Pours forth a Flood of Waters from the Wound.
Thro' open Fields now rush the spreading Floods,
Sweep off the Herds, the People, and the Woods;
Beat down the Houses with resistless Sway,
And hurry Temples with their Gods away.

If any Building could the Flood oppose,
The swelling Waves above the Summit rose;
The highest Tow'rs, in their aspiring Pride,
Are lost, and swallow'd in the rising Tide.
Now Land and Sea no diff'rent Prospect bore,
For all was Sea, nor had the Sea a Shore.
For Refuge some to Mountain-Tops retreat;
Others in Boats expect a safer Seat,
There spread their Sails, and ply the lab'ring Ore,
Where they had work'd the crooked Plough before.
Here One o'er Fields of Corn directs his Boat,
O'er cover'd Villages there Others float;
In Fields they Anchor cast, if Chance so guide,
While crooked Keels oppress the Vineyard's Side.
Where brouzing Goats on Mountains lately fed,
The monstrous Sea-Calf forms his Oozy Bed.
Beneath the Deep the *Nereids*, in Surprise,
See Woods and Groves, and Towns and Temples rise:
The Dolphins now amidst the Forest glide,
Shake the tall Oaks, and beat the Boughs aside:
The Wolf now gentle, swims among the Sheep,
Tygers and Lyons mingle in the Deep:
His Swiftnefs now avails the Hart no more,
Nor Force of Light'ning aids the tusked Boar.
The wand'ring Birds that sought for Rest in vain,
With weary Wings descend into the Main:
The Seas oppress the Mountains with their Weight,
And unknown Surges beat the airy Height.
Most of Mankind the raging Billows hide;
They whom the Waters spar'd, by Hunger dy'd.
The Land of *Phocis*, fruitful when a Land,
Divides *Aonia* from th' *Asian* Strand;
But now a Part of the insulting Main,
A wat'ry Desert, and a delug'd Plain.

There

BOOK I. METAMORPHOSES.

15

There his two-forked Heads *Parnassus* shrouds,
 Amid the Starry Fires, above the Clouds.
 Here did *Demcalion* and his Confort float;
 Here fix'd (the rest was Sea) their little Boat.
 The Nymphs and Mountain-Gods he first adores,
 And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.
 None was there better, none more just than he;
 And none more reverenc'd the Gods than she.
 When *Jove* did now a gen'ral Prospect take,
 And view'd the World one vast extended Lake;
 And of so many Millions lately known,
 Saw but one Male and Female left alone;
 Both innocent of Crimes, a faithful Pair,
 Both much devoted to the Gods and Pray'r.
 The God assigns it then to *Boreas*' Care
 To chace the Clouds, and purge the troubled Air.
 Now to the Heav'ns he shews Earth's open Face,
 And to the Earth reveals the Heav'nly Space.
 The Seas no longer rage; their awful Guide
 Now lays his Trident and his Arms aside,
 To calm the Billows of the sinking Tide.
 Then calls blue *Triton*, riding on the Deep,
 (Whose Mantle Nature did in Purple steep)
 And bids him soon his vocal Shell inspire,
 And give the Floods the Signal to retire.
 He takes his Trumpet; narrow in Extent
 The Trumpet's Mouth, but wreathing as it went;
 It belly'd out, and widen'd at the Vent :
 Which when the God inspires, 'tis heard by all,
 From the *Sun*'s Rising, to his latest Fall.
 When this the wat'ry Deity had set
 To his large Mouth, and founded a Retreat,
 All Floods it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew;
 And all the Floods, that heard the Sound, withdrew.

The

The Seas have now a Shore, the Floods subside,
And the full Streams within their Channels glide.
The Mountain-Tops, and ev'ry airy Steep
Seem to shoot out, and grow above the Deep.
The Earth ascends, and as the Waters fall,
Discloses larger Portions of the Ball.
At last, by Length of Time, and slow Degrees,
Above the Waves appear the mounting Trees;
Their Tops all bare and naked by the Flood,
Their Boughs perplex'd with Slime and hanging Mud.
And now the World a Restoration knew,
Which thus presented to *Deucalion's* View,
As he his Eyes upon her Bosom cast,
A deadly, silent, sad, unpeopl'd Waste :
His Heart all swell'd with Grief, suffus'd his Eyes,
Thus to his *Pyrrha* he himself applies.

O Sister! O my Wife! the poor Remains
Of all thy Sex, which all in one contains;
Whom human Nature, one Paternal Line,
Then one chaste Bed, and now like Dangers join.
Of what the Sun beholds from *East* to *West*,
We two are all; the Sea intombs the rest.
Nor yet our Lives a certain Safety find;
For still the threat'ning Clouds disturb my Mind.
How would thy Heart have bore that wretched State,
Had I been lost, and thou preserv'd by Fate?
How could thy Soul alone her Fears sustain,
With none to comfort, and divide thy Pain?
For, trust me, if the Sea had swallow'd thee,
I would have follow'd, and embrac'd the Sea.
O! that I could my Father's Cunning use,
And into moulded Clay a Soul infuse!
Now, all of mortal Race we two contain,
And but a Pattern of Mankind remain.

This

This said, both wept, both Pray'rs to Heav'n address,
And seek the Oracle in their Distress;
Then quick descending to *Cephisus*' Flood,
Now in his Banks confin'd, tho' foul with Mud.
They on their Heads and Garments Water throw,
And to the Temple of the Goddess go.
Then all with Moss o'ergrown, and wet with Mire,
The Desert-Altar long unus'd to Fire,
There humbly on their Faces prostrate laid,
Kiss'd the cold Stones, and sigh'd, and trembling pray'd:
If Pow'rs divine to just Desires consent,
And angry Gods will in the End relent.
Say, *Themis*, how shall we our Race repair,
And the lost World? O comfort our Despair!
The Goddess, with Compassion touch'd, reply'd,
Go from the Temple, and your Faces hide,
Unbind your Clothes, and let them loosely flow,
And your great *Parent's* Bones behind you throw.
Both much amaz'd, a tedious Silence past,
Pyrrha began, and spoke her Doubts at last.
Her Hands the Goddess's Commands refuse,
While her faint, falt'ring Tongue for Pardon sues.
Were the dead Bones in this rude Manner tost,
She fears she might offend her Mother's Ghost.
'Mean while, they search, and weigh in deep Debate
The Words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.
His Consort then *Dencalion* thus address,
And sooth'd with pleasing Words her troubled Breast:
Or we this Oracle amiss explain,
Or the just Gods no wicked Deed ordain.
Our Mother is the Earth; the various Stones
Spread on her Surface, I suppose her Bones.

These are we order'd for to cast behind.
 Tho' this Conjecture eas'd his *Pyrrha's* Mind;
 Yet more to Doubt than Hope she still inclin'd. }
 So little both on Heav'n's Advice rely,
 Yet think it innocent and safe to try.
 Thus then their Heads they veil'd, their Clothes unbrac'd,
 And Stones, as order'd, o'er their Shoulders cast.
 The Stones (who could the Prodigy believe,
 Did not Antiquity the Truth receive?)
 Began their native Hardness to forego,
 And, by Degrees into a Softness flow;
 Then soon they Shape and human Figure drew,
 Their Mildness still increasing as they grew.
 Not yet the perfect Form of Man they took,
 But like some rude, imperfect Statues look;
 Whose Features turn'd, as yet unfinish'd stand,
 And ask the last, nice, animating Hand.
 The earthy Parts, and those replete with Juice,
 Were both converted to the Body's Use.
 Th' inflexible and solid turn to Bones;
 The Veins remain, as in the native Stones.
 From the Man's Cast, the Forms of Men ensue,
 And those were Women, which the Woman threw.
 Hence We, a hardy Race, inur'd to Pain,
 Our Actions our Original explain.

All other Creatures took their num'rous Birth
 And Figures, from the voluntary Earth.
 For when the rotten Slime and marshy Mud,
 And all the stagnant Refuse of the Flood,
 Felt the warm Sun his sultry Vigour dart,
 The heavy Substance swell'd through ev'ry Part.
 The pregnant Seeds now quick'ning in the Earth,
 As in the Mother's Womb the teeming Birth,
 Began to grow, and by Degrees dilate,
 And fashion into Shape their forming State.

So when the *Nile*, retiring from the Plain,
 Now in her seven-fold Channel flows again,
 Soon as the burning Rays affect the Land,
 Baking the Oozy Slime and matted Sand,
 The Plough-man, as he turns the Glebe, espies
 New Animals of various Natures rise.

Some in the Instant of Conception came,
 Others a shapeless and imperfect Frame;
 And the same Matter often they may find
 An Animal before, a Clod behind.

For Heat and Moisture, when they temp'rate grow,
 Will soon conceive, and Life on Things bestow.
 From striving Fire and Water all proceed,
 A disagreeing Harmony of Breed.

So the late delug'd Earth with Mud bespread,
 Smit with the Fervour which the Sun-beams shed,
 Produc'd unnumber'd Figures to behold:
 Some Creatures she restor'd that liv'd of old,
 And cast some Monsters in a newer Mould.

Huge *Python*, thee, against her Will, she bred,
 A Serpent, whom the new-born People dread;
 He seems a mighty Mountain as he lies,
 So vast the Compass of his monstrous Size!
 The youthful God, who bears the silver Bow,
 'Till then? but practis'd on the flying Roe;
 Or in the Woods on trembling Harts employ'd,
 Now with that Bow this monstrous Plague destroy'd
 A thousand Arrows from his Quiver flew,
 Ere yet the God the struggling Terror slew,
 And through his Wounds the clotted Poison drew.
 Then, to preserve the memorable Deed
 To latest Times, the Victor God decreed.
 An Institution of contending Games,
 Which from the Serpent he the *Pythian* names;

In which the Youth superior to the rest,
Who ran the swiftest, or who wrestl'd best;
Or he whose Wheels first mark'd the dusty Round,
Was with the Prize, an oaken Garland, crown'd.
The Laurel was not yet; all Sorts of Boughs
Phæbus then bound around his radiant Brows.

Peneian Daphne was his first belov'd:
Not Chance, but *Cupid's* Wrath, that Fury mov'd;
Whom *Phæbus* (proud of his late Conquest) saw,
As he his pliant Bow began to draw;
And said, lascivious Boy, how ill agree
Thou and these Arms! too manly far for thee.
Much better I become that graceful Weight,
I whose keen Arrows carry certain Fate,
That ev'ry Foe, or Beast, or Man subdue,
That with unnumber'd Shafts the *Python* slew:
Whose Bulk extended, such a Space possessest,
As cover'd lab'ring Acres where he prest.
Be it thy Pride an idle Flame to raise,
Nor think to emulate my higher Praise.
Then *Venus' Son*, O *Phæbus*! may thy Dart
All others wound, as mine shall wound thy Heart!
As much to you as lower Creatures bend,
So much my Pow'rs thy lesser Fame transcend.
He spoke; then breaks the Air with nimble Wings,
And to *Parnassus'* shady Summit springs;
Two diff'rent Arrows from his Quiver draws,
One Hate of Love, and one of Love the Cause.
What caus'd was sharp, and bore a golden Head;
But what repell'd, was blunt, and tipt with Lead.
This *Daphne* fix'd; The other *Phæbus* felt
Pierce through his Bones, and all his Marrow melt.
Quick the God kindled with the Lover's Flame;
The Nymph abhors the Passion, and the Name.

She with a Maiden Emulation fir'd,
The chaste *Diana* and her Sports admir'd.
Pleas'd with the Spoils of Beasts, and sylvan Lares,
A Fillet binding her neglected Hairs:
Her many fought, as many she deny'd,
Nor ever soild with Man her Virgin Pride,
Frequents the pathless Woods, and hates to prove,
Nor cares to hear what *Hymen* is, or Love.
Oft from her Father these Expressions came,
From you, my Daughter, I a *Son* might claim;
From you, my Daughter; too, a Grandfire's Name. }
But she thought Marriage, and its Joys, a Shame,
And her Face redden'd at the hated Name,
Hung on his Neck with fawning Arms, and said,
Dear Father, give me Leave to die a Maid.
Jove to *Diana* granted this Request,
And he too fondly his Consent exprest.
But you, fair Nymph, controul thy own Desire,
And what thy Vow forbids, thy Charms inspire.
Apollo sees, and courts her nuptial Bed,
While his fond Hopes are by his Passion fed:
He burns, nor did his Oracles relate
Now not infallible, their Master's Fate.
Sudden and violent as Stubbles burn,
As the light Hedges into Blazes turn,
Where Travellers have left a Fire behind,
That catches quick, and scatters with the Wind:
So the God kindles, so his Passion reigns
In his warm Breast, and spreads thro' all his Veins, }
And feeds with Hope his unsuccessful Pains.
He on her Neck sees her neglected Hair,
And cries, how beautiful! were Art but there;
He sees her Eyes, like Stars divinely bright,
He sees her Lips, and wishes more than Sight.

Her

Her Fingers and her Hands his Passion raise,
 While his fond Tongue grows wanton in their Praise:
 Admires her half-conceal'd, half-naked Arms,
 And fancies Parts unseen have greater Charms.
 She flies as swift as Winds that sweep thro' Air,
 Nor stops to hear this fond recalling Pray'r.

Stay, Nymph, I pray thee, stay, I am no Foe;
 So Lambs from Wolves, Harts fly from Lyons so:
 So from the Eagle springs the trembling Dove;
 They from their Deaths, but my Pursuit is Love.
 Ah me! if thou should'st fall, or Thorns should race
 Thy tender Legs, whilst I enforce the Chace.
 These Roughs are craggy, moderate thy Haste,
 And, trust me, I will not pursue so fast.
 Nor yet, to know thy Lover, Nymph, disdain,
 I am no homely Clown, nor Mountain Swain;
 Nor Flocks nor Herds observes my careful Eye,
 You know not whom you fly, and therefore fly.
 Me *Delphos*, *Claros*, *Tenedos* obey,
 And Regal *Patara* observes my Sway.
Jove is my Sire, and I his Son reveal
 What present, past, or future Times conceal.
 Immortal Verse from my Invention springs,
 And I first harmoniz'd the dancing Strings.
 Sure to the Mark is sent my feather'd Dart,
 But now a surer wounds my bleeding Heart.
 The Pow'rs of Plants, and *Physick's* Art I found,
 The Great Reliever thro' the World renown'd.
 Ah! that no Plants can cure a Lover's Pain,
 Useful to all, but to their Master vain.

More had he said, when she, with nimble Dread,
 From him and his unfinish'd Courtship fled.
 How graceful then! the Wind that obvious blew,
 Too much betray'd her to his am'rous View;

And

And as it back her careless Tresses bore,
Her Flight improv'd her glowing Beauties more,
No more the God will his Intreaties loose,
But urg'd by Love, with all his Force pursues.
As when a Hare the speedy Greyhound spies,
His Feet for Prey, she hers for Safety plies;
And now he strains, and now he forward bends;
Now to her Heels his lengthen'd Snout extends;
So near he bears, and hovers o'er the Prize,
He seems to seize her ev'ry Step she flies,
While she, uncertain whether caught or no,
Springs from his Mouth, and mocks the seizing Foe.
The God and Virgin in such Strife appear;
He quicken'd by his Hope, and she by Fear:
But the Pursuer's Feet more nimble prove;
For he was aided by the Wings of Love.
No Rest he gives, but close behind her bears,
Pants on her Neck, and breathes upon her Hairs.
Now she all faint, and weary with the Chace,
Felt the retreating Blood forsake her Face;
And looking on her Father's Stream, she said,
Aid me, my Father, if ye Streams can aid.
May Earth my Beauties hide, that caus'd my Fate,
Or thou transform me to another State.
She said, a Stiffness all her Limbs possess,
And slender Films her softer Sides invest.
Her Hairs are Leaves, her Arms to Branches shoot,
And her swift Feet now fix into a Root:
Her graceful Head a Leafy Top sustains,
Thro' all her Form one Beauty still remains.
Phæbus still loves, and strokes the new-born Plant,
And feels her Heart within the Bark to pant.
Then with his Arms the swelling Bole embrac'd,
And close compress'd it, as it were her Waste;

Then

Then to the Boughs his eager Lips applies,
 Kissing the Wood, the Wood his Kisses flies.
 To whom the God, since rigid Fates decree
 Thee not my Bride, yet thou shalt be my Tree :
 Thou on my Harp and Quiver shalt appear,
 And thee, dear Lawrel, shall my Tresses bear;
 And thou shalt grace with thy surrounding Boughs,
 The *Roman* Chief, and their victorious Brows,
 When the glad Sky their Songs of Triumph rend,
 And conqu'ring Chiefs the Capitol ascend.
 Thou shalt defend *Augustus*' sacred Gate,
 And with the Oak before his Palace wait;
 And as my Hair unshorn, no Change receives,
 So ever flourish with unfading Leaves.
 Here *Pæan* ends; the Lawrel all allows,
 And as a Sign her grateful Head she bows.

A pleasant Grove within *Æmonia* grows,
Tempe the Name, which ragged Cliffs inclose.
 Here *Peneus*, pour'd from highest *Pindus*, raves,
 And from the Bottom rolls his foamy Waves;
 The steep *Cascades* descending from on high,
 Condense to hazy Mists, and upward fly;
 Thence on the Trees distils the dewy Rain,
 Whose frequent Show'rs resounding on the Plain,
 Spread far, and deafen with their Noise the distant
 Swain. }

Here, deep within a Rocky Cave's Retreat,
 The God maintain'd his Court, and Royal Seat.
 Here he dispens'd the Justice of his Reign
 To Streams, and Nymphs, and all the wat'ry Train:
 Hither the Native Floods with one Consent
 Their Course unto their *Brother's* Palace bent;
 But doubtful, which most proper they should find,
 To comfort or congratulate his Mind.

Sperchias,

BOOK I. METAMORPHOSES.

25

Sperchias, whose banks the cooling poplars hold,
Amphrysos flow, *Apidanus* the old,
Enipeus with a rapid current roll'd;

}

And others, which all ways their courses bend,
'Till in the sea their weary'd errors end.

All but old *Inachus*, who in his cave's
Obscure recess, with tears augments his waves.

His daughter *Io* he deplores as lost,
Whether a living wanderer, or a ghost,
Uncertain is; but whom he cannot trace

}

In any, thinks not is in any place,
His fears, the worst and saddest fate embrace.

But her, as from her father's stream she came,
Saturnius saw, and burnt with sudden flame.

Oh! virgin, worthy *Jove*, he cries, whose charms,
Whose-e'er they are, must bless some happy arms,
Here in these shady woods, and pointing shows
The shady neighbour woods, a-while repose,
While the *Sun's* rays now glow with fultry heat;

But if alone you fear the wild retreat,
A God's protection shall your safety graec,
No vulgar God, but of the highest place;
Whose hand sustains the scepter of the sky,
By whom the thunders roar, and light'nings fly.

Oh! fly not; for she fled. The pastures past
Of *Lerna*, and *Lyrcaum's*, gloomy waste,
He in the air a sable cloud display'd,

There caught, and there deslow'r'd the struggling maid.

Mean while, with Wonder *Juno* did survey
Those dusky clouds that made a night of day,
And finding that they neither took their birth
From vap'rous streams, nor from the humid earth,
She for her husband search'd the skies around,
As one who often had his secrets found:

The God not found, his noisy consort said,
 Or I mistake, or injur'd is my bed.
 From heav'n to earth she flies with jealous speed,
 And at her presence bid the clouds recede.
 The God fore-knowing, 'ere his consort came,
 Into a *Cow* transform'd the rival dame.
 A beauteous *Cow* she seem'd, still fair to view,
 And an unwilling praise from *Juno* drew;
 She ask'd from whence she came, and whose the herd?
 As ignorant of what she more than fear'd.
Jove feigns (her importunity to shift)
 Her born of earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.
 What should he do? Be cruel to his love,
 Or by denying, her suspicion move?
 Here shame persuades, there love the God assails,
 But stronger shame o'er yielding love prevails.
 More than a *Cow* the Goddess's might imply;
 For should he to his Wife the *Cow* deny,
 Who now she had her rival at her will,
 Full of uneasy fears, as jealous still;
 Nor could from all her scruples free her mind,
 'Till she to *Argus* had the charge resign'd.
Argus was now her guard, around his head
 Strange to behold, a hundred eyes were spread:
 Of which by turns at once two only slept;
 The other watch'd, and still their stations kept.
 Which way so e'er he stands, he *Io* spies;
Io, behind him, was before his eyes.
 By day she grazes; but at night confin'd,
 Her comely neck injurious halters bind.
 On leaves or trees, or bitter herbs she fed,
 And often was the bared earth her bed:
 She drank the muddy stream, unwholsome draught,
 And when her arms for pity would have sought,

And

And to her guard in suppliant posture bend,
She found no arms for pity to extend.
She low'd, when she began to make her moan,
And trembled at the voice which was her own.
Far as the banks of *Inachus* she stray'd,
Her father's banks, where she had often play'd;
Beholding in his stream her horned head,
She starts, and from herself astonish'd fled.
Her, nor her aged fire, nor sisters knew;
Yet she her fire pursu'd, and sisters too.
As wond'ring they approach, she nearer stands,
And with dumb signs provokes their stroking hands.
Her father often cropt the flow'ry bed,
Often the juicy plants before her spread.
She lick'd his hands, and kiss'd them as she fed,
And many a tender tear unheeded shed.
And had she then had words, she had display'd
Her name, her fortunes, and implor'd his aid.
For words, she letters with her foot imprest
Upon the sand, which her sad change confess'd.
Oh! wretched me! aloud her father said,
Hung round her neck, and kiss'd her horned head.
Oh! wretched me! he soon repeats again,
Art thou my daughter fought so long in vain?
Less was my loss, and lighter was my fate,
While yet unfound, than found in such a state.
Dumb wretch! thou can'st not to my words reply,
But only draw'st a deep remurm'ring sigh:
Of human form, and human sound bereft,
Thy lowings now are all the voice that's left.
I ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage-bed;
My hopes a son-in-law, and nephews fed.
Now from the herd thy issue must descend;
Nor can the length of time my sorrows end.

Accurs'd in that a God, death's sweet relief,
Hard fates deny, to my immortal grief.

This said, his daughter in that shape belov'd,
The star-ey'd *Argus* far from thence remov'd;
When mounted on a hill, the wary spy
Surveys the plains that all around him lie.

The king of Gods those sorrows she endur'd,
Could bear no longer, by his fault procur'd;
But calls his son, of brightest *Pleias* bred,
Commanding him to cut off *Argus'* head.
In haste his equipage the God assumes,
His hat, his drowly rod, and winged plumes;
Then springing from *Olympus'* tow'ry height,
On earth he rested; but transform'd to fight,
His hat and wings forsook, his rod retains,
To drive his wand'ring goats upon the plains;
He seem'd a shepherd as he march'd along,
And tun'd his oaten pipe to rural song.

Much taken with that art, before unknown,
Come, sit by me, said *Argus*, on this stone.
Far may you seek, and yet no meadows find
So fit for pasture, or a shade so kind.
The son of *Jove* was ready to obey,
And lengthen'd with discourse the hasty day.
Then to his lips the charming pipe applies,
Endeavouring to subdue his wakeful eyes.
As much he strives to banish stealing rest,
Which tho' in sleep it half his eyes oppress;
Yet half unseal'd remain'd, and watchful still.
He then enquires to whose inventive skill
The pipe, and that soft melody was due,
(For then the soft melodious pipe was new)
Then thus the God his charmed ears inclines,
Amongst the *Hamadryds* and *Nonacrimæ*,

(On

(On cold *Arcadian* hills) for beauty fam'd,
 A *Naiad* dwelt, the nymphs her *Syrinx* nam'd.
 She often from pursuing Satyrs fled,
 Baff'd their speed, and shunn'd their lustful bed;
 As often was she chac'd in woods and lawns,
 By mountain deities, and sylvan fawns.
 She to *Diana* and her sports inclin'd,
 And rivall'd equally her virgin-mind.
 In such a garb, and hunting habit dress'd,
 So well the nymph the Goddess'self express'd,
 You either in each other might behold,
 But that her bow was horn, *Diana's* gold;
 And even then, so wond'rous like they look,
 That often has a transient view mistook.
 Thus said, fair virgin, grant a God's request,
 And be his wife. She wou'd not hear the rest;
 Him she despis'd, and fled, as from her shame,
 'Till to smooth *Ladon's* sandy banks she came.
 There stopp'd, implores the liquid sisters aid,
 To change her form in pity to a maid.
Pan, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* clasp'd
 Between his arms, reeds for her body grasp'd.
 There as he sigh'd, the winds disturb'd the reeds;
 Then from their waving joints a voice succeeds,
 An humble murmur, in a note as low
 As one complaining, like the voice of woe.
 The musick pleas'd the God, as new and sweet;
 Thus still, he cries, we will together meet,
 Thus will we commerce hold. And then he joins
 Unequal reeds, and in a pipe combines,
 Whose name he *Syrinx* from the nymphs assigns.

The sly *Cyllenius*, thus discoursing, spies
 How leaden sleep had seal'd up all his eyes.

Then silent, with his magick rod he strokes
 Their languish'd lights, which sounder sleep provokes,
 And with his fauchion lops his nodding head,
 Whose blood besmear'd the hoary rock with red.
 There *Argus* lies; there all his beamy head
 So many lights, extinguish'd all, and dead,
 And o'er his hundred eyes one night eternal spread.
 Yet that those starry jewels might remain,
Saturnia fix'd them in her peacock's train.

Juno inflam'd, now lets her passion rise,
 And *Furies* plants before her rival's eyes;
 Their hissing snakes in dreadful forms appear,
 And sting her conscience with tormenting fear;
 No place of rest she knows, by *Juno* hurl'd
 Like a sad fugitive around the world.
 Thy banks, O *Nile*, first gave the wand'rer rest,
 There to thy side her bending knees she prest;
 Such as she had, to heav'n she cast her eyes,
 With tears, with murmurs, and with lowing cries,
 Of *Jove* she seem'd in sorrow to complain,
 And beg a happy end of all her pain.
 The God his wife with tenderness embrac'd,
 Bids her to wave her punishment at last,
 And said, be confident that all is past;
 She never more shall cause thy grief or fear,
 His vow he bids the *Stygian* waters hear.
 Appeas'd, the Nymph recover'd her first look:
 So fair, so sweet! the hair her skin forsook:
 Her horns decrease, the socket of her eyes,
 And her wide jaws, contract to lesser size,
 Her hands and shoulders to their first proportion rise:
 Her hoofs to nails diminish; nothing now,
 But that pure white retains she of the Cow.
 Then on her feet her body she erects,
 Now born by two. Herself she yet suspects,

Nor

Nor dares to speak aloud, lest she should hear
Herself too low ; but softly tries with fear.
Now she a Goddess, is ador'd by those
That linnen wear, where sacred *Nilus* flows.

Hence sprung *Jove's Epaphus*, no less divine,
Whose temples nearest to his mother's join.
Equal to him in spirit, and in years,
The son of *Phœbus*, *Phaeton* appears;
Whom, while his pride his father's race prefer'd,
The son of *Io* with reluctance heard,
Then says, fond fool, believe thy mother's lies,
Proud of a fictitious father from the skies.
He blush'd, his anger by his shame's controul'd;
But soon the slander to his mother told.
Oh! *Clymene*, he cries, to urge her more,
Ev'n I was dumb, who was so brisk before;
Shame that this scandal should disgrace my name,
And no refuting truth assert my fame.
But if I be descended from above,
Give me some proof, and this reproach remove.
Then hangs about her neck; by her own head,
By *Merope's*, her sister's nuptial bed,
Then begs her to produce some certain sign
To prove his question'd parentage divine.
Mov'd with her son's intreaty, more inflam'd
With indignation, to be so defam'd,
Straight both her arms she stretches to the skies,
And looking on the Sun with stedfast eyes,
To thee my son, by that bright orb I swear,
By ev'ry ray of all his beamy hair,
Who sees us now, and hear whate'er we say;
That very Sun whom now my eyes survey,
Who temperates the seasons with his fire,
That very Sun is thy undoubted fire.

If not, may he from me withdraw his sight,
And be this view my last, my latest light.
Nor far from hence, thy father's palace stands,
His rise here borders on the neighbouring lands.
If that the journey please thee, thither go,
And there thy father from thy father know.
Her words young *Phaeton* with rapture fir'd,
Soon he sets forth, and to the skies aspir'd.
He passes first thro' *Æthiopia's* land,
And next thro' *India*, and her burning sand;
Then soon arrives where first his father's ray
Shoots forth, and gilds the rising dawn of day.



OVID's







O V I D's
METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Phaeton's access to the palace of the Sun, to his father, is describ'd, from whom he receives, as a token of his birth, the guidance of his chariot for a day. He sets the world on fire. The Æthiopians then turn black. Phaeton's death lamented by his sisters, and his kinsman Cygnus, who is transformed to a Swan, the sisters into Poplar-trees. Jupiter's descent to the earth, after the conflagration. He falls in love with Calisto, and enjoys her in the likeness of Diana. Juno enrag'd, turns Calisto into a Bear. Her son Arcas going to shoot her
in

in that shape, is prevented by Jupiter's translating them both to the Stars. Juno's complaint upon this to Oceanus. She's carried to Heaven by her Peacocks, whose trains were newly beautify'd with Argus's eyes. As the Crow was lately chang'd from white to black, (for not taking warning of the Daw, who recited her's, and Nyctemene's transformations) upon her informing Phcebus of his mistress's falshood. Ocyrioe, the daughter of Chiron, having predicted the fates of Æsculapius and her father, is turn'd to a Mare. Chiron invokes Apollo's aid in vain. Apollo being then turn'd herds-man, and so engag'd in an amour, that he neglected his very herds; which gave Mercury an opportunity to steal them. Battus, only conscious to the theft, is circumvented by Mercury, and chang'd into a Touch-stone. Mercury, passing from thence into Attica, enjoys Herse, the daughter of Cecrops. Aglaura, through envy of her sister, becomes petrify'd. Mercury afterwards sent by Jupiter to drive Agenor's Oxen to the sea side, where Jupiter assuming the shape of a Bull, transports Europa over the Cretan sea.



THE Sun's bright palace on high columns
rais'd,
With burnish'd gold, and flaming rubies
blaz'd;
The roof with polish'd iv'ry was inlaid,
The folding doors a silver light display'd.
Rich was the ground on which the work was wrought,
But far inferior to the work-man's thought:
For *Vulcan* there, in curious sculpture, curl'd
The waving ocean round the girded world;
The rounded world he stretch'd below, & high
Hung the surrounding cover of the sky.

In their own sea the Deities were plac'd,
Ægeon there a monst'rous *Whale* embrac'd,
Protens, and *Triton* with his trumpet grac'd.
There *Doris*, and her daughters heav'nly fair,
Some sate on rocks, and dry'd their sea-green hair;
Some seem'd upon the dancing waves to glide,
Others on backs of crooked dolphins ride.
Among them all, no two appear the same,
Nor differ more than sisters well became.
The earth bore savage beasts, men, cities, woods,
Satyrs, and rural Gods, and chrystal floods.
High above these, heav'n's glitt'ring image shines,
Grac'd on each side with six refulgent *Signs*.
Here the youth climbing up the steep ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went;
Then, as he nearer to his presence drew,
He stopp'd a while, and took a distant view;
Well was it distant, for his mortal sight
Could not sustain so fierce a stream of light.
The *God* in purple robes adorn'd the throne,
That with a blaze of lucid emeralds shone;
The days, and months, and years, on either hand,
And hours of equal space, and ages stand;
There stood the *Spring* with flow'ry garlands crown'd,
There naked *Summer* with his wheat-sheafs bound;
There *Autumn*, stain'd with purple juice appear'd,
And hoary *Winter* with his grisly beard.

Thence from his throne the God's all-seeing eyes
Beheld the trembling youth in deep surprize,
Struck with the various wonders of the skies.
Then cries, what hither drew my *Phaeton*?
My son, and worthy to be call'd my son.
The youth replies, Oh! universal light,
Oh! father *Phæbus*, if a filial right

From

From thee descending, I may truly claim,
 Nor *Clymene* by thee disguise her shame;
 Some token grant, that my descent may prove,
 And from my soul these anxious doubts remove.
 Thus spoke: The God displacing from his head
 The blaze of glory that around him spread,
 Bid him advance, and thus embracing said.

By merit, as by birth, to thee is due
 The name of son, and *Clymene* is true.
 To ease thy doubts, make some request, and I,
 What'er it be, with that request comply;
 This to confirm, the *oath* of Gods I take,
 By *Hell's* unseen inviolable sake.
 Scarce had he done, when he, without delay,
 Asks the *Sun's* steeds and chariot for a day.
 The God repents him of the oath he made,
 And, shaking his illustrious tresses, said,

Rash was the promise of my erring voice,
 More rash, my son, by thy succeeding choice.
 Oh! that I could not with my vow comply,
 This only wish thy father would deny.
 Yet would I, *Phaeton*, dissuade thee still;
 Great is the task, and hazardous thy will:
 Thy strength and years ill suit thy fond desire,
 Thy lot is mortal, but thy thoughts on fire,
 Now far beyond mortality aspire.
 Not one of all the Gods affect this state,
 (Tho' each is in his proper province great)
 None dares ascend the flaming seat, but I,
 Not *Jove* himself, the ruler of the sky,
 Who sends the light'ning forth; yet dares not prove
 My chariot's force; and who so great as *Jove*?
 The first ascent is steep, where scarce with pain
 My well-breath'd steeds the morning-mountains gain;

At

At noon thro' their meridian course they fly;
Thence as I bow me from the highest sky,
And view the seas and earth below my height,
My heart recoils, and trembles at the sight.
Steep is the downfall of this evening stage.
That asks a steady rein to curb their rage.
There *Tethys*, in whose wavy bow'rs I lie,
Oft fears my headlong downfall from the sky.
Besides, the rapid orbs are daily hurl'd
With all the stars and planets, round the world.
Full against these I steer my constant course,
And conquer theirs, with a superior force.
But how could'st thou resist them, how controul
The whirling *Axis*, and revolving *Pole*?
Perhaps you there expect coelestial woods,
Temples, and cities peopled all with Gods.
Thro' other dang'rous paths thy journey lies,
Where dreadful forms of heav'nly monsters rise:
For should you hit the path, nor turn astray,
The *Bull's* opposing horns obstruct thy way.
The *Centaur's* bended bow hangs next in place,
And then the terrors of the *Lion's* face.
Here a wide breadth the *Scorpion's* claws extend,
And there the *Crabs* in lesser circles bend:
Nor could thy hand the mettled steeds controul,
When their breasts glow, and flames their nostrils roll;
Their spirits scarce my ruling force admit,
When they grow warm, and struggle with the bit.
But thou, my son, a fatal gift beware,
And now betimes correct thy heedless pray'r.
You ask a gift that may your parent tell;
Let these my fears your parentage reveal;

And

And learn your father, from a father's care:
 Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
 Would you but look, you'd read the father there.
 In short, behold the earth, the sea, and heav'n,
 Chuse what you will from all, it shall be giv'n;
 Only forbear this one unequal task;
 For 'tis a mischief, not a gift you ask.
 You ask a real mischief, *Phaeton*;
 Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my son.
 I grant your wishes, *Styx* confirms my voice;
 Chuse what you will, but make a wiser choice.

Thus did the God th' unwary youth advise;
 But he still longs to travel thro' the skies.
 When *Phæbus* (for delays in vain were cast)
 To the *Vulcanian* chariot leads at last.
 A golden axle did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
 The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
 The harnesses with studded gems were bright,
Apollo shin'd in the reflected light.
 The youth with secret joy the work surveys,
 When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays.
 The stars were fled; for *Lucifer* had chac'd
 The stars away, and fled himself at last.
 Soon as the father saw the ruddy morn,
 And the Moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble hours, without delay,
 Bring out the steeds, the nimble hours obey:
 From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
 Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
 All his son's face the God with ointment wet,
 Of secret virtue, to repel the heat.
 Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
 And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,

Take

Take this at least, this last advice, my son,
 Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on.
 The horses of themselves will run too fast,
 Your art must be to moderate their haste.
 Drive 'em not on directly thro' the skies,
 But where the *Zodiac's* winding circle lies.
 Along the middle *Zone*; but fally forth,
 Nor to the distant *South*, nor stormy *North*.
 The horses hoofs a beaten track will show,
 But neither mount too high, nor sink too low.
 That no new fires, or heav'n, or earth infect;
 Keep the mid way, the middle way is best.
 Nor where in radiant folds the *Serpent* twines,
 Direct your course, nor where the *Altar* shines.
 Shun both extreams; the rest let Fortune guide,
 And better for thee, than thy self provide.
 See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
Aurora gives the promise of a day;
 I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
 Snatch up the reins, or yet the task forsake,
 And not my chariot, but my counsel take;
 While yet securely on the earth you stand,
 Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
 Let me alone to light the world, while you
 Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.
 He spoke in vain, the youth with active heat,
 And sprightly vigor, vaults into the seat;
 And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
 Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys not knowing what had pass'd, gave way,
 And all the waste of heav'n before 'em lay.

They

They spring together out, and swiftly bear
 The flying youth, thro' clouds and yielding air;
 With wingy speed outstrip the *Eastern* wind,
 And leave the morning's swiftest blast behind.
 The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
 Or poise the chariot with the wonted weight,
 But as the sea th' unballast'd vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
 So from the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
 The youth is hurry'd headlong thro' the sky.
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
 Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
 The youth was in a maze; nor did he know
 Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
 Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
 Then the (*ev'n Stars* first felt *Apollo's* ray,
 And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
 The folded *Serpent* next the frozen pole,
 Stiff and benumm'd before, began to roll,
 And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
 And shot a redder light from ev'ry star.
 Nay, and 'tis said, *Bætes* too, that thou
 Would'st fain have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy plow.

Th' unhappy youth then bending down his head,
 Saw earth and ocean underneath him spread.
 His colour chang'd, he startl'd at the sight,
 And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
 Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
 His birth obscure, and his request deny'd.
 Now would he *Merops* for his father own,
 And gladly quit his kindred to the Sun.
 So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
 In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost.

He gives her to the winds, and, in despair,
Puts his last refuge in the Gods, and pray'r.
What could he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past:
If forward, still a longer path they find;
Both he compares, and measures in his mind.
And sometimes casts an eye upon the *East*,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden *West*.
The horses names he knew not in the fright,
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold 'em right.

Now all the horrors of the heav'ns he spies,
And monst'rous shadows of prodigious size,
That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies. }
There is a place above, where *Scorpio* bent
In tail and arms, surrounds a vast extent.
In a wide circuit of the heav'ns he shines,
And fills the space of two cœ'lestial Signs.
Soon as the youth beheld his sting, and view'd
The sweating monster in his poison stew'd,
Half dead with sudden fear, he dropt the reins;
The steeds perceiv'd 'em loose upon their mains,
And flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroul'd where-e'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions, hurried on the Day;
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The mountains smoak, the chinky highlands chap.
The herbage fades away, and spends its sap;
And now the trees and leaves together blaz'd,
The corn consum'd by what it first was rais'd.

But

But these are nothing; walls and cities burn,
 Kingdoms and people into ashes turn.
 The hills are scorcht, the with'ring woods expire;
Athos and *Tmolus* feel the kindling fire:
 Here *Oetè* and *Cilician Taurus* fry,
 Here *Ida* smoaks, with all its fountains dry;
Oeagrian Hamus, (then a single name)
 And virgin *Helicon* increase the flame;
Eryx, and *Othrys*, and *Citharon* glow,
 And *Rhodope* no longer cloth'd in snow;
 High *Pindus*, *Mimas*, and *Parnassus* sweat,
 And *Ætna* rages with redoubl'd heat.
 Ev'n the remotest *Scythian* fields were warm'd,
 Whom endless cold and native winters arm'd:

Now *Phaeton*, where-e'er his eyes could turn,
 Beheld the Universe around him burn;
 The raging of the fire he could not bear,
 When through his lungs he drew the scorching air;
 Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd,
 And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd;
 Thick smoaky vapours from the burnings broke,
 And clouds of ashes hover'd in the smok:
 He flew where-e'er the horses drove, nor knew
 Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.
 'Twas then, they say, the swarthy *Moors* begun
 To scorch with heat, and blacken in the Sun.
 Then *Lybia* first, of all its moisture drain'd,
 Became a long extended tract of sand.
 The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
 For her *Beotian* current *Dircè* mourns.
 Their rivers *Argos* and *Pirene* lose,
 These *Ephyre* laments, and *Amymonè* those

In vain the streams in distant regions flow'd,
 Ev'n *Tanais* with all her ice was thaw'd.

Enrag'd

Enrag'd *Caicus* and *Ismenos* roar,
And *Xanthus* fated to be burnt once more.
In flames the *Ister* and the *Ganges* roll'd,
And *Tagus* floating in her melted gold:
The swans that on *Cayster* often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.
The frighted *Nile* ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found.
His sev'n divided currents all are dry;
And where they roll'd, sev'n gaping trenches lye.

Hebrus and *Strymon* quite exhausted glow,
The *Rhine*, the *Rhone*, the fair *Hesperian Po*,
The *Tiber* too, whose universal sway
The future world was destin'd to obey.
The ground all cleft admits the piercing ray,
And startles *Pluto* with the sight of day.
The sea shrinks in, and leaves a barren plain,
A waste of gravel, where before it ran.
The rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd *Cyclades*.
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap.
The gasping *Phoca*, parboil'd in the stream,
With turn'd-up bellies, on the surface swim.
Nereus and *Doris* too, with all her train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main.
Stern *Neptune* thrice above the waves upheld
His face, as often by the flames repell'd.

The *Earth* at length, on ev'ry side embrac'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waste,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And creep within the hollow of her womb,
Up-lifted to the heav'ns her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said.

But

But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
 Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat.
 If you, great king of Gods, my death approve,
 And I deserve it, let me die by *Jove*;
 If I must perish by the force of fire,
 Let me, transfix'd with thunder-bolts, expire.
 See whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choak,
 (For then her face and mouth lay wrapt in smoak;)
 See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
 And wither'd face, where heaps of ashes lye!
 And does the plough for this my body tear?
 This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
 Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
 That herbs for cattel daily I renew
 And meat for man, and frankincense for you.
 But grant me guilty; what has *Neptune* done?
 Why are his waters boiling in the Sun?
 The wavy empire, which by lot was giv'n,
 Why does it waste, and further shrink from heav'n?
 If I nor he your pity can provoke,
 See your own heav'ns, the heav'ns begin to smoak.
 If once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
 Destruction seizes on the heav'ns and Gods.
Atlas becomes unequal to the freight,
 And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
 If heav'n, and earth, and seas together burn,
 All must again into their *Chaos* turn.
 Apply some speedy cure, consult the fate
 And doom of all things, 'ere it be too late.
 (The vapours here suppress'd her voice) this said,
 Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
Jove call'd to witness ev'ry pow'r above,
 And ev'n the God whose son the chariot drove;

That

That what he acted, he was forc'd to do,
Or universal ruin wou'd ensue.
He then ascended his ætherial throne,
From whence he us'd to hurl the thunder down;
From whence his show'rs and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor show'r.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand
Full at his head, he shot the flaming brand,
Which stopt the flames, and fires with fire restrain'd. }
At once from life, and from the chariot driv'n,
Th' ambitious youth fell thunder-struck from heav'n.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground.
The studded harness from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke;
Here were the beam and axle torn away,
And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
The blasted *Phaeton* with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
Which in a cloudless ev'ning from the top
Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop;
'Till on the *Po* his smoaking corps was hurl'd
Far from his country, in the *Western* world.

The river-nymphs his blasted corps inhume,
And fix these verses on his marble tomb;
*Here lies the boy, who, tho' too weak to guide
His father's steeds, yet bravely daring dy'd.*

The wretched fire obscur'd his mournful face,
And let one day ('tis so reported) pass
Without the Sun, while conflagrations made
A day and light for burnings pass'd repaid.
But when poor *Clymene* had said what'er
A tender mother's passion rais'd could bear,

Sad, wild, and with her mighty woes forlorn,
Her face disfigur'd, and her vestments torn,
O'er all the desolated earth she rov'd,
To find his body, whom she fondly lov'd.
Those hopes she lost, but still his bones she sought;
She found his bones, by strange misfortune brought
To foreign shores; when on his tomb she read
The fatal character, fresh tears she shed;
Fell on the marble, and renew'd her moan,
And with her bosom warm'd the senseless stone.
His sisters too bewail his hasty fate,
And streams of tears devoutly consecrate
To his lov'd name; with cruel hands they rend
Their own soft bosoms; day or night no end
They find for endless woes; and still they call
On *Phaeton*, dear *Phaeton*! but all
Their invocations, and their tears, are vain,
He neither hears their cries, nor feels their pain.
Four tedious months, by doleful custom led,
('Twas now their custom) they bewail'd the dead.
When now the eldest *Phaethusa* strove
To kneel on earth, she found she could not move.
As fair *Lampetie* to assist her strove,
Short roots forbad her lifeless feet to move.
The third, quite wild with woes, assay'd to tear
The curling tresses of her auburn hair,
But tore off leaves; for lovely arms and thighs
Large solid trunks, and spreading branches rise:
While this seem'd strange, the creeping barks embrace
Their bellies, breast, and shoulders, hands and face;
Their heads alone above the trunk display'd,
Their mouths invoking of their mother's aid.

What could she do! her poor distracted mind
To this, to that, to one, to all inclin'd:

She

She kiss'd, with cruel loving hands she tore
 That barky vest their changing bodies wore.
 She broke their tender boughs, their boughs around
 Shed purple drops from ev'ry bleeding wound.
 Spare me, dear mother, cries the wounded maid;
 Spare me, dear mother; while she bled, she pray'd;
 We feel the wounds you give; fare---as she spoke,
 The closing bark her dying accents broke:
 The trees weep still, and those rich tears they show,
 Condens'd by sun-beams, precious as *Amber* grow;
 Which toward our shores on rolling surges born,
 Are still by noblest *Roman* beauties worn.

Cygnus, the son of *Sthenelus*, was there,
 By birth-right much, but more by friendship dear
 To *Phaeton*; he in *Liguria* reign'd,
 And pop'lous realms in wealthy peace maintain'd;
 But now he laid his irksome scepter down,
 And for his friend's dear sake, resign'd his crown.
 On *Po's* green banks, among his kindred groves,
 As the kind melancholy *Cygnus* roves,
 His strong deep voice to small soft notes consumes,
 And silver hairs give place to silver plumes.
 A long white neck shoots from his downy breast;
 His toes unite, his sides fair wings invest;
 A broad blunt bill succeeds his lips; the man
 So gently slides into a silver swan.
 But still *Jove's* light'ning glitters in his eyes;
 He still distrusts him, and abhors the skies;
 Broad pools and spacious lakes the *Bird* desires,
 And loves in waters as oppos'd the fires.

But *Phæbus*, of his darling robb'd, gives o'er
 His thoughts to sorrows, and regards no more
 Those beauties which adorn'd his looks before.

As when some dire Eclipse obscures his face,
And gloomy horror strikes a guilty race;
So dull, so dark he looks, he hates the days,
And hates himself, and hates his lightsome rays;
With sullen rage his wasting grief supplies,
And to the frightened world his beams denies.

Enough, said he, enough we've toil'd of old,
And restless pains for restless malice fold.
Let now some stronger hand the chariot drive,
While I obscur'd, in clouds and darkness, live!
If you refuse let your great master try,
Or cast for shame his murd'ring thunders by;
The steeds perhaps may make his Godship know,
The boy, tho' weak, deserves a softer blow.

Thus *Phœbus* talks, while all the Gods engage,
With gentlest words, to mitigate his rage;
They beg he would not leave the guiltless world
In endless night, and desolations hurl'd.
Jove begs his pardon, nor intreaties spares,
But mixes kingly menaces with pray'rs.
The God catch'd up his steeds; his furious look
Spoke grief and rage; the dreadful whip he shook;
And while he rates and cuts, and whips 'em on
He still upbraids them with his falling *Son*.

Almighty *Jove* now walks the heav'nly round,
To see if any breach or flaws were found,
Caus'd by the late combustions; but when all
Prov'd sound above, his next kind moments fall
On our terraqueous globe; above the rest,
His own *Arcadia* strikes his careful breast.
The springs and brooks lost to their parching shores
For fear, he to their ancient streams restores;
Gives grass and leaves again their verdant hues,
And shady woods and forest greens renews.

While

While thus he comes, and goes, a lovely maid,
Arcadia's pride, his easy soul betray'd;
 His eyes dwelt on her, and his heart, bereav'd
 Of rest, a thousand hopes and flames conceiv'd.

No spinster she, nor gay, nor nicely dress'd,
 But her loose garb a careless grace express'd;
 Her locks scarce ty'd, as negligently flow;
 Her hands still grasp'd some polish'd dart or bow;
 A huntress bold, of chaste *Diana's* train,
 Nor could a nearer favourite retain
 To her *Manalian* Pleasures, *but we see*
In favourites Fortune's instability.

High noon was pass'd, when in a grove's cool shade
 She loos'd her bow, and down her arrows laid;
 Her head did on her painted quiver rest,
 And the soft grass her weary'd body prest.
Jove saw the weary'd virgin left alone;
 And sure, said he, this sure may 'scape unknown:
 Or should I meet my jealous spouse's eyes,
 I'd face her anger for so sweet a prize.

Strait he assumes *Diana's* garb and face;
 And what, my dear, says he, what happy place
 Enjoy'd thy envy'd sports this live-long day?
 She humbly quits the grass on which she lay.
 Dear Goddess, hail, said she, more dear than *Jove*,
 More great, more charming, more deserving love!

Jove smil'd to hear her kind mistake, and prest
 Her crimson lips, and snowy panting breast
 With glowing kisses; and whene'er the maid,
 To tell her pleasant forest tales, assay'd,
 He stay'd her speech with such a wanton heat,
 As virgin-lips, 'till then, could ne'er repeat;
 And such impressions on her virtues made,
 As both his Godship and his sex betray'd,

Ah! had but *Juno* poor *Calisto* seen,
 The fight had conquer'd her revengeful spleen;
 When faint and breathless, but in vain, she strove;
 For what, poor maid, could baffle mighty *Jove*?

The God posselt triumphant mounts the skies,
 But she the conscious groves and forests flies;
 Away she hurries, but distracted so,
 She'd almost lost her painted shafts and bow.
 When the true Goddess with her train appear'd
 On lofty *Manalus*, *Calisto* fear'd
 'Twas *Jove* again, and from her call withdrew;
 But when the game, and her old mates she knew,
 And fear'd no cheat, with a suspicious air,
 And down-cast looks, she'd to her friends repair,
 How oft the look betrays the guilty mind!
 Musing and silent, now she lags behind.
 Her blushes shew'd her virgin sweetness gone;
Diana too, if not a maid, had known
 Her fault; but all the sim'ring smiling crew,
 'Twas thought, their guilty sister's failure knew.

Nine months were past, when faint with summer's heat,
 The Goddess finds a cooler grove's retreat,
 Where a small brook, with poplar shaded, glides,
 And o'er smooth stones with pretty murmurs chides.
 She lik'd the place, her foot she gently drew
 O'er the cool stream, the cool stream pleas'd her too.
 Let's strip, and wash, said she; for sure this shade
 For virgin-sports and privacy was made.
Calisto blush'd, the rest at her command
 Stripp'd quickly, only she was at a stand;
 But her officious mates soon disarray'd
 Their ling'ring sister, and her crime display'd.

At her strange fate amaz'd, she vainly try'd
 With both her hands her swelling womb to hide.

Hence,

Hence, hence, polluted wretch, the Goddess cries,
 These streams profane not, nor our chaster eyes.
 Fierce *Juno* too, who long had known her crime,
 But stay'd her vengeance to a fitter time,
 That time now came; and to provoke her more,
Calisto now the jolly *Arcas* bore.

Heav'n's queen saw this, and this alone remain'd,
 Said she, the world must now be entertain'd
 With such a strumper's brood! thy basta rdr ac
 Must publish *Juno's* wrongs, and *Jove's* disgrace,
 Look for revenge, I'll quickly change that shape;
 Those charming beauties which could tempt a rape.

She spoke, and in her hair she twin'd her hands,
 And dragg'd her prostrate fiercely o'er the sands.
 Her snowy arms the wretch for mercy rear'd;
 Black, hairy, rough, her snowy arms appear'd.
 Her hands, divinely white, were turn'd to paws,
 Her fingers, and her shining nails, to claws.
 Her lovely face, which drew a God to sin,
 Was all deform'd by a prodigious grin;
 And left soft pray'rs should bend her furious mind,
 She took her speech, and a rough note assign'd:
 Hoarse, threat'ning, terrible; but tho' a bear,
 Signs still in her of human thoughts appear;
 With deep-drawn sighs she now attests her woes,
 And tow'rd the stars her wretched paws she throws;
 Oft on ungrateful *Jove* reflects, and tho'
 She could not call him, she believes him so:
 Oft of the solitary woods afraid,
 About her house, about her fields, she stray'd;
 Oft o'er rough rocks before the dogs she'd ply,
 And, once a huntress, now from huntsmen fly:
 Oft she herself from wilder brutes obscur'd,
 And, tho' a bear, no other bears endur'd;

Herself forgetting, prouling wolves she fear'd,
When her own father led the savage herd.

One day her son, a lusty stripling grown,
In hunting, meets his mother-bear unknown,
While thro' the forest lawns for game he beats,
She knew her son, but he with fear retreats.
(Tho' wond'ring at her steady gentle eyes)
His hand then to his fatal spear applies.

Jove stopp'd his hand, and with a winged blast,
In upper skies his dear relations plac'd;
Where now from sorrows freed, and all divine,
In neighb'ring orbs the son and mother shine.

Great *Juno* swell'd to see her rival there,
With glitt'ring beams, adorn the heav'nly sphere;
Down to her foster-parents court she drives,
Where old *Oceanus* and *Tethys* lives;
And with just rev'rence to their silver hairs,
She thus, when ask'd, her journey's cause declares.

Ask you why I heav'n's queen from yonder skies
Am come? A better there my place supplies,
Or I'm a lyar, or new stars you'll see
In this approaching night's obscurity.

With hateful beams i' th' *Arctic Circle* shine;
There is the glory, the disgrace is mine.

What whore can fear immortal *Juno's* hate?

Alas! I hurt not, I advance their fate.

My baffl'd pow'r must to the strumpet bow;

A brute I made her, she's a Goddess now.

Such penalties on guilty souls I lay,

But whores and bastards with my vengeance play.

Let my chaste spouse her charming face restore,

In *Io* he assum'd as much before:

Let him leave me, and put her fetters on,

And be devout *Lycaon's* virtuous son.

But

But I'm your foster-child; O! let my shame
 With some just heat your kinder breasts inflame!
 Ne'er let those spurious stars approach the deep,
 Nor in the purging ocean's bosom sleep,
 But their eternal stain, their whorish tincture keep.

They grant her wish; away pleas'd *Juno* flies,
 And thro' soft air her painted peacocks plies;
 Painted with *Argus'* eyes, one kill'd as late,
 As thou poor twatling crow had'st chang'd thy state.
 Once spotless doves no purer white could show,
 Nor geese, to which our capitol must owe
 Its safety; once pure swans would quit the field,
 And to the *Crows* diviner whiteness yield.
 Her tongue undid her; for her tongue's delight,
 A sullen black succeeds her spotless white.

The fair *Coronis*, once *Larissa* grac'd,
Theffalia's glory; and while close and chaste,
Apollo lov'd her; but *Apollo's* bird
 Her slips discover'd, and inform'd his lord.
 His silence she with flowing tears implor'd,
 The crow her falshood and her tears abhorr'd.
 As on his errand right the tell-tale flew,
 A prating daw did all his steps pursue;
 Ask'd him a thousand questions in a trice,
 And, those resolv'd, return'd this kind advice:

Believe, my fateful tongue, no thanks you'll find,
 To such as tell unpleasing truths assign'd.
 You knew my *first*, my *present* shape; you see
 • The gay rewards of simple honesty.
 You've heard of *Erichonius*, Sir, one made
 Without a mother, him *Minerva* laid
 In a close wicker chest, and then repairs
 To *Athens*, and commits it to the cares

Of *Cæcrop's* daughters, virgins all, and wise,
 Nor sharers in their sire's deformities;
 Then gives command, that none should dare to pry
 Into her secrets with a curious eye.
 Pearch'd on a leavy bough, I watch'd their ways,
 And must fair *Pandrofos* and *Herse* praise;
 Who, humbly true, observ'd her just command;
 But bold *Aglauros*, with a daring hand,
 Broke up the chest, and call'd her sisters in
 To be partakers of her ugly sin;
 And to their eyes expos'd an hideous show,
 A youth above, a dragon all below.
 I told my Goddess this, and for reward,
 Severely check'd, was thus cashier'd her guard;
 An owl preferr'd before me! By my fate
 Forewarn'd, may other birds forbear to prate.
 As for *her* service, I ne'er begg'd the place,
 But got it merely by *Minerva's* grace:
 Ask her, tho' angry still, she'll be so just,
 She'll own I had, but ne'er abus'd my trust.

My story's known; when great *Coroneus* reign'd
 Of old in *Phocis*, happy I remain'd
 His virgin-heirefs; crowds of lovers made
 Their court to me, and wealth and glories laid
 Beneath my feet; I scorn'd the whining crew,
 By beauty ruin'd, tho' despis'd by you.
 As on the beach oft us'd, I gravely mov'd,
Neptune observ'd my face, observ'd and lov'd;
 With pray'rs and tend'rest vows he vainly try'd
 To win my heart; but mad because deny'd:
 He offer'd force, I fly, and found'ring o'er
 The soft loose sand, both men and Gods implore:
 No man could hear, but kind *Minerva's* aid,
 A maid herself, reliev'd a helpless maid.

To heav'n I rear'd my arms, black feathers grew
 Around my short'ning arms; I thought I threw
 My mantle back, my mantle close adher'd
 To my black skin, and shooting quills appear'd
 Thro' skin and mantle both; I try'd to tear
 My breasts, but neither breasts nor hands were there.
 I hopp'd unwear'd o'er the moving sand,
 Then upper air with nimble pinions fann'd.
 At last a slave with kind *Minerva* plac'd,
 A chaste attendant on a mistress chaste;
 Yet what got I, since that incestuous bird,
Nyctimene, is to my place preferr'd?

Sure you have heard what ev'ry *Lesbian* child
 Can tell, how she her father's bed defil'd.
 She's now a bird indeed, but shun's the light,
 And hides her horrid guilt in gloomy night;
 And if by day to look abroad she'll dare,
 Our feather'd armies chase her thro' the air.

The crow so stopp'd, so vex'd, may mischiefs fall
 On you, cry'd he, we scorn your omens all!
 Then on he flies, and to his lord declar'd,
 How *Ischy*s in his false *Coronis* shar'd.
Phæbus her falshood heard with strange surprize,
 And jealous fury sparkling in his eyes;
 His wreaths away, away his harp he threw,
 And from his bow a winged arrow flew;
 Her iv'ry breasts the bearded arrow tore;
 That breast the God so soft had press'd before;
 She drew the steel out with her dying hand,
 While purple streams her snowy members stain'd:
 Then with a deathful groan, tho', *Phæbus*, I,
 When once deliver'd, might deserve to die;
 Yet why should thy own harmless infant feel
 The fatal malice of thy murthering steel?

She spoke; but life the hasty blood pursu'd,
And icy death her soul-less limbs subdu'd.

The love-sick God too late repents the deed,
And hates that hand which made his mistress bleed.
He hates that tell-tale bird, whose spiteful news
Did jealous thoughts first in his heart infuse;
He curs'd his arrows, and he damn'd his bow,
And all his healing arts in vain would show;
But heat divine her carcass could not warm,
Nor force of herbs fate's greater force disarm.
But when the God of all his arts despair'd,
And saw the pile for her dear limbs prepar'd;
Tho' Gods can't weep, he vents his mighty woes
In dismal groans, as when with weighty blows:
Just in her fight her wounded suckling falls,
And the horn'd dam lows o'er her funerals.
Around her now his useless sweets he laid,
And her last rites with fond embraces paid:
But to secure his own immortal race,
He snatch'd his infant from the fiery place,
And his dead mother's womb, and him he sends
And to fam'd *Chiron's* pupillage commends.
And then at last the tell-troth *Crow* requites
With sable plumage for his spotless whites.

The centaur of his heav'nly charge grew proud,
And those great honours to his art allow'd.
His daughter comes, whose golden curls adorn
Her shoulders, of the bright *Chariclo* born,
Near some swift stream; and from her birth-place nam'd
Ocyroe the fair, the wise, and fam'd:
Not for her father's arts alone; for she
Thro' future fate's mysterious veil could see;
And now inflam'd with pure prophetick fires,
While the whole God her larger breast inspires,

She

She sees the babe; Hail! happy child, says she,
Author of universal health; to thee
Our mortal bodies oft themselves shall owe;
Oft shall thy skill departed souls bestow
In their old seats; 'till heav'n's revenging stroke
Thy strange attempts, and strange success provoke;
Twice shall thy life renew, a bloodless clod
The God shall yield, the bloodless corpse a God.

And thou, dear father, whose immortal kind
Forbids thy death, shalt wish some death to find,
When touch'd with great *Alcides'* fatal dart,
The subtle venom's strength shall reach thy heart:
Then the kind *Parca* shall dissolve thy thread,
And give thee ease among the senseless dead.

She'd something still to say, when sighs and tears,
Deep, thick, and flowing all, presag'd her fears;
The fates, said she, my longer speech prevent;
Ah! happy I with meaner arts content!

I find heav'n's angry, when poor mortals try
To read th' events of dark futurity.

Methinks I seem to loose my human face,
And long for field-room now, and long for grass,
Into a mare's (my kindred shape) I grow;
But why I all, but half my father's so?
Her latest words, by growing griefs supply'd,
In tones confus'd and undistinguish'd dy'd.

She offer'd now at words, and almost neigh'd,
And strait a full-ton'd neigh her sense convey'd
To others ears; her arms to legs were chang'd,
And lightly o'er the flow'ry pastures rang'd;
One hoof made all her toes and fingers one;
Her head and neck a longer shape put on:
Her modish train's last length a tail was made;
For hair, a main in comely braids was laid

On her fair neck, and from her tone and look;

Euippes name the changing virgin took.

Old *Chiron* weeps, and oft implores in vain

Apollo's help; but *Jove's* commands disdain

The check of lesser Gods; or could thy arts

Rescind his laws, yet now far distant parts

Retain'd thee, and the rich *Messenian* field

Could scope to all thy shepherd's pastimes yield.

The shepherd now the crook and pipe disclos'd,

The pipe of sev'n unequal reeds compos'd:

But while he plays, or only sings of love,

His herds, unwatch'd, thro' spacious pastures rove.

The crafty *Hermes* these unminded steals,

And his rich prize behind thick woods conceals.

None saw the thief, but *Battus*, once a swain

Well known, who long on the *Messenian* plain,

The *Pylian* kings stud-mares for breed had fed,

To whom the jealous wheedling *Hermes* said:

One kindness, honest swain, I must desire,

If any should of thee for strays enquire,

Betray not me, and for thy silence take

This milk-white heifer for that heifer's fake.

This stone, said he, shall sooner tell than I,

(And shews a stone;) but *Hermes*, always shy,

Seems to go off; returns transform'd, and strait,

Saw'st thou, old boy, says he, no thieves of late

Drive bullocks hence? their thievish haunts assign,

And for reward, this bull and heifer's thine.

Brib'd with a double fee, cries *Battus*, there,

Beneath those hills, beneath those hills they were.

What, says the laughing God, what knave! I say,

Me to my self, me to my self betray?

To a *Mercurial* stone then turn'd his breast,

And his directing pow'r is in his name express.

Thro' yielding air the God now wings his way,

And thence *Minerva's Athens* must survey,

And

BOOK II. METAMORPHOSES.

39

And the *Lycaean* groves; since then renown'd
For rev'rend heads with hoary wisdom crown'd.

It was the day when, as old custom taught,
The virgin crew to *Pallas'* temple brought
Their gifts, white baskets on their heads they held,
Crown'd with sweet wreaths, with noble off'rings fill'd.
The God on wing observes the lovely train,
As when from far she sees some victim slain,
The hungry vulture many a circle makes
In upper air; and tho' she ne'er forsakes
The game in view, the noisy crowd delay
Her hopes, and fear her rav'nous pounces stay.
So *Hermes* o'er the town on lazy wings
Hovers, and makes a thousand gentle rings;
Herse, the fair, was always in his view,
Herse, the fair, his wings and eyes pursue;
To whose bright charms all others yield as far,
As smaller glories to the morning-star;
Or that fair star to brighter *Cynthia* yields,
When her full orb obliging *Phæbus* gilds.
Jove's sons ensnar'd by her surprizing charms,
A glowing heat his am'rous bosom warms;
Warms first, but then, with unresisted rage,
His yielding soul a thousand flames engage:
So *Balearian* bullets rake the sky,
And glow, and melt, as thro' the air they fly.
Now down he comes, and his own form assumes,
And justly on his own clean shape presumes;
Yet tries to mend it with a nicer care,
In fair large rings he lays his curling hair.
His mantle neatly o'er his shoulders throws,
And all the gold and rich embroid'ry shows.
In hand his sleep-commanding rod he bears,
Polish'd and smooth, and golden sandals wears.

Three

Three noble rooms, an inner court confin'd,
 With tortoise-shells and shining iv'ry lin'd,
 On either hand her sisters lodg'd, between
 Was royal *Herse's* large apartment seen.
 The God, with easy steps, approach'd her bed,
Aglauros, only wakeful, watch'd his tread,
 Saw him, and ask'd his name, and what strange pow'r
 Employ'd him there at such a midnight hour?
 To whom the God reply'd, 'tis I, who bear
Jove's sacred orders thro' the pervious air.
 My father he, I no false cause pretend,
 Be thou our confidant, our trusty friend.
 For *Herse's* sake I left those seats above;
 O! be my sister, and a friend to love!
 With such false eyes *Aglauros* scann'd him o'er,
 As had *Minerva's* secret search'd before;
 Then asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
 And bids him, till he brought the sum, retire.

The warlike *Pallas*, with an angry look,
 Observ'd, and storms of mighty passion shook
 Her swelling breast; she dash'd her *Gorgon's* shield,
 And all around with dismal horror fill'd:
 Enrag'd she saw her now, (whose impious hands,
 To see the monster her divine commands
 Had trespass'd lately) now to wealth pretend,
 To please a God, and be her sister's friend.

Then strait to envy's cell she bends her way,
 Which all with putrid gore infected lay,
 Deep in a gloomy cave's obscure recess,
 No beams could e'er that horrid mansion bless;
 No breeze e'er fann'd it, but about it roll'd
 Eternal woes, and ever lazy cold.
 No spark shone there, but everlasting gloom,
 Impenetrably dark, obscur'd the room.

Before

Before her door the dread *Virago* stood,
(Those hated doors cou'd ne'er admit the good)
Then strikes the lintels with her dreadful spear,
Wide fly the doors, and all within appear
Black impious-scenes, unknown to mortal eyes;
But Gods can see thro' inmost hell's disguise.
She sees the hag accurs'd with weary'd jaw,
Black vipers flesh, the food of envy, chaw:
She sees, but soon declines that hateful sight.
The ugly phantom, terrify'd with light,
With lazy streaks rose from the loathsome ground,
And left her half-chew'd vip'rous food around;
Then forward slowly crawl'd; but when she view'd
The Goddess with celestial charms endu'd,
Her arms all bright, her face divinely fair,
And bliss and pleasures in her heav'nly air,
The ill-look'd hag groan'd deep, and screw'd her face
To all the symptoms of a spiteful grace;
A deadly paleness in her cheeks was seen;
The skeleton cas'd in a meagre skin;
Her looks awry, an everlasting scowl
Sits on her brows, her teeth deform'd and foul.
Her breast had gall, more than her breast could hold;
Beneath her tongue black clods of poison roll'd;
No smiles e'er smooth'd her furrow'd brows, but those
Which rise from common mischiefs, plagues, and woes.
Her eyes, mere strangers to the sweets of sleep,
Devouring spite for ever waking keep:
She sees bless'd men with vast successes crown'd,
Their joys distract her, and their glories wound.
Distressing all, her self the most distressed,
She keeps her own tormentor in her breast.

The Goddess loath'd the witch, but us'd her; go,
Said she, the essence of thy plagues bestow

On curs'd *Aglauros*! thence in haste she flew,
And vanish'd upward like the morning dew
Before the rising sun. With looks askance
The hag observ'd the Goddess's advance;
And grumbling inwardly repin'd, that she
Her too successful instrument should be.
Then takes her wand, true emblem of her mind,
Which ragged knots and pointed thorns entwin'd;
Muffled in pestilential clouds, she moves,
And ev'ry step her fatal influence proves;
The flow'ry corn beneath her foot-steps dies,
The grass all scorch'd and desolated lies;
Those lively plants, whose verdant tops appear'd
Above the rest, her burning passage fear'd;
A wasting plague her noisome breath projects,
And ev'ry town, and ev'ry house infects.
When stately *Athens* her dim eye survey'd
When peace, and arts, and plenty were display'd,
The fiend could scarce unwilling tears forbear,
Since she saw nothing that deserv'd a tear.
Ent'ring th' apartment where *Aglauros* lay
In silent slumbers, to divert the day,
Her tainted hands the virgin's bosom preßt,
And pointed thorns ran thrilling thro' her breast.
The noxious venom ev'ry vein inspir'd,
And all her bones with sullen envy fir'd:
And that she might just ground for envy find,
In dreams she shadows to her anxious mind
Her charming sister, and her glorious fate;
Her love's triumphant, and divine her state:
Then paints the wooing God array'd with light,
Supremely fond, unutterably bright;
Each object with unwonted beams supply'd,
And her poor self a foil to *Herse's* pride.

With

With such sham dreams provok'd, *Aglauros* grieves,
And fill'd with inward gnawing tortures lives;
Slowly she melts, and pines, and wears away
The night with sighs, with restless sighs the day.
So melting ice slides off in silent streams
Before the setting sun's rebated beams.
Her sister's happiness destroys her so,
As when green weeds in some deep furnace glow
With inward heat, the pile can never blaze,
But smothers off, and all in smoak decays.
Oft would she wish to die, as oft engage
T' expose the lovers to a father's rage.
At last, before the door she takes her seat,
And makes the love-sick longing God retreat.
The God attacks her with his gentlest art,
And tries with love to sooth her envious heart.
Forbear, be gone, says she, unmov'd I'll stay,
And to your lawless passions stop the way.
Stay then for ever there, replies the God;
The doors then open to his powr'ful rod.
To stop him, she in vain attempts to rise;
A lazy numbness seiz'd her hips and thighs;
Her knees grew stiff, and in her hands and veins
A deadly cold and bloodless paleness reigns;
And as some fretting cancr'ous humour feeds
On tainted limbs, and thence to sound proceeds;
So fatal coldness softly marches o'er
Her warmer parts, where life retir'd before.
She never try'd to speak; and had she try'd,
All passage was to vocal sounds deny'd;
Her neck, her face, her whole was turn'd to stone,
And in her sullen hue her envious temper shown.
When now the God his fury had allay'd,
And took just vengeance of the faithless maid;

From

From where the bright *Athenian* turrets rise,
He steers his flight, and re-ascends the skies,
Jove saw at distance his approaching son,
And thus aloud bespeaks him from his throne :
My trusty *Hermes*, for to thee is given
To be the sole ambassador of heaven,
Fly quickly hence to the *Sidonian* earth,
That borders on the land which gave thee birth ;
There find a herd of heifers stragling o'er
The neighb'ring hill, and drive 'em to the shore.
Thus spoke the God, concealing his intent,
The trusty *Hermes* on the message went,
And found the herd of heifers stragling o'er
A neighb'ring hill, and drove 'em to the shore ;
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow nymphs, was sporting on the plain.

It was impossible at once for *Jove*
To keep his grandeur, and indulge his love.
The ruler of the skies, the thund'ring God,
That shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the new-fall'n snow,
Small were his horns, and harmless was his brow :
No shining terrors sparkl'd in his sight,
But his eyes languish'd with a gentle light ;
His ev'ry look was peaceful, and express'd
The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.

At length she pluck'd the rising flow'rs, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
And finding all the virgin's fear decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the thunderer,
She fix'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the God.

He gently march'd along, and, by degrees,
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas,
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar:
But still she holds him fast, with one hand born
Upon his back, while t'other grasps a horn.
The train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the *Discean* shore;
Where now in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid;
Who gazes on him, and, with wond'ring eyes,
Beholds the new majestick figure rise;
Views his bright features, and his native light,
And all the God discover'd to her sight.



OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Agenor sends Cadmus in search of his daughter, who was lost. Cadmus, in his search, encounters, and kills a dragon; from whose teeth sown in the earth, arise a band of men, by whose assistance he builds the city Thebes. After this success, his first misfortune happens on account of his nephew Aëteon, who is torn to pieces by his own pack of hounds. This disaster pleases Juno, by reason of her hatred to Semele, who had been debauch'd by Jupiter. Juno therefore taking the resemblance of Beroë, (Semele's Nurse) procures her death. A controversy afterwards betwixt Jupiter and Juno, whether the male or female had the greater pleasure





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pleasure in copulation. Tiresias chosen umpire, who had experienc'd both sexes. He decides the question against Juno; who, in revenge, deprives him of his sight. Jupiter, in recompence, inspires him with the gift of prophecy. His first prediction confirm'd in Narcissus, who despis'd all nymphs, (and amongst the rest, Echo, who for love pin'd herself into a voice.) He grows enamour'd on himself, and languishes into a flower. Pentheus still derides the prophet, but confirms his sanction by his own tragick end; for when the feast of Bacchus was celebrated, he cast one of the priests into prison, after he had understood from him, that the Mariners were transform'd into fishes; for which reason he was torn in pieces by those who officiated at that festival; which occasions a general veneration for the rites of Bacchus.



UT now the lustful God no more conceal'd,
 Confess'd the thund'rer, and the God reveal'd,
 And his own Crete th' almighty lecher held.

When the sad parent, ignorant that *Jove*
 Prefer'd his daughter, and enjoy'd her love,
 Bids *Cadmus* trace and find the ravish'd fair,
 Or hope no more to breathe *Phœnician* air.
 Both just and wicked in the same design,
 The care was pious, but too great the fine.

The restless youth search'd all the world around;
 But how can *Jove*, or his intrigues be found?
 When spent at length with his successless toil,
 To shun his father, and his native soil,

He

He takes a journey to the *Lyrian* dome;
 There asks the God what new appointed home
 Should end his travels, and his toils relieve;
 The *Lyrian* oracles this answer give.

‘ In desert grounds, where mortals seldom stray,
 ‘ A cow shall meet thee, and direct thy way;
 ‘ Untam’d as yet, and by no service broke,
 ‘ Impatient of the plough, nor subject to the yoke.
 ‘ Led by this guide, go forwards on, and chuse
 ‘ That place to build in she does for repose.
 ‘ Then fence th’ appointed ground on ev’ry side,
 ‘ And call the land *Bæotia* from your guide.

Scarce can the youth descend into the plain,
 And the *Castilian* mountains valley gain,
 But sees th’ unguarded beast walk on before,
 Whose unraz’d neck the marks of freedom bore.
 He follows slowly on with humble pace,
 And thanks the God that pointed out the place;
 When fording o’er the streams *Cephisus* yields,
 And pass’d the limits of *Panopean* fields,
 The brawny guide stood still, and bellowing round,
 Brandish’d her spacious horns, and spurn’d the ground,
 And the shrill air restor’d the dreadful sound, }
 Thus pois’d, she next the following train survey’d,
 Then on the grafs her pond’rous members laid.

The signal giv’n, *Cadmus* no more delays,
 But pays his thanks, and renders heav’n his praise;
 Kisses the ground, and greets the foreign soil,
 And fields not yet manur’d by human toil:
 He now to *Jove* a sacrifice prepares,
 (*Jove*, for his sister’s sake, should hear his pray’rs)
 Then sends his servants to a neighb’ring grove,
 For living streams, a sacrifice to *Jove*.

An aged wood look'd o'er the neighb'ring place,
 Its limbs well-grown, and wond'rous was its space;
 Nor by the ax profan'd, nor conscious of disgrace.
 'Midst of the grove the gaping earth had made
 An humble shelve, and fenc'd it with the shade;
 Arch'd in its form, which stones cemented gave,
 And well concurring, justl'd to a cave;
 Clear rising springs gush from its wounded sides,
 And round its fertile womb the rilling water glides.

A monst'rous snake was tenant of this place,
 Sacred to *Mars*, and of no vulgar race,
 With gilded crest, and of stupendous size,
 Fire darted thro' his scales, and sparkled thro' his eyes,
 His body poison, venom in his breath;
 Three flaming tongues, three murd'ring rows of teeth.

Soon as the *Tyrians* reach'd the destin'd ground,
 And the dipp'd pitcher gave the warning sound,
 Rouz'd by the noise, and startl'd from repose,
 The serpent rais'd his head, and hissing rose;
 Nor longer could their hands their urns retain,
 Their blood stood still, and chill'd in ev'ry vein;
 Fear and their trembling limbs provok'd their flight,
 Their nerves contracted, sicken'd at the sight.
 He the mean while in slimy circles roves,
 Leaps twining on, and bends him as he moves;
 And more than half suspended in the air,
 Looks down upon the wood, and views it from afar;
 Of such a bulk, and such a monst'rous size,
 The serpent in the *Polar* circle lies,
 That stretches over half the *Northern* skies.

Nor idly stops the beast, nor winding lies
 In lazy folds, but bounds upon his prize;
 (Whither the trembling bands for arms prepare,
 Or flight, or both were hinder'd by their fear)

O'er

O'er those the treble set of teeth prevail,
 And those, the close embraces of his tail;
 From diff'rent causes, diff'rent is their death,
 Fate follows ev'ry touch, and reigns in ev'ry breath.

And now the sun, in full meridian, made
 The clouds decrease, and lessen'd ev'ry shade,
 When *Cadmus*, wond'ring at his servants stay,
 Seeks out the cause, and tracks 'em in the way.
 A lyon's skin around his loins he wore,
 And in his hand a pointed jav'lin bore:
 But his undaunted soul, secure from harms,
 Was brighter than his dart, and stronger than his arms.

Ent'ring the dismal grove, the hero found
 His dead attendants grinning on the ground,
 And perch'd upon the slain, the spacious beast
 Lick'd o'er their wounds, and joy'd amidst the feast.
 When thus, --- Or I'll revenge my servants fate,
 Or dying too, commence their mournful state.
 He spoke, and in his right hand pois'd a stone;
 And thus, said he, thou shalt thy guilt atone:
 Then with great force the lab'ring burthen threw,
 Wing'd to the work of fate, and grumbling as it flew.

Tho' the like force the mightiest walls had crush'd,
 And crumbled half their fabrick into dust;
 Propp'd on himself, the serpent stood the blow,
 And, from his scaly coat, return'd it on the foe:
 His hide the stone's unerring stroke repell'd,
 His hide perform'd the duties of a shield.
 But the strong jav'lin, urg'd with more success,
 Baffl'd the scales, and gain'd an open pass;
 Whirl'd in between the spinal sinews, fix'd,
 Half bury'd in the wound, and with his entrails mix'd.

Stung

Stung by the stroke, and heighten'd by the smart,
 He twines his neck, and views the wounded part,
 Then with his well-set grinders champs the dart.
 Which, after various tugs, and long essays,
 Scarce quits its hold, or leaves th' envenom'd place:
 Nor yet deserts it wholly, for the point,
 Riveted in, is fasten'd thro' the joint.
 But when at last the dire contagious wound
 Shoots thro' the blood, and deals th' infection round;
 Provok'd to anger, and his wonted height
 Of rage, his throat expands it self to fight;
 White foaming froths around his jaws exhale,
 And the last'd earth is plough'd by ev'ry scale;
 Black steams that from his livid nostrils rise,
 Pollute the vicious air, and taint the skies.
 Sometimes the parts in twining folds combine,
 Now at full length are streighten'd to a line.
 Then rolls he rushing forward like a flood,
 And with well-harden'd breast bears down the stubborn
 wood.

Cadmus gives way, and with the lyon's hide
 Sustains the shock, and checks his furious pride:
 The lance extended, stops him in his course,
 Keeps him at bay, and curbs the distanc'd force.
 He the mean while, impatient of delay,
 Bites the sharp spear that guards th' expected prey;
 Then foams and yells aloud, and bites again,
 And his fix'd teeth the bearded point retain;
 The bearded point's entire, nor feels th' intended pain.

Now the blood trickling from his pois'nous head,
 Spun freely forth, and streaming as it bled;
 But yet the wounds were shallow, for the beast
 Retreated from the dart, and twist'd round his crest;

Warding the deaden'd fury of the blow,
 By drawing back, and shrinking from his foe.
 When pressing on, and greedy of the fight,
Cadmus pursu'd, and chas'd him in his flight;
 'Till hinder'd from retiring, by an oak
 That stopp'd him, and oppos'd him to the stroke;
 The jav'lin met him as he turn'd about,
 And with the tree transfix'd the monster's throat,
 Whose trunk enfeebld, with its burden groan'd,
 And mourn'd the weight each drooping bough disown'd.

Now, whilst the victor view'd the vanquish'd space,
 This voice was heard, (but from no certain place)
Why does Agenor's son survey the slain,
Or wonder at his bulk, or grizly main?
Your body shall the self-same figure take,
Which you the subject of amazement make.
 Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
 And all around with inward horror gaz'd;
 When *Pallas* streight descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
 Bid him plough up the field, and scatter round
 The serpents teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
 Then tells the youth, how to his wond'ring eyes
 Embattel'd armies from the field should rise.
 He sows the teeth at *Pallas's* command,
 And flings the future people from his hand.
 The clods grow warm, and grumble where he sows,
 And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
 Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
 Now the broad shoulders, and the rising breasts;
 O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
 A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
 Its body up, and limb by limb appears;

'Till

'Till all the man, by just degrees, arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus surpriz'd, and start'd at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
When one cry'd out, forbear, fond man, forbear
To mingle in a blind promiscuous war.
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying e'er scarce he had begun to live.

The same example ran thro' all the field,
'Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd.
The furrows swam in blood, and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at *Pallas's* command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
Then with the rest a lasting peace he makes,
Whom *Cadmus* as his friends and partners takes:
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new *Boeotian* empire birth.

Here *Cadmus* reign'd; and now one would have guess'd
The royal founder in his exile bless'd:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathless Gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of childrens children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bless'd before he die.

Aetion was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandfire for his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by stern *Diana* to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their hunter, to become their prey:

And yet consider what the change had wrought,
 You'll find it a misfortune, not a fault;
 Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance;
 For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

In a fair chace a shady mountain flood,
 Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
 Here did the huntsmen, 'till the heat of day,
 Pursue the stag, and lade themselves with prey;
 When thus *Actæon* calling to the rest;
 My friends, says he, our sport is at the best;
 The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
 His burning beams directly on our heads;
 Let's by consent abstain from farther spoils,
 Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
 And e'er to morrow's sun begins his race,
 Take the cool morning to renew the chace.
 They all consent, and in a chearful train
 The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
 Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
 Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
 The chaste *Diana's* private haunt, there stood,
 Full in the middle of the darksome wood,
 A spacious *Grotto*, all around o'er-grown
 With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.
 From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
 And trickling swell into a lake below.
 Nature had ev'ry where so play'd her part,
 That ev'ry where she seem'd to vie with art.
 Here the bright Goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
 Was us'd to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort,
 Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;

Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
Each busy nymph her proper part undrest,
While *Crocale*, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, tho' her own hung loose;
Five of the more ignoble sort, by turns,
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undress'd the shining Goddesses stood,
When, as *Aëdon* had the chase pursu'd,
Lost and bewilder'd in the pathless wood,
He wander'd hither, where th' unhappy man
Saw the fair Goddesses, and the naked train.
The frightened nymphs, with horror in their eyes,
Fill'd all the wood with piercing shrieks and cries,
Then in a huddle round the Goddesses prest:
She proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
The ruddy *Welkin*, or the purple morn;
And tho' the crowding nymphs her body hide,
She modestly withdrew, and turn'd aside.
Surpriz'd at first, she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow:
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke:
Tell, if thou can'st, the wond'rous sight disclos'd,
A Goddess naked to thy view expos'd.

This said, the man begun to disappear,
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears:
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.

Transform'd, at length he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,
He saw his branching horns, and alter'd look ;
Wretched *Actæon* ! in a doleful tone
He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan ;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
What should he do ? or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods ?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aking heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His op'ning hounds, and now he hears their cries ;
A noble pack, or to maintain the chace,
Or snuff the vapor from the scented grass.

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flow'ry plain ;
Thro' brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Thro' many a ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name ;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies,
From shooting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, streight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there
'Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound
Tore the sad huntsman grov'ling on the ground,
That now he seem'd but one continu'd wound.

With

With dropping tears, his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord *Actæon* to the game;
He shook his head in answer to the name;
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker on.
But to his grief he finds himself too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their panting lord, disfigur'd in a deer.

Actæon's sorrows, and *Diana's* rage,
Did variously the thoughts of men engage;
Some call'd the evil which *Diana* brought,
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
Others again esteem'd *Actæon's* woes
Fit for a virgin Goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the Goddess, nor excuse;
Not caring for the justice of the deed,
But pleas'd to see the race of *Cadmus* bleed;
For still she kept *Europa* in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind;
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How *Semele*, to *Jove's* embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future God.
Thus terribly incens'd, the Goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.

And are my threat'nings of so small a force?
 I'll then, says she, pursue another course;
 It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
 If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
 If rightly stild among the pow'rs above,
 The wife and sister of the thund'ring *Jove*;
 (And none can sure a sister's right deny)
 By my decree the guilty wretch shall die.
 Big with a child by *Jupiter* begot,
 That scarce has ever fall'n to *Juno*'s lot,
 The strumpet now may triumph in her *Jove*,
 And publish to the gazing world his love;
 But I'll be call'd by *Juno*'s name no more,
 If vengeance does not overtake the whore.
 This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
 Before the gates of *Semele* she stood.

Old *Beroe*'s decrepid shape she wears,
 Her wrinkl'd visage, and her hoary hairs;
 Whilst in her trembling gate she totters on,
 And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
 The Goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguild
 With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
 Much did she talk of love; and when she came
 To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
 Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
 'Tis well, says she, if all be true that's said.
 But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
 Some counterfeit in this your *Jupiter*:
 Many an honest well-designing maid,
 Has been by these pretended Gods betray'd.
 But if it be indeed the thund'ring *Jove*,
 Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
 Descend triumphant from th' ætherial sky,
 In all the pomp of his divinity;

Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,
With which he fills th' immortal *Juno's* arms.

Th' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of *Jove*, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would chuse.
Fear not, reply'd the God, that I'll refuse
A lover's wishes, *Stryx* confirm my voice;
Chuse what you will, and you shall have your choice.
Why then, says she, when next you fill my arms,
May you descend in those celestial charms
With which your *Juno's* bosom you enflame,
And fill with transport heav'n's immortal dame.
The God surpriz'd would fain have stopp'd her voice,
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise, he ascends, and shrowds
His awful brow in whirl-winds, and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his light'nings play;
And yet the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state;
Clad in the mildest light'ning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain,
Lay overthrown on the *Phlegrean* plain.
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second rate.
For the rough *Cyclops*, who, by *Jove's* command,
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus terribly adorn'd with horror bright,
Th' illustrious God descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a flood of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
 The light'ning's flashes, and the thunder's rage,
 Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
 And in the thunderer's embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb;
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb
 And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
 Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
 Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
 Then the *Niseans*, in their dark abode,
 Nurs'd secretly with milk the growing God.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on earth,
 And *Bacchus* thus procur'd a second birth,
 When *Jove*, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
 Of publick empire, and the cares of state;
 As to his queen in nectar-bowls he quaff'd,
 In troth, says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,
 The sense of pleasure in the male is far
 More dull and dead, than what you females share.
Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide,
 Having the pleasure of both sexes try'd.

For he by chance, within a shady wood,
 Two twisted serpents in conjunction view'd,
 When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
 And lost his sex and manhood at the stroke.
 But, after sev'n revolving years, he view'd
 The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;
 And if, says he, such virtue in you lie,
 That he who dares your slimy folds unty,
 Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.
 Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
 New sex'd, and suddenly recall'd to man.

Him

Him therefore both the deities create
 The sov'reign umpire in their grand debate;
 And he declar'd for *Jove*: when *Juno*, fir'd with rage, A
 More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
 Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
 And left him groaping round in sudden night.
 But *Jove*, to recompence him for the fact,
 (Since no one God repeals another's act)
 Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
 And, with the prophet's art, relieves the want of sight.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
 From him th' enquiring nations sought their doom;
 The fair *Liriope* his answers try'd,
 And first th' unerring prophet justify'd.
 This nymph the God *Cephus* had abus'd,
 With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
 And on her body got a lovely boy,
 Whom ev'n the virgins then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, solicitous to know
 Whether her child should reach old age, or no,
 Consults the sage *Tiresias*, who replies,
 If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.
 Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
 'Till time unriddl'd all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
 Just turn'd of boy, nor wholly rose to man;
 Many a youth his friendship had carest'd,
 Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd:
 In vain the youth his friendship had carest'd,
 The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.

Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chase,
 The babbling *Eccho* had descry'd his face;
 She, who in others words her silence breaks,
 Speechless herself, but when another speaks.

This *Eccho* was a virgin then, who chose
 To sport with ev'ry sentence in the close,
 A punishment which *Juno* did impose.
 For often, when the Goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
 This nymph with subtle stories would delay
 Her coming, 'till the lovers slipp'd away.
 The Goddess found out the deceit in time,
 And then she cry'd, that tongue, for this thy crime,
 Which could so many subtle tales produce,
 Shall be hereafter but of little use.
 Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
 With mimick sounds, and speeches not her own.

This love-sick virgin, overjoy'd to find
 The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
 When glowing warmly at her near approach,
 As sulphur melts and blazes with a touch,
 She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
 And tell her pains; but had not words to tell:
 She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
 To catch his voice, and to return the sound.

The nymph, when nothing could *Narcissus* move;
 Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
 Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
 In solitary caves, and dark abodes;
 Where still she pin'd for her ungrateful fair;
 'Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
 The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
 Besides her bones and voice, had nothing left:
 Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
 In vaults, where still it doubles ev'ry sound.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy;
 He still was lovely, but he still was coy;

When

When one fair virgin of the slighted train,
 Thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his disdain,
 Oh! may he love like me, and love like me in vain!

Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
 And with just vengeance answer'd to her pray'r.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
 Not stain'd with falling leaves, nor rising mud;
 Untroubl'd by the breath of wind, it rests,
 Unfully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
 High bow'rs of shady trees above it grow,
 And rising grass and chearful greens below,
 Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
 And over-heated with the morning-chace,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies;

But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries
 To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise:
 For as his own bright image he survey'd,
 He fell in love with the fantastick shade;
 And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
 Nor knew, fond youth, it was himself he lov'd.

The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descrys,
 The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
 The hands that might by *Bacchus* self be born,
 And hair that could *Apollo's* head adorn;
 With all the purple youthfulness of face,
 That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
 By his own flames consum'd, the lover lies,
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies.

To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
 Oft catching at the beauteous shade, he dips
 His arms, as often from himself he slips.
 Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.

What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
 What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes;
 Its empty being on thy self relies,
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
 Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd,
 Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food. }
 At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
 To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.
 You trees, says he, and thou surrounding grove,
 Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
 Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
 A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?
 I, who before me sees the charming fair,
 Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there;
 In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost,
 And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
 Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
 No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
 A shallow water hinders my embrace,
 And yet the lovely mimick wears a face
 That kindly smiles; and when I bend to join
 My lips to his, he fondly tends to mine.
 Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint;
 Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
 My charms have gain'd an easy victory
 O'er others hearts, oh! let 'em win on thee.
 Yet why these sad complaints? I'm sure he burns
 With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
 Whene'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss,
 And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.

BOOK III. METAMORPHOSES.

85

His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
To utter something which I cannot hear.

Ah! wretched me! I now begin too late
To find out all the long perplex'd deceit;
It is my self I love, my self I see;
The gay delusion is a part of me.
I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return.
Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
And too much plenty makes me die for want.

How gladly would I from my self remove!
And at a distance set the thing I love.
My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
I wish him absent, whom I most desire.
And now I faint with grief, my fate draws nigh;
In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve:
Oh! might the visionary youth survive;
With pleasure I'd my latest breath resign:
But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine.

This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
Ah! whither, cries *Narcissus*, do'st thou fly?
Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
Let me still see, tho' I'm no farther blest;
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast.

His

His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
 In such a blush as purple clusters show,
 E'er yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
 Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine;
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
 And with a new redoubl'd passion dies.
 As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
 And trickle into drops before the sun;
 So melts the youth, and languishes away,
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
 And none of those immortal charms remain,
 To which the slighted *Eccho* su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,
 Whom, spight of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
 She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan;
 Ah! youth, belov'd in vain, *Narcissus* cries;
 Ah! youth, belov'd in vain, the nymph replies.
 Farewel, says he; the parting sound scarce fell
 From his faint lips, but she reply'd, farewel.
 Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
 'Till death shuts up those self admiring eyes.
 To the cold shades his fleeting ghost retires,
 And in the *Stygian* waves it self admires.

For him the *Naiads* and the *Dryads* mourn,
 Whom the sad *Eccho* answers in her turn;
 And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn:
 When looking for his corpse, they only found
 A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

This sad event did blind *Tiresias* tell,
 Who now became the *Grecian* oracle.

The wicked *Pentheus* only durst deride
 The cheated people and their eye less guide.

To whom the prophet, in his fury, said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head,
'Twere well, audacious man, 'twere well for thee;
If thou wer't eyeless too, and blind, like me;
For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
When the young God's solemnities appear;
Which, if thou do'st not with just rights adorn,
Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
Shall strew the woods, and hang on ev'ry thorn.
Then you'll remember what I now foretel,
And think the blind *Tiresias* saw too well.
Still *Pentheus* scorns him, and derides his skill;
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
For now thro' prostrate *Greece* young *Bacchus* rode,
And howling matrons solemniz'd the God.
All ranks and sexes to his *Orgies* ran,
To fill the pomps, and mingle in the train.
When *Pentheus* thus his blasphemies express'd;
What madness, *Thebans*, has your souls possess'd?
Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
Thus spoil your courage? can the weak alarm
Of womens yells those stubborn souls disarm,
Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
And you, our fires, who left your old abodes,
And fix'd in foreign earth your country Gods;
Will you, without a stroke, your city yield,
And poorly quit an undisputed field?
But you, whose youth and vigor should inspire
Heroick warmth, and kindle martial fire;
Whom burnish'd arms, and crested helmets grace,
Not flow'ry garlands, and a painted face;

Remember him to whom you stand ally'd;
The serpent for his well of waters dy'd.
He fought the strong; do you this courage show,
And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
If *Thebes* must fall, oh! might the fates afford
A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword.
Then might the *Thebans* perish with renown;
But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond'rous shield,
Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
The purple vests, and flow'ry garlands please.
Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
Renounce his God-head, and confess the cheat.
Acrisius from the *Grecian* walls repell'd
This boasted pow'r, why then should *Pentheus* yield?
Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
I'll try the force of his divinity.
Thus did th' unhallow'd wretch those rights profane;
His friends dissuade his blasphemies in vain;
In vain his grandfire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats, the wretch but raves the more.
So have I seen a river gently glide,
In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all before, and foams along the plain.
But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Whom he had sent to apprehend the God:
The God they found not in the frantick throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.
Him *Pentheus* view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce with-held his hands, whilst thus he spoke:
Base wretch! whose speedy punishment in time
Shall frighten the partakers of thy crime,

Tell

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Tell me thy country, and thy parentage,
And why thou do'st in these mad rites engage?

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.

From high *Meonia's* rocky shores I came,
Of poor descent, *Aretes* is my name:

My fire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd
His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.

His whole estate within the waters lay;
With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.

His art was all his livelihood, which he
Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:

In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.

Long did I live on this his legacy;
'Till tir'd with rocks, and my old native sky,

To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind;

Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
The stormy *Hyades*, the rainy *Goats*,

The bright *Taygetes*, and the shining *Bears*,
With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.

Once, as by chance for *Desos* I design'd,
My vessel, driv'n by a strong gulf of wind,

Moor'd in a *Chian* creek? ashore I went,
And all the following night in *Chios* spent.

When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring,

Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd;
Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.

Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,

With more than female sweetness in his look,
Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.

With

With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.

I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
Each heav'nly feature, each immortal grace,
And saw divinity in all his face.

I know not who, said I, this God should be;
But that he is a God, I plainly see;
And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
These men have us'd; and oh! befriend our course.

Pray not for us, the nimble *Dictys* cry'd,
Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,
And down the ropes with active vigor slide.
To the same purpose old *Epopeus* spoke,
Who over-look'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke;
The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
Such impious avarice their souls possess.

Nay, heav'n forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey,
Said I; and stood to hinder their intent,
When *Lycabas*, a wretch for murder sent
From *Tuscany*, to suffer banishment,
With his clinch'd fist had struck me over-board,
Had not my hands, in falling, grasp'd a cord.

His base confederates the fact approve,
When *Bacchus* (for 'twas he) begun to move;
Rous'd by the noise and clamours which they made;
And shook his drowsy limbs, and wept, and said,
What means this noise? Ah! how am I betray'd?
And whither, whither must I be convey'd?

Fear not, said *Proteus*, child, but tell us where
You would be set, and we shall set you there.
To *Naxos* then direct your course, said he;
Naxos a hospitable port shall be
To each of you; a joyful home to me.

By

By ev'ry God in heav'n, and in the sea,
 The perjur'd villains promis'd to obey,
 And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
 With eager haste I launch into the deep;
 And, heedless of the fraud, for *Naxos* stand.
 They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
 And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
 To tack about, and steer another way.
 Then let some other to my post succeed,
 Said I, I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.
 What, says *Ethalion*, must the ship's whole crew,
 Follow your humour, and depend on you?
 And straight himself he seated at the prore,
 And tack'd about, and sought another shore.

The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
 And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
 And seem'd to weep; and as he wept, he said,
 Ah! why, hard-hearted men, this cruelty?
 Are these, are these the shores you promis'd me?
 Will such a multitude of men employ
 Their strength against a weak, defenceless boy?

In vain did I the God-like youth deplore;
 The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
 And now by all the Gods in heav'n, that hear
 This solemn oath, by *Bacchus*' self I swear,
 The mighty miracle that did ensue,
 Altho' it seems beyond belief, is true.
 The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
 Unshock'd by all the beating billows stood.
 In vain the sailors try to plough the main
 With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
 Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
 And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:

The sails are cover'd with a chearful green,
 And berries on the fruitful canvass seen.
 Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears,
 Its verdant head, and the new spring appears.

The God we now behold with open'd eyes,
 A herd of *Lynx* and *Panthers* round him lies
 In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
 Around his brows, and dangle on his head.
 And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
 My mates, surpriz'd with madness, or with fear,
 Leap'd over-board; first perjur'd *Madon* found
 Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround;
 Ah! what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
 Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke;
 And now himself he views with like surprize:
 Still at his oar th' industrious *Libys* plies;
 But as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
 And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
 Another, as he catches at a cord,
 Misses his arms, and, tumbling over board,
 With his broad fins and forky tail, he laves
 The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
 Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,
 Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
 And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
 Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
 A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
 I only in my proper shape appear,
 Speechless with wonder, and half-dead with fear;
 'Till *Bacchus* kindly bid me fear no more,
 With him I landed on the *Carian* shore,
 And him shall ever gratefully adore.

This forging slave, says *Pentheus*, would prevail
 O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale.

Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
And in the tortures of the rack expire.
Th' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd:
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

But *Pentheus*, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high *Citheron* eccho'd with their song.
And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
And snorts, and trembles at the trumpeter's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantick rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide; and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash *Pentheus*, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mistick *Orgies* spies.
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness, as she view'd.
Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast,
And cries, the boar that lays our country waste,
The boar, my filters! aim the fatal dart,
And strike the brindled monster to the heart.

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
Help, help! my aunt *Antonoe*, he cry'd;
Remember how your own *Acteon* dy'd.
Deaf to his cries, the frantick matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other *Ino* lops.

In vain does *Pentheus* to his mother sue,
 And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view.
 His mother howl'd; and, heedless of his pray'r,
 Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
 And this, she cry'd, shall be *Agave's* share.
 When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
 And in her hands the ghastly visage bore.
 With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
 Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
 As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
 Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
 Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
 With such a sudden death lay *Pentheus* slain,
 And in a thousand pieces strew'd the plain.
 By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
 The *Thebans* tremble, and confess the God.









OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Alcithoe with her sisters contemn the rites of Bacchus and prophane his festival by sitting at work; and to pass the time off, tell each her story, viz. The tragical loves of Pyramus and Thisbe, Leucothoe's passion for the sun, Hermaphroditus and Salmacis. The fore-mention'd sisters afterwards transform'd into birds; their webs and distaffs into vine-leaves and branches. Agave's joy, upon this misfortune of theirs, turn'd into grief. Ino and Athamas being seiz'd with a frenzy, that caus'd them to cast themselves into the sea, where they became marine Deities. The Theban matrons bewailing them

them as dead, are themselves chang'd into fowls. Cadmus also, oppress'd with grief for this disaster, leaves Thebes; and, with his wife, takes a progress into Illyria, where they are both transform'd into snakes. Acrisius was now the only surviving person of those who treated Bacchus with contempt. He was grand-father to Perseus, who had cut off the Gorgon's head. After the releasing of Andromeda, he transforms Atlas into a mountain. A quarrel afterwards arising at his nuptial feast, he changes Phineas and his party into statues.



E T rash *Alcithoe* still disavows

His rites, nor *Bacchus* for *Jove's* son allows.

Her sisters too, seduc'd by her neglect,
Afford the sacred *Orgies* no respect.

His priests a solemn festival proclaim

From labour free, to ev'ry maid, and dame.

When dress'd in skins of beasts they must appear,

Wild ivy shading their dishevell'd hair,

Their right hand brandishing a leafy spear.

Thus he commands, and prophecies withal,

Strange dooms should those, that slight the God, befall.

The matrons and new-marry'd wives obey,

Aside their half-spun webs and distaffs lay:

And, while with od'rous gums the altar flames,

Salute the God by all his honour'd names.

No title they, which either *Grecian* wit

Invented, or his merits claim'd, omit.

Hail! son of fire, (they sung) twice got, twice born,

Eternal youth and vigor thee adorn.

In heaven unrivall'd for each God-like grace;

Yet, when unhorn'd, thou shew'st a virgin's face.

Thee

BOOK IV. METAMORPHOSES.

97

Thee sun-burnt *India* her first victor knew,
And *Eastern Ganges* did thy triumphs view.
Lycurgus, *Pentheus*, both alike prophane,
Both victims to thy just revenge, were slain;
Which, as it drench'd the earth with their vile blood,
Their corpse were scatter'd in the *Thyrhene* flood,
Fierce *Panthers* that did once the desert awe,
With tame submissive necks thy chariot draw;
While *Bacchanals* and satyrs jolly crew,
Make up the cavalcade; *Silenus* too,
With staggering struts, scarce fits his slow-pac'd beast,
Reels in the rear, with fumes of wine oppress'd;
Whilst youths and matrons undistinguish'd cries,
And musick's louder consort, rend the skies.
On their new God, O come, come pleas'd, they call:
Thus they perform his sacred festival.

The *Menyads* still at home perversly stay,
And with untimely work prophane the day.
In diff'rent tasks employ'd, they weave or spin,
And force their hand-maids to partake their sin,
Let us, said she who drew the finest thread,
(Whilst others idly to false rites are led)
Let us, by *Pallas* taught much better skill,
Proceed, 'till we our useful task fulfil;
And what may best our pains and time beguile,
Let each by turns a story tell the while.
The rest consent; and as she counsell'd well,
Address'd the eldest first her tale to tell,
She paus'd, to think of many that occur'd,
Which story would the most delight afford.
She doubted whether she should first relate
The *Babylonish* nymph *Dercetis*' fate;
Suppos'd by them of *Palestine* to take
A fish's shape, and dwell within a lake:

Or of the diff'rent change her daughter felt,
 Turn'd to a dove that on high turrets dwelt:
 Or how the *Nais*' pow'rful herbs and song
 Chang'd list'ning youths into a scaly throng,
 'Till in their fate she shar'd, who did the wrong:
 Or of the tree, whose once white berries grew
 (With blood besprinkl'd) of a crimson hue.
 Most pleas'd with this, because it was not stale,
 She twirls her spindle, and begins her tale.

Young *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, (who excell'd
 All youths and nymphs the rising sun beheld)
 Neighb'ring apartments had in that fair town,
 Whose royal foundress gave it vast renown:
 Close neighbourhood, acquaintance early bred,
 Acquaintance love, whose torch in time had led
 The longing lovers to the nuptial bed.
 But churlish parents (tho' with fruitless pains,
 Since wedded were their hearts) forbad the banes.
 She lov'd like *Pyramus*, like *Thisbe* he,
 For both felt passion to the last degree.
 Yet each had learnt that passion to disguise,
 And in the presence of their watchful spies,
 To correspond by signs and speaking eyes.
 Thus they in silence, while love's flame suppress'd
 Glow'd high, and kindled fiercer in the breast.

Quite thro' the wall that parted them, was left
 (By the green cement's shrinking) a small cleft.
 This slender breach, (as love is eagle-ey'd)
 For ages unobserv'd, the lovers spy'd.
 Thro' this, by whispers, safely they convey,
 In mutual courtships, all that love would say.
 Fix'd to the walls each side, with eager haste,
Ambrosia in each other's breath they taste,

BOOK IV. METAMORPHOSES.

99

And said, why envious marble so unkind
 To part our bodies, when our souls are join'd?
 It were but just that thou should'st quit thy place,
 And suffer wishing lovers to embrace;
 Or, if unworthy of so great a bliss,
 At least permit us to exchange a kiss.
 Nor shall we prove ungrateful, or deny
 Thanks for the happiness that you supply.
 In am'rous conference to pass the day,
 And to each other's ear our sighs convey.
 Such fond complaints all day the lovers sent;
 Nor bid farewell 'till half the night was spent;
 Then warm-breath'd kisses to the stone apply'd,
 Kisses forbid to reach on either side.

Impatient for the next day's sun they staid,
 When scarce they had the kind good morrow said;
 But both resolv'd their keepers to deceive,
 And in the dead of night the city leave.
 But, lest they should too far asunder roam,
 Their assignation made at *Ninus'* tomb;
 Where a tall mulb'ry tree her branches spread,
 (Its berries then were white) by fountains fed.
 This was to both their likings so contriv'd,
 They thought each hour an age 'till night arriv'd.
 First *Thisbe*, by the help of a disguise,
 Steals forth, and undiscover'd by her spies,
 To *Ninus'* monument by moon-shine flies;
 And there beneath th'appointed tree's cold shade,
 Sat fearless down, by love courageous made.
 When lo! a lyoness with blood besmear'd,
 Approaching to the well-known spring, appear'd.
Thisbe at distance did her danger view,
 And to a neighb'ring cave in fright withdrew;

But, flying, dropt her mantle on the ground,
Which (having slack'd her thirst) the salvage found.
She mouth'd it first with jaws distain'd in gore,
And then with disappointed fury tore.

When *Pyramus*, who later was releas'd,
Beheld the track of some enormous beast,
His looks turn'd pale; but when the veil he spy'd,
Blood-stain'd and torn, with horror seiz'd, he cry'd,
One luckless light shall give two lovers death,
Both young, but worthy one of longer breath.
The guilt was mine, who thee, lamented maid,
Encourag'd to attempt the moon-light shade,
And came not first. Return, thou mountain-beast,
To tear this flesh, and on my intrails feast.
But cowards wait for death to end their woe,
Which men of courage on themselves bestow.
Then to th' appointed place the robe he bears,
There often kiss'd, and drench'd it with his tears.
Enrich'd, said he, with *Thisbe's* guiltless blood,
From me her murd'rer take a second flood;
Then drew his sword to give the fatal wound,
And backwards fell extended on the ground.
From his full veins, now sever'd with the stroke,
(As when some o'er-charg'd water-pipe is broke)
His starting blood sprang up, and spouting high,
Chang'd the white berries to a crimson die.
This sprinkling chang'd their colour, since supply'd
From the tree's root that drank the purple tide.

The nymph, who could not yet her fears allay,
(Lest she too long should make her lover stay)
Returns to seek him, restless 'till she tell,
In his dear arms, the danger that befel.
The place and tree by certain signs she knew,
But wonder'd at the berries alter'd hue.

She

She doubts her senses, 'till with worse surprize,
Blood-reeking earth, and quiv'ring limbs she spies;
Then starts, turns pale, and trembles as a tide,
When gentle breezes o'er the surface glide;
But when a second view confirm'd her fear,
That 'twas her *Pyramus* lay welt'ring there,
She beat her breast, and tore her lovely hair;
Then kneeling down, embrac'd him in her arms,
Now senseless grown of her endearing charms.
To drench his wound, she weeps a briny flood,
With tears recruiting his exhausted blood.
She kiss'd his lips, and when she found 'em cold,
No longer could from wild complaints with-hold.
What strange mischance, what envious destiny,
Divorces my dear *Pyramus* and me!
Thy *Thisbe* calls, O *Pyramus*, reply!
Can *Pyramus* be deaf to *Thisbe's* cry?

When *Thisbe's* name the dying lover heard,
His half-clos'd eyes for one last look he rear'd;
Which having snatch'd the blessing of that sight,
Resign'd themselves to everlasting night.

With horror now the nymph her veil espies
Here, stain'd; and there his empty scabbard lies,
Then thus exclaim'd: I find, alas! too late,
'Twas thy own hand and love procur'd thy fate.
For thee why should not this weak arm of mine
Perform as much, whose passion equall'd thine?
Or, if my feeble sex such strength deny,
My love shall force, and courage too supply.
'Tis just I should thy kind companion be.
In that untimely fate I brought on thee.
To part thee from me, death had pow'r alone;
Nor shall death part; no, death shall make us one.

But you, our cruel parents, who deny'd
 To lay us, living, by each other's side;
 O! since our wishes and your fears are fled,
 Of ever meeting in the nuptial bed,
 Permit at least the last request we crave,
 Nor envy us the comfort of one grave.
 And thou, O tree, who shad'st one lover dead,
 With boughs that shall another soon o'er-spread,
 Of chearful colour bear no longer fruit,
 But such as love's sad funeral may suit.

She said, and to her breast the sword apply'd,
 While reeking from her bleeding lover's side.
 Her wishes, which 'till then had su'd in vain
 Her parents, or the Gods consent to gain,
 In her last moments did with both obtain.
 The rip'ning berries are in mourning drest,
 And in one peaceful urn the lovers ashes rest.

This mournful story to a period brought,
 And a short interval allow'd to thought,
 The fair *Leuconoe* next silence broke,
 The sisters sate attentive as he spoke.

This very sun, whose influencing light
 Cherishes nature, as it cheers our fight,
 Has, by experience, love's fierce passion known,
 And felt a flame that far exceeds his own.
 Since then the business falls to me in course,
 I'll entertain you with the sun's amours.

This God, 'tis said, for nothing 'scapes his sight,
 First saw love's Goddess in her stoll'n delight;
 While *Mars*, unarm'd, storm'd absent *Vulcan's* bed,
 And, in requital, fortify'd his head.
 Griev'd at the fight, he hunts all heav'n about,
 And finds at last the limping cuckold out;

Shews his wife's falshood, and his vile disgrace,
And tells him too the very time and place.

Vex'd at the shame he never could recal,

Jove's blacksmith let his tools and courage fall;

With strange concern at this affront possest,

Which, if unknown, had ne'er disturb'd his rest;

He summons straight the *Cyclops* to his aid,

And thin brass plates on shining anvils laid;

Where fairly drawn, by curious art and pains,

He works them first to links, and then to chains:

Of these such subtil nets and traps he made,

That shew'd him perfect master of his trade:

So small they were, they did deceive the sight,

Tho' when the sun-beams lent it all their light.

Arachne's net, when spread to take her prey,

Is not so thin, so finely drawn as they.

The work, thus fram'd, was fitted to the bed,

And undiscover'd, neatly over-spread.

Hither th' adult'rous God and Goddess came,

To quench, and to revive love's pleasing flame.

But by this new machine for them prepar'd,

Were in the very act of love insnar'd.

Vulcan the iv'ry folding-doors unbarr'd,

And to *Jove's* court, lame as he was, repair'd.

Thence call'd the Gods to witness his disgrace,

And view the fetter'd lovers close embrace,

Which made some long, and wish for *Mars's* place. }

The Gods all laugh'd, at ev'ry heav'nly feast,

The tale was told, and grew a noted jest,

But *Venus* bore resentment in her mind,

And paid the love-betrayer in his kind.

What, *Phæbus*, now avails thy charming face,

Or shining rays that thy smooth temples grace;

Since thou, whose beams earth's moisture do exhale,
And parch with too much warmth the dusty ball?
Thy self art scorch'd, and ready to expire
By the strange heat of a more raging fire;
And only in one object take delight,
That should'st on all employ thy watchful sight;
Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoe* view,
And give to her, what to the world is due.
Sometimes thy hasty beams too early shine,
At other times as much too late decline;
And while thou stand'st to gaze on her delights,
This stay prolongs the tedious winter-nights.
Sometimes thou fail'st, and in thy face we find
The same defect that has disturb'd thy mind;
And whilst this dark eclipse obscures thy light,
Astonish'd mortals tremble at the sight.
Nor does the interposing moon prevail,
But pow'rful love, to make thee look so pale.
To her alone thy whole address was made;
To her thy vows, to her thy homage paid.
Nor *Clymene*, nor *Rhodos* now could please;
Nor *Circe's* mother, far transcending these,
Could e'er with-hold thee from *Leucothoe's* arms,
Tho' her's were stronger than her daughter's charms.
Nor *Clytie*, who, tho' griey'd at thy disdain,
Lov'd thee too well, since still she lov'd in vain.
Leucothoe alone employ'd thy thought,
All other loves were slighted or forgot.
This daughter of *Eurynome* the sage,
The celebrated beauty of her age,
Who now full-grown excell'd her mother more
Than she out-vy'd her yielding sex before;
The vogue of *Achamenian* towns obtain'd,
Where *Orchamus*, her royal father, reign'd.

Within

Within the confines of the *Eastern* sky,
The pastures, kept for *Phæbus*' horses, lie;
Where on the flowers of an *Ambrosian* mead,
Instead of grass, the airy coursers feed;
And with the banquets of that fatt'ning soil,
Recruit at night against next morning's toil;
While there at ease on heav'nly cates they fed,
And *Phæbe* now reign'd in her brother's stead.
The God disguis'd, like old *Eurynome*,
With rev'rend looks, and awful gravity,
Enter'd the chamber and his mistress spy'd
With twelve fair hand-maids at her work employ'd.
Then *Phæbus*, feigning a maternal grace,
With gentle kisses press'd the daughter's face.
Then cry'd, dismiss your servants hence, my dear,
I have a secret none but you must hear.
The maids withdrawn, he reckons her his own,
And makes his person and his bus'ness known.
I am the God that measures out the year,
And make each season its due product bear.
I all the world survey; and 'tis by me
That all the world their glorious objects see:
But in the spacious compass of my view,
I see no beauty to compare with you.
His words, intended to obtain her love,
Did an amazing dread and horror move.
Nor could she now her joints and work command,
It fell neglected from her feeble hand.
Yet in this fright she did such charms express,
That made his passion with her fear increase.
And now the God, impatient of delays,
Appears himself, again resumes his rays;
While, tho' astonish'd at the sudden light,
The virgin soon was dazzl'd with the sight,

And freely passive did his force sustain,
Nor thought she had occasion to complain:
So easly courting Gods their suit obtain.

But *Clytie*, envious that another's charms
Should force her lover from her slighted arms,
Divulg'd to *Orchamus* his daughter's shame,
Glad of the means to blacken thus her fame.
The angry parent, (whose inhuman rage
Not all her soft intreaties could assuage,
While to the author of her grief she pray'd,
With hands extended tow'rds his beams for aid)
As if he might destroy, that gave her birth,
Interr'd her living body in the earth;
And on it rais'd a tomb of heavy sand,
Whose pond'rous weight her rising might withstand.
This *Phoebus* soon dispers'd, and made her way
To free her head from the impris'ning clay:
But, oh! in vain; she could not raise her head,
His mistress, dearer than his life, was dead:
Nor did so sad an object grieve his eye,
Since *Phaeton* fell headlong from the sky.
By the warm influence of his beams, he try'd
To raise her spirits, but the fates deny'd;
And since he found the great attempt was vain,
Nor could prevail to call her back again,
He mourn'd her loss, and sprinkled all her hearse
With balmy nectar, and more precious tears.
Then said, since fate does here our joy defer,
Thou shalt ascend to heav'n, and bless me there.
Her body straight imbalm'd with heav'nly art,
Did a sweet odour to the ground impart;
With a new birth the grave impregnate grows,
And a fair tree of *Frankincense* arose.

Still mourning *Phæbus* does her loss deplore,
 And to scorn'd *Clytie* pays no visits more.
 Tho' too much love might for her sorrow plead,
 And that excuse the sad discov'ry made,
 He hates her person, and he shuns her bed.
 While she consumes, impatient of the slight,
 Shuns all the nymphs, and banishes delight;
 The ground all day her seat, her bed all night.
 Here lies expos'd to the unwholsome air,
 Whose fogs hang thick on her neglected hair.
 Thus did she languish nine successive days,
 And nor her hunger, nor her thirst allays.
 No kind support of nature would receive,
 But what the dew, or her own tears did give:
 Nor leaves the earth, but waits her lover's rise,
 And still attends his motion with her eyes.
 Her limbs at last were rooted to the ground,
 And, where she languish'd, a new being found:
 Her paler parts in bloodless leaves arose;
 The ruddier a purple flower disclose:
 Which, tho' by roots confin'd to keep its place,
 Still tow'rs its dearest object turns its face;
 And while she from herself is thus estrang'd,
 She finds her shape, but not her passion chang'd.

She said. Her story was by all receiv'd
 With wonder, but the fact by few believ'd.
 All own true Gods with boundless pow'r endu'd,
 But *Bacchus* from that number they exclude.
Alcithoe next requir'd her turn to take,
 Who faster ply'd her work, while thus she spake.

No thread-bare tale (said she) will I recite,
 Of *Daphnis*, by his jealous mistress' spite,
 Transform'd to stone; nor will your patience vex
 With stale records of *Scythian's* envy'd sex;

Nor *Celmus* (once the object of his love)
 Chang'd since to adamant by angry *Jove*.
 How *Corybants* sprang up from hasty show'rs;
Crocus and *Smilax* languish'd into flow'rs,
 As antiquated legends I forbear,
 And tell what will surprize and charm your ear.

How *Salmacis*, with weak enfeebling streams,
 Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs;
 And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
 The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

The *Naiads* nurs'd an infant heretofore,
 That *Cythera* once to *Hermes* bore:
 From both th' illustrious authors of his race,
 The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
 Both the bright parents thro' the infant's face.
 When fifteen years, in *Ida's* cool retreat,
 The boy had told, he left his native seat,
 And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil;
 The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
 With eager steps the *Lycian* fields he crost,
 And fields that border on the *Lycian* coast;
 A river here he view'd, so lovely bright,
 It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
 Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight.
 The stream produc'd nor slimy ouze, nor weeds,
 Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
 But deak enriching moisture all around,
 The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd,
 And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
 A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chase,
 Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
 Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
 The only stranger to *Diana's* train;

Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
Fie, Salmacis! what, always idle! fie;
Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.
 Nor quiver she, nor arrows e'er would seize;
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease:
 But oft would bathe her in the chrystal tide;
 Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide.
 Now in the limpid streams she views her face,
 And dress'd her image in the floating glass:
 On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
 Now gather'd flow'rs that grew about the streams;
 And then by chance was gath'ring, as she stood
 To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.

Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet;
 She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
 Before her looks were set with nicest care,
 And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.
 Bright youth, *she cries*, whom all thy features prove
 A God, and, if a God, a God of love;
 But if a mortal, bless'd thy nurse's breast;
 Bless'd are thy parents, and thy sisters blest.
 But oh, how bless'd! how more than bless'd thy bride,
 Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd!
 If so, let mine the stoll'n enjoyments be;
 If not, behold a willing bride in me.

The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with shame;
 He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became:
 In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
 The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
 And such the moon, when all her silver white
 Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
 The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
 A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss;

And

And now prepares to take the lovely boy
 Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, or leave me to my self alone,
 You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone.
 Fair stranger then, *says she*, it shall be so;
 And for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;
 But hid within a covert's neighb'ring green,
 She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.

The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
 And innocently sports about the shore;
 Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
 And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
 The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
 His airy garments on the banks he cast;
 His God-like features, and his heav'nly hue,
 And all his beauties were expos'd to view,
 His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
 While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
 Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
 She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
 And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undress'd upon the banks he stood,
 And clapp'd his sides, and leap'd into the flood;
 His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
 His limbs appear more lovely thro' the tide;
 As lillies shut within a chrystal case,
 Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
 He's mine, he's all my own the *Naid* cries,
 And flings off all, and after him she flies.
 And now she fastens on him as he swims,
 And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
 The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
 The more she clipt, and kiss'd the struggling boy,

BOOK IV. METAMORPHOSES. III

So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high
In Eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and wriths about her wings.

The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwin'd,
And why, coy youth, *she cries*, why thus unkind?
Oh! may the Gods thus keep us ever join'd!
Oh! may we never, never part again!
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain;
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in a common face their faces join,
As when the stock and grafted sprigs combine,
They grow the same, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.

The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd:
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You parent-Gods, whose heav'nly names I bear,
Hear your *Hermaphrodite*, and grant my pray'r;
Oh! grant, that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may rise again
Supple, unfinew'd, and but half a man.

The heav'nly parents answer'd from on high,
Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
And gave a secret tincture to the flood,
To weaken it, and make his wishes good.

She said. Their tasks the busy sisters ply,
 Prophane his feast, and still the God defy:
 When lo! (e'er yet discover'd by their eyes)
 Harsh-sounding instruments their ears surprize,
 While myrrh and saffron fragrant odours shed,
 And (what is scarcely to be credited)
 Their looms with verdant ivy are o'er-spread.
 The wool turns leaves, the threads of coarser twine,
 Prove branches, curling tendrels the more fine.

The season now was come, whose dusky light
 Is neither, yet partakes of day and night.
 The fabrick shakes, the rooms seem all on fire,
 (While lamps and torches with the flames conspire)
 And fill'd (the scene's amazement to increase)
 With dreadful forms of howling salvages.
 The frightened sisters mount, and skulk aloof,
 In sundry corners of the winding roof;
 But in their flight transform'd, for arms, they find
 Contracted pinions to their shoulders join'd;
 Yet, of the knowledge how this change arriv'd,
 By darkness, and their blinder fears depriv'd,
 With unplum'd wings they narrow circuits take,
 And feeble cries with little organs make;
 Haunt towns, not groves; and conscious of their shame,
 By twilight fly, and thence derive their name.

Bacchus, by these events, in *Thebes* was grown,
 The God ador'd by all the fearful town;
 Fair *Ino* in her nephew's praise delights,
 And ev'ry where his mighty deeds recites.
 She only of the sisters, free from woes,
 But what she by her suffering sisters knows.

Her *Juno* sees, of her fair offspring proud,
 Her royal husband, and her foster God;

And

And to herself thus talks incens'd, shall he
Turn a ship's crew o'er-board at once to sea?
That whore-son make a mother's hands severe,
Madly her darling's bleeding entrails tear?
He into bats old *Minyas'* daughters turn,
While I affronted still in silence mourn?
Is all my power reduc'd to childish tears?
That bastard boy more nobly bold appears.
He, in the murder of *Agave's* son,
Shew'd what might be by God-like fury done.
My enemy I'll bravely imitate,
And make proud *Pro* meet her wretched sister's fate.

Between thick baleful yews, the steep dark way
To lowest hell, through dismal silence lay;
There *Strygian* mists infect the road, and there
New ghosts, and thin unfunerall'd souls appear.
Palenefs and cold surround the loathsome place,
And new-come spirits with a mournful pace,
The way to hell's chief seat in dreadful numbers trace.
A thousand avenues, a thousand gates,
Th' insatiable metropolis dilates;
And as the ocean's spacious womb receives
All streams, yet room for coming waters leaves;
So the devouring place all ghosts retains,
Yet never fills, or of the crowd complains.
There the pale souls unbody'd loosely roam,
Some haunt the pleas, their tyrant's palace some.
The rest, to pass their sorrows, imitate
The vain employments of their mortal state.
Juno (so far could rage and malice go)
Could quit the skies, to find these seats of woe:
But when her entrance made the threshold sound,
Three-headed *Cerberus*, thro' night profound,

Shook hell's waste empire with three dreadful howls,
 Whose hideous eccho scar'd the trembling souls.
 The Goddess calls the night-born furies straight
 (Sisters implacable, and stern as fate)
 Before the dungeon's gate, which diamond,
 With locks and chains, and barricadoes bound,
 They sat, and out with long lean fingers drew
 Black snakes, which from their heads like elve-locks grew.
 When *Juno* they thro' murky gloom descry'd,
 Up rose the fiends, and laid the prospect wide
 Of that dire place, which, from man's penal cares
 The name of wicked thro' hell's empire bears.

There *Titus* might be seen, his breast display'd,
 His monstrous bulk o'er nine huge acres laid;
 His liver by a thousand vultures torn,
 Still new to their repeated tortures, born.
 There *Tantalus* with thirst in water dies,
 While bobbing fruit still from his hunger flies.
 There *Sisyphus* rolls up the weighty stone,
 Which, when he hopes to lodge, is slipt and gone.
 Himself, *Ixion* to the wheel fast bound,
 Still flies, and follows in an endless round:
 And *Danae's* daughters too, whose barbarous hands
 Could murder those, whom all the sacred bands
 Of blood and marriage to themselves had join'd,
 To fill th' unbottom'd cask with easeless pains confin'd.
Juno look'd o'er 'em all with low'ring eyes,
 But at *Ixion* most her passions rise:
 But turn'd from him, she *Sisyphus* glanc'd o'er,
 And why, said she, should this poor brother more
 Than all the rest endure? or why should he
 A slave to these perpetual tortures be?
 While *Athamas*, a monarch, proudly reigns,
 And with his queen our Deity disdains.

Then

Then she began her voyage to unfold
 Her will, and reason of her hatred told.
 That *Cadmus's* royal house might quickly all
 In dismal ruins and confusion fall;
 And that by furies *Athamas* enrag'd,
 Might be in some unnatural act engag'd.

Pray'rs, promises, commands, she blends in one,
 And eggs the fiends importunately on.

Hoary *Tisiphone*, when *Juno* ceas'd,
 Back from her eyes her uncomb'd tresses press'd,
 And from her lips the snakes she thrust aside,
 And thus, in short, to *Juno's* words reply'd.

Talk here is vain, conclude your great commands
 Perform'd; then leave, great queen, these hateful lands,
 Return to that sweet air, which gently flies
 Beneath the concave of your native skies.

Glad *Juno* quits the place; but since grown foul
 By those black steams which thro' hell's regions roul,
Iris with dew her mistress purifies,
 E'er she assumes her seat above the skies.

Tisiphone quick snatch'd a bloody brand,
 Threw on her plad with goary crimson stain'd;
 With spotted twisted snakes begirt her waste,
 And from her seat flew with malicious haste.
 Grief, fear, and terror, on her journey wait,
 And madness, with a frightful air and gate.
 As they before the *Theban* palace light,
 The posts, fame says, all shudder'd in a fright.
 The iv'ry gates put on a paler hue,
 And thence the sun his lightsome beams withdrew.
Ino and *Athamas*, confounded, spy
 The monstrous figure, and attempt to fly.
 But stern *Tisiphone* oppos'd their way,
 And stretch'd at length before their passage lay.

Then

Then out she drew her meagre arms, enchain'd
With knotted snakes, the snakes disturb'd complain'd.
Some on her shoulders fall, some crawling sweep
Her temples, and a constant hissing keep;
From their black jaws the foaming poison springs,
And oft they brandish out their threat'ning stings:
Then from her monstrous head two hideous snakes,
With her curs'd hands, the rabid fury takes;
And at the royal couple hurls the pests,
Which swiftly crawl around their panting breasts;
Their limbs indeed ne'er feel the subtle wounds,
Their minds, alas! the direful stroke confounds:
The ugly worms, with their infectious breath,
Give all the peace, which fill'd their bosoms, death.
But lest the fiend's infernal task should fail,
Or innate virtue o'er her snakes prevail,
She a huge dose of liquid poisons brought,
Black foam from *Cerberus*, when raving, caught,
Green venom near the banks of *Lerna* found;
These first the fiend's malicious arts compound:
With these she 'ad in a brazen caldron brew'd,
Exactly mix'd and boil'd in human blood,
Dark wild mistakes, forgetful blindness drain'd,
From minds distracted, and a judgment ban'd,
And villany, and tears, and head-strong rage,
And cruel thoughts, which murd'rous deeds presage.
These, that they might the stronger dose afford,
She with a root of fatal hemlock stirr'd.
While *Athamas* and *Ino* trembling stand,
She turns her portion with too sure a hand,
Into their bosoms; straight quite thro' their souls,
With dire effects, the working poison rous.
Her brand then whirling in a thousand rings,
Blue flames in a perpetual circle flings.

Thus

Thus she at last her hellish conquest gain'd,
And thus perform'd fierce *Juno's* stern command.
Then fast again her snaky girdle ties,
And thence to hell's waste realms triumphant flies;
Straight *Athamas*, possess'd with frantick rage,
Cries out my fellow-hunters here engage:
About these woods fix all your strongest toils:
Hither the panting lyoneſs recoils
Two whelps with her, just now I lodg'd 'em here;
Such savage beasts his queen and babes appear
To his disorder'd fancy; out he flies,
And as *Learchus* met his blood-shot eyes,
With out-stretch'd arms, and at his father smil'd,
He from his mother's bosom snatch'd the child,
And sling-like whirling dash'd its infant bones,
With barb'rous force, against the senseless stones.
The mother now grew furious too, by woes
Enrag'd, or by the working pois'ous dose;
Away she hurries with dishevell'd hair,
And with distracted howlings fills the air.
With *Melicerta* in her arms, she flies,
And Evohe, O *Bacchus*! wildly cries;
Revengeful *Juno* heard that hated name,
And wretched *Ino Bacchus* still exclaim:
And with a scornful smile, may he, said she,
As lucky still to all his fost'ers be.

High o'er the seas there stands a mighty rock,
Hollow'd beneath with the continual shock
Of rolling tides, the summit rough and steep,
With threat'ning brows far jutting o'er the deep,
Ino straight climb'd the rock, with madness strong,
And off her burden, with herself, she flung.
The waves beneath foam'd with the falling stroke;
When *Venus* wheedling to her uncle spoke,

(For from her daughter wretched *Ino* came,
And now her pity *Ino's* woes inflame)
O *Neptune*! God of all the wat'ry field,
Whose pow'r to that of heav'n alone can yield;
A boon, that's great indeed, I ask, but oh!
Some pity to my dear relations show.
See how they float on the *Ionian* main;
O make them Gods among thy wat'ry train!
I too some interest in the seas may claim,
If I from foam originally came.
Foam snowy white, thrown up by seas divine,
And still the *Grecian* name be justly mine.
Neptune consents, their mortal parts removes,
Their looks with awful majesty improves;
At once their forms and titles he new fram'd,
And her *Leucothoe*, him *Palamon* nam'd.

The *Theban* ladies who their queen pursu'd,
On the rocks edge her latest footsteps view'd.
And thence her death, and kind of death conclude,
And straight with hair and garments torn, they shew'd
How far those publick woes had reach'd their hearts;
In *Cadmus'* ruins how they bore their parts.
At *Juno* then they all their passions vent;
Call her severe, too far on vengeance bent;
Too far indulgent to her rage, that she,
So far should prosecute her jealousy:
But *Juno* vex'd, and you your selves, said she,
Chief monuments of my revenge shall be.
So said, so done; for as her zealous love,
The first by drowning with her queen would prove.
Off'ring to leap, all motion left her blood,
And there a rock, fix'd on a rock she stood.
One struck her arms against her breasts enrag'd,
And straight her arms a stiff'ning cold engag'd,

This, toward the sea, by chance had stretch'd her hands;
With hands so stretch'd the figur'd marble stands:
That, as with cruel hands her curls she tore,
Her hands and curls a stony stiffness wore.
Whate'er their postures were, when turn'd to stone,
The person still was by her posture known;
Some, turn'd to fowls, that promontory keep,
And with short dabbling wings the rolling ocean sweep.

Cadmus, unknowing *Ino's* nobler fate,
And his young grand-son's now exalted state,
Broke with successive woes and prodigies,
The daily objects of his mournful eyes.
Straight quits the town he built, as if the place,
Not his own fate, had influenc'd his case;
And with his spouse, thro' various wand'rings past,
They safe *Illyria's* borders reach'd at last;
Where now, with weighty years and grief, grown old,
As they their family's fatal story told;
And, to divert their mournful thoughts the more,
Talk'd all their past and present labours o'er.
If 'twas some God, said he, that serpent own'd,
Which once beneath my pointed jav'lin groan'd;
If so, and still that God incens'd pursue
The fact, may I become a serpent too.
He spoke, and straight became a serpent too,
And on his back the scales obdurate grew:
On his dark skin bright bluish spots arise,
And on his breast he falls; his parted thighs
Now run together in a folding train,
Only a while his arms unchang'd remain.
Then out he throws his still-remaining arms,
While a salt flood his yet unalter'd visage warms.
Come near, come near, dear wretched spouse, said he,
Touch me, while something yet remains of me.

Here

Here, take my hand, while I a hand can show;
Take it before I quite a serpent grow.
More he'd have spoke, but fates his tongue divide,
Which proper sounds no more to words supply'd,
But hiss'd aloud when he'd have fain complain'd,
That note he still by nature's leave retain'd.
His wife now beats her naked breasts, and cries,
Stay, *Cadmus*, stay; put off this strange disguise;
This monstrous shape, my dear unhappy, quit;
But, ah! what's this? where shall I find thy feet,
Thy hands, thy arms, complexion, face? O where
Art thou thy self, while I'm discoursing here?
Ye Gods, why may'nt I too a serpent be?
She spoke, when licking all her visage, he
In her dear bosom, long acquainted, kept,
And round her neck with gentle twinings crept.
Their servants standing by, confounded view'd
The frightful change, when they as fondly shew'd
Their parting loves, and with embraces kind,
About their necks the harmless serpents twin'd,
Now two; and off together rolling slide,
And quickly in the neighb'ring forest hide:
And still mankind they neither hurt nor hate,
Tho' serpents, mindful of their ancient human state.
Tho' both thus chang'd, their glorious grand-son rais'd
Their honour'd names, for brave achievements prais'd,
To *Bacchus* now the conquer'd *Indians* bow'd,
And *Greece* was of his lofty temples proud;
Only *Acrisius*, of the same descent,
Old *Abn's* son, his jealous doubts to vent,
Resolv'd to stop the happy conqu'ror's course,
And from his *Argos* kept the God by force;
He'd neither own his high descent from *Jove*,
Nor could the gallant *Persus* e'er approve

His

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His birth to him; nor would that prince believe
 His daughter could by golden show'rs conceive.
 Yet, (so will mighty truth in time prevail,)
Acisius now believes the wond'rous tale.
 Repenting that he once the God profan'd,
 And not his grand-son as his own retain'd;
 For *Bacchus* now above the skies was plac'd,
 And *Persens* with the wond'rous trophies grac'd.
 Oft the prodigious *Gorgon* swiftly flew
 Thro' yielding air, when *Libia* just in view,
 Fresh bloody drops *Medusa's* head distill'd,
 Which earth receiving, all the country fill'd,
 From her dark womb, with serpents various kinds,
 Which still the traveller in those vast desarts finds.
 Thence, like some wat'ry cloud, which rustling gales
 Toss'd, here and there, the winged *Persens* sails
 Thro' immense tracts of air, and thence descries
 How like a point the world beneath him lies,
 Quite round the globe he cut his wond'rous way,
 Saw where the *Bears* and threat'ning *Cancer* lay,
 Oft he the *West*, as oft the *East* survey'd,
 'Till when he saw the day declin'd, afraid.
 With weary'd wings to prosecute his flight,
 Thro' the damp regions of the gloomy night,
 He near the *Mauritanian* palace falls,
 And begs a lodging there, till morning calls;
 And 'till the sun, by fiery horses drawn,
 Should make bright day succeed the purple dawn.
 Here reign'd the son of *Japhet*, *Atlas* nam'd,
 For his unmatched gigantick largeness fam'd.
 Beyond the borders of the utmost land,
 O'er spacious seas he stretch'd his wide command,
 Where *Phoebus* nightly cools his scorching wain,
 And fiery horses in the foaming main.

A thousand flocks and herds his pastures graz'd,
And on his fields no envious neighbours gaz'd.
Trees leav'd with gold, around his orchards sprung,
Where golden fruit on golden branches hung.
Great king, said *Perseus*, if you'll please to grace,
With smiles, the offspring of a glorious race;
Great *Jove's* my father: if your soaring mind
Is more to hear heroick acts inclin'd,
Tho' young in years, we gallant deeds can show,
Only an hospitable roof bestow.
But *Themis* had of old his fate declar'd,
Which, with this talk, the wary prince compar'd,
*Atlas, the time shall come, when one of Jove's great race
Shall seize thy golden fruit, thy royal seat deface.*
This to prevent, the monarch fenc'd in all
His envy'd orchard with a lofty wall.
A sleepless dragon was its constant guard,
And strangers he from all his borders barr'd.
So now to *Perseus*; hence! be gone! here needs
No lying stories of your mighty deeds.
Be gone! lest, if our strength must cope with you,
You lose your honour, and your father too.
Then strives to thrust the ling'ring hero out,
Who, with soft language, mingles brave and stout.
But since too weak; (for who in strength could vie
With *Atlas*?) since you this small grant deny;
Yet take, said he, one little gift from me:
Then, looking off himself, he makes him see
Medusa's horrid head; huge *Atlas* so,
Did with his mighty bulk a mighty mountain grow.
His hair and beard to leafy woods transform'd,
His hands and arms an airy level form'd;
His head the top like some vast *Pico* charg'd;
His bones grew rocks, and all his bulk enlarg'd.

He (so the Gods decreed) immensely high,
 Since then supports the weight of all the starry sky.
 Now *Æolus*, the ev'ning boist'rous wind,
 Had in eternal caves with bars confin'd,
 And *Lucifer*, bright harbinger of day;
Perseus, and all to bus'ness call'd away:
 When to his feet again he lac'd his wings,
 Girt on his falchion sure, and boldly flings
 Thro' the wild airy regions of the skies,
 And o'er a thousand nameless nations flies;
 And, with a slight survey, those countries past,
 He made the *Ethiopian* lands at last.
 There lay *Andromeda* expos'd along,
 Condemn'd to suffer for her mother's tongue,
 Whom, when the sharp-ey'd tow'ring hero spy'd,
 With arms to rugged rocks severely ty'd;
 But that her flowing tears her life betray'd,
 And that her locks with fanning breezes play'd,
 She look'd a finish'd marble-piece; but now
 Soft flames in his unknowing bosom glow.
 Ravish'd, amaz'd, he views the lovely maid,
 And half forgets his flying airy trade.
 Then, near her, takes the rock, and, O! said he,
 Bright charming creature, fitter far to be
 In some kind lover's softer arms enchain'd,
 Than with this weight of barb'rous fetters pain'd;
 Tell me, sweet maid, thy country's name and thine,
 And why thee thus to rocks these pond'rous chains confine!

Silent a while the blushing virgin stay'd;
 Of manly converse, rarely us'd, afraid;
 Only her tears, which still she might command,
 In her fair eyes like rising fountains stand.
 Her snowy hands her modest looks had hid,
 But that rough chains her snowy hands forbid;

Oft ask'd, (lest silence should her guilt accuse)
At last she both her name and country shews.
Scarce half her tale was told, when sounding waves
Her fate foreshow, the hideous monster laves
His sides with seas, which to his passage yield,
And whelms his bulk o'er half the wat'ry field.
The maid shrieks out; her mournful father cries,
Her mother two with equal complaints replies,
Both wretched now; but much more justly she,
Whose vainer pride deserv'd her misery.
No help, alas! but useless tears they bring,
And, crying, round their fetter'd daughter cling;
When *Perseus* thus: weep thus no more in vain;
Few minutes only now for help remain.
Should I, fair *Danae's* son by thund'ring *Jove*,
Perseus, the offspring of his golden love;
Perseus, *Medusa's* conqueror, should I,
Who thro' the air with certain pinions fly;
Should I your daughter for a wife demand,
I sure might in your choice the fairest stand.
But I to those will greater merits join,
If heav'n but second now my bold design;
And beg her as my love's victorious deed,
If now from death by my assistance freed.
His offer gladly both with pray'rs embrace;
For who'd refuse it in that desp'rate case?
And, for a dow'ry too, that crown engage,
Too weighty grown for their declining age.
Now, as some galley forc'd with oars and tides,
Ploughs up the ocean with its foaming sides;
So the prodigious monster's horrid force,
Breaks up the waves with an impetuous course.
And now no farther off than one might fling
A bullet with a *Balearian* sling.

The gallant youth, with sudden motion, springs
 From earth, and cuts the air with active wings;
 And as the hov'ring hero's martial shade,
 With tremblings on the wat'ry surface play'd,
 The beast enrag'd at the thin phantom grew,
 And at the shade with utmost fury flew.
 But as *Jove's* bird, when from a cloud he spies,
 Where on some plain a dragon basking lies,
 Stoops at his back, and to prevent his jaws,
 Thro' his scaly neck his crooked pounces draws;
 So he the air with nimble wings divides,
 And plies the monster's back and rolling sides;
 And with a lucky thrust his shoulder rives,
 And up to th' hilts his greedy falchion drives.
 Struck with so deep a wound, the monster raves,
 And fiercely bounds above the frightened waves;
 Then dives again, and with a dreadful sweep,
 With thick black gore distains the boiling deep.
 And as a boar, which eager hounds engage,
 So ev'ry way he vents his baffled rage;
 While from his fangs the wary *Perseus* flies,
 And ev'ry way the furious monster plies.
 Now on his back and ribs like anvils beats;
 Now on his fish-like stern his strokes repeats.
 The beast then spouts such floods of wat'ry gore,
Perseus durst trust his dabbled wings no more;
 But spies a rock, which bare in calms might lie,
 But under water when the sea ran high.
 There straight the fearless hero takes his stand,
 And grasps the summit with his swordless hand;
 And then, to crown his conquest, strongly foins,
 And thrusts his sword oft thro' the dying monster's joins.
 Now, for the conquest, mighty shouts and cries
 Ring round the shores, and eccho to the skies.

With joy *Cassiope* and *Cepheus* rais'd,
Him as their son receiv'd, his actions prais'd;
Call'd him their family's support and stay,
On whose brave arm their hopes and safety lay.
The lovely maid moves on, now freed from chains
The cause, and fair reward of all his pains.
His hands defil'd, the pious hero laves,
From blood and slaughter, in the sacred waves:
But lest the naked sand should crush the snakes
Which fill'd his dreadful shield, green leaves he takes,
And rods which deep beneath the waters grew,
And on that bed his trophy softly threw;
The juicy plants a stiff'ning hardness took,
And their own native pliancy forsook.
The sea-nymphs, with the strange event surpriz'd,
More rods, and with the same success disguis'd;
For the dire figure, on the neighb'ring ground,
Diffus'd its putrefactive atoms round.
The nymphs with care their alter'd seeds remove,
And in the seas prolifick ouze improve;
Their nature's so, the *Corals* still declare,
Which gather hardness in the open air;
And what were pliant supple twigs below,
Above inflexibly obdurate grow.

Three altars now of turf in order rise,
To three supreme protecting Deities:
The right to *Mercury* devoted stands,
Pallas the left, the midmost *Jove* commands.
An untam'd heifer to *Minerva* bleeds,
To *Mercury* a yearling calf succeeds;
But to his mighty father, thund'ring *Jove*,
A rough-neck'd leader of the bellowing drove.
Then, unendow'd, he weds *Andromeda*,
The noblest prize of that triumphant day.

Hymen

Hymen and *Love* their nuptial torches bore,
And ev'ry roof its flow'ry garlands wore;
Rich odours on their blazing altars rise,
And many a vow, and many a sacrifice;
Sweet flutes, with harps, and pipes, and voices, try
To vent their mirth in heav'nly harmony.
Straight wide the palace gates commanded flew,
And all the rooms of state expos'd to view;
Where royal furniture, and royal chear,
And all the *Cephene* lords in pomp appear.
The banquet done, the quick capacious bowls
With gen'rous wines enlarge their chearful souls.
Then to instruct him, *Perseus* all invites
In all their country-laws, and sacred rites;
To whom *Lyncides* in obliging strains
Their customs, fashions, and their laws explains.
His story finish'd: now, great sir, of you,
Said he, we for a greater favour sue;
Your God-like story, and what wond'rous way
You safely gain'd the *Gorgon's* dreadful prey?
To whom the courteous hero soon replies,
A plain beneath the frozen axis lies,
With walls of native rugged mountains barr'd,
Whose only pass two monstrous sisters guard;
Nature to them one single eye assign'd,
Each saw alternate, was alternate blind.
This, as it was from hand to hand convey'd,
I seiz'd, obscur'd by an impervious shade.
Then through dark ways, and winding paths, and down
Steep horrid rocks, with sounding woods o'ergrown,
I reach'd the *Gorgon's* seat, where all around
Thro' fields and roads I wond'rous figures found
Of men and beasts, transform'd to perfect stone,
Such by *Medusa's* frightful aspect grown.

I safely view'd her in my glitt'ring shield,
 Whose orb her dire reflected image fill'd;
 And, while she lay in heavy slumbers dead,
 Her snakes all hush'd, I lopt her dreadful head.
 The gloomy streams of whose prolifick gore,
 Wing'd *Pegasus* and young *Chrysaor* bore.
 To these he added all those dangers vast,
 Those seas and lands he in his course had past;
 How high, how low he wing'd his tedious way,
 And all the starry signs which in his passage lay.
 Too soon he clos'd the tale that all admir'd,
 When one, a noble of the land, enquir'd,
 Why of the sisterhood but one should wear,
 The grisly horrors of the skany hair.
 To whom thus *Perseus*, since you, sir, enquire
 Of weighty things, I'll grant your just desire.
Medusa once was for her beauty fam'd,
 At whom a thousand jealous suitors aim'd;
 But more than all, her lovely tresses charm'd,
 Whose golden beams her coldest lovers warm'd.
 (I've met with some who waited at her court,
 And only wonders of her locks report)
 Her *Neptune* seiz'd, with lustful passions wild,
 And in the chaste *Minerva's* fane defil'd:
 The virgin Goddess turn'd aside, and held
 Before her modest eyes her sacred shield;
 But that the crime might be in one reveng'd,
 To horrid snakes, *Medusa's* curls she chang'd;
 And that she might in future rolling years
 O'er-awe the vicious world with pow'rful fears,
 The snakes she made still in her shield she bears.







OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

While Perseus tells his story, Phineus, the brother of Cepheus, (who had formerly pretended to Andromeda) with his companions, makes an attempt to recover her. But Pallas assists Perseus, 'till partly by fighting, and partly by the sight of Medusa's head, the ravishers were kill'd, or turn'd into stones. Pallas then leaves her brother, and visits mount Helicon, where the muses acquaint her with what had happen'd to Pyreneus, and the Pierides chang'd into magpies, after a sex contest with them in singing of divers transformations.



While thus the prince's words his acts report.
And tell his fortunes to the wond'ring court.
A noisy tumult in the hall began,
And, gath'ring sound, in surly murmurs
ran;

Not like the voices at a nuptial feast,
But such as arms, and angry war express'd.
In such confusion was the banquet lost,
As peaceful seas by sudden tempests tost.

Phineus, advancing first, began the war;
With mad design, and shook his shining spear;
Then thus: Behold, with vengeance I pursue
The rape intended, and my right renew.
Not sitting wings, nor the fallacious tale
Of golden *Jove*, thee, dastard, shall avail.
Cepheus observ'd him as the dart he aim'd,
What fury, brother, loudly he exclaim'd,
Provokes this impious deed? Is this the way,
These the rewards such merits to repay?
Is this the grateful dow'r you seek to give
The man who did my daughter's life retrieve?
Not *Perseus*, but the horned *Ammon's* reign,
Sour *Neptune*, and the monster of the main,
Which fought my hapless offspring for his prey,
From thy embrace have snatch'd the bride away;
She then was lost to you, when doom'd to die;
But that's a spectacle you'd view with joy:
By our afflictions thus to cheer your own,
And in our common grief your sorrows drown.
You saw her chain'd, and did the chains allow;
And tho' her plighted spouse, and uncle too,
Ne'er offer'd to redeem: And will you grieve,
Because another did that succour give?
Will you defraud him of his rightful prize?
Had it appear'd so lovely in your eyes,
Then was the time your valour to have shown,
And from the rocks releas'd, have made your own.
Be now the rescu'd bride to him restor'd,
Who holds from merit, and my plighted word;

To him, who sav'd my sinking age in her;
 I chose him not, nor did to thee prefer,
 But to th' inevitable death so near.

Phineus, without reply, look'd sternly round
 On both, in doubt on whom to fix the wound;
 Then, with what force his malice could supply,
 He let the pointed lance at *Persæus* fly;
 Frustrate it drove within the royal bed,
 Th' avenging prince sprung from the couch with speed,
 And back return'd the flying spear again,
 And by the flying spear the sencer had been slain,
 But slunk behind an altar's frame for fear,
 He lay unworthily defended there:
 Th' unerring weapon, with such fury thrown,
 Cut deep in *Rhoetus*' front, and pierc'd the riven bone.
 He fell, and broke the jav'lin from the wound,
 And, quiv'ring, spurns the reeking gore around.

And now the commons, with revenge inspir'd,
 Join in the fray, and some to death requir'd
 Good *Cepheus*, with his son: but he, with care,
 Had left the growing tumult of the war;
 Religious of his faith, disclaims the fight,
 And calls the Gods to witness to his right.

Pallas was there, who with her shield's defence,
 Secur'd from harm, and fires her brother prince.
 And *Indian Athis*, whom not long before
 The nymph *Lymnate*, sprung from *Ganges*, bore.
 Below the waves, if fame the truth express,
 Loyely his form, and elegant his dress:
 And growing, now his sixteenth year he try'd;
 A *Tyrian* scarf he wore with comely pride,
 And round his tender loins a golden belt he ty'd.
 His snowy neck shone bright with chains of gold,
 And moist with myrrh, his locks blue fillets fold:

Expert

Expert from far, to speed the rushing dart,
 And knew to bend the bow with better art:
 But while he drew the horns, a flaming brand
Perseus from th' altar caught, and arm'd his hand,
 And with the leaver strongly striking down,
 Crush'd his fair face within the pounded bone.

Affyrian Lycabas, with pity, view'd
 Th' illustrious boy in his own blood imbru'd;
 His ardent lover, with a zeal sincere,
 He still attended, and was ever near.
 And now with tears he mourn'd his *Athis* dead,
 Then snatch'd his ready bow, and thus he said,
 • Inhuman chief! on me your valour show,
 Nor boast the trophies of so young a foe,
 Which, forc'd by me, you quickly shall forego. }
 So mean a conquest ne'er can purchase fame,
 But envy, hate, and is the victor's shame.
 Scarcely he spoke, when he dispatch'd the dart,
 It reach'd the garment, tho' it miss'd the heart;
 But *Perseus* quick unsheath'd his shining sword,
 Foul with *Medusa's* blood, the blade his bosom bor'd.
 The shades of night swim sickly o'er his eyes,
 Dying, he fought where his lov'd *Athis* lies;
 And falling on him, breath'd his latest breath,
 Pleas'd with the comfort of a social death.

As fi'ry *Phorbas*, and *Amphimedon*,
 Eager t' engage the war, came rushing on,
 The slipp'ry pavement, moist with human gore,
 Deceiv'd their feet, and laid them on the floor.
 The sword forbade their rise; it pierc'd the sides
 Of proud *Amphimedon*, and *Phorbas'* throat divides.
 But luckless *Erythis*, who proudly rear'd
 A battel-ax, a diff'rent fortune-shar'd:

For *Persens* snatching up a cup of cost,
 With figures roughly prominent embost,
 Full on his crown the pond'rous mazer tost.
 He vomits out a stream of ruddy gore;
 And knocks his head supine upon the floor.
 Then *Polydemon* fell, who drew his line
 From fair *Semiramis*; and *Abarin*,
Lycetus, *Elycen* with locks unshorn,
Phlegias, and *Clytus* take their fatal turn.
 The prince the palace with their bodies spread,
 A bloody heap, and tramples on the dead:
 While *Phineus* keeps aloof, and shuns his foe,
 He brandishes his spear, prepar'd to throw;
 The wand'ring weapon peaceful *Ida* try'd,
 Who neuter stood in vain, nor fought on either side.
 Since, with a stern, distorted look, he said,
 Me in your broils a partner you have made,
 Prove what a foe I am, and here repay
 With wounds the wound you gave: he made essay
 To draw the heavy weapon from the wound;
 But, faint with loss of blood, sunk grov'ling on the
 ground.

Odites by *Clemeneus'* sword was slain,
 The first in honour of the royal train.
Hypseus *Protenor* slew, and *Lyncides*
 Slew *Hypseus* next. Amid the noisy press
 Was old *Emathion* seen; with pious fear
 The Gods he worshipp'd, and a heart sincere;
 Still just, and still observant of the right;
 And since his cumb'rous years forbade the fight,
 He battell'd with his tongue, and cry'd from far
 Against their arms, and curs'd their impious war.
 But closely round an altar as he clung,
 And there with trembling arms dependent hung,

Fierce

Fierce *Chromis* lopp'd his head, and lopp'd so well,
 The jointed head upon his altar fell;
 And gasping, curs'd amidst the curling fires,
 And in a shining blaze at last expires.

Two brothers, who did iron gauntlets wield,
Proteus and *Ammon*, matchless in the field,
 (If pointed swords must to the gauntlet yield)
Phineus dispatch'd, with *Ceres'* sacred priest,
 His hollow temples with white fillets dress'd:
 And thou, celestial bard, whose sounding lyre,
 Unus'd to horrid war, did smiling peace inspire,
 Call'd to provoke the cheer with genial song,
 Did'st touch thy harp unarm'd amid the throng.
 But bloody *Pettalus* cry'd, laughing, go,
 And play thy merry notes to ghosts below,
 And his left temple pierc'd with one malicious blow.
 Falling, the strings his trembling fingers found,
 And temper'd, as he dy'd, a dying sound.

Not unreveng'd his death *Lycormas* bore,
 From the right beam a sturdy rail he tore,
 And dash'd it thro' his skull; he rush'd to ground
 Just like an ox beneath the butcher's wound.
 While *Pelates* attempts to rend the next,
Corytha's driving dart his hand transfixt,
 And pinion'd to the wood; and *Aba's* sword
 Enter'd his senseless side, and deeply bor'd:
 He fell not with the wound, but fasten'd there,
 Suspended from the beam, his soul expir'd in air.

Then *Menaleus*, who chose the prince's side,
 And wealthy *Dorilas*, in battel dy'd;
 Rich *Derilas*, than whom there none was found
 With spacious tenements more amply crown'd,
 Who swell'd his crowded barns with better stores,
 Or fill'd with larger crops of grain his floors.

The

The lance obliquely with a mortal wound,
Sunk in his groin; and when the victor found
His soul just ebbing, and his swimming eyes
Rolling in death, insultingly he cries,
This now of all your num'rous lands possess,
This single spot, which with your corpse you press;
And left him breathless. *Perseus* snatch'd the dart
From the warm wound, and with successful art
Transfix'd his nose and neck; the biting spear,
Before, behind, did equally appear.

While fortune's favour did his strokes pursue,
Clytus and *Clanis*, two fair twins, he slew.
Their fate was different, for the former lies
With the sharp lance transpierc'd thro' both his thighs,
Thro' *Clanis'* opening mouth the fatal jav'lin flies.

And *Celadon* and *Afireus* next expire;
Hebrew his mother, but unknown his fire.
Ethion, who could future fates foretel;
But his art failing, the vain *Augur* fell.
Agyrtes, whom foul parricide did stain,
And the king's page, *Thoactes*, press'd the plain.

The more he slew, the more the troops increase
Against the hero, and in numbers press.
In swarms they join; all sworn to seek his death,
Against his merit, and their plighted faith.
The pious father, and the tender bride,
With the sad mother, favour'd *Perseus'* side;
They pray'd for his success with pitying eyes,
And fill'd the court with screams and tender cries.
The din of clashing arms their clamours drown'd,
And groans of men, expiring on the ground.
The fainting fight *Bellona* still renew'd,
And in the blood the household Gods imbru'd.

Now *Phineus* and his band the prince enclose,
 And each his dart with eager fury throws;
 As thick the storm of thronging jav'lin flies,
 As rattling hail descends from wint'ry skies,
 And rings about his sides, his ears, and eyes.
 Behind a pillar's breadth he shields his back,
 And thus secur'd, sustains the foe's attack.
Chaonian Molpeus, from the left, the fight
 Urg'd, and *Ethemon* press'd him on the right.

As when a tyger, scow'ring on his way,
 Hears from two diff'rent cotes the bleating prey,
 Distracted in his choice, his grinders churn,
 On both he'd rush, on both his fury turn:
 So *Perseus* fares; and on the left and right,
 Doubtful on which to bear, maintain'd the fight.
Molpeus disabled, fled, and unpursu'd;
Ethemon fir'd, no stop nor stay allow'd;
 But aiming at his neck a furious stroke,
 Unequal to his strength, the blade in pieces broke,
 And from the beam, a fragment of the sword
 Rebounding back, its master's weazon bor'd;
 Yet, not dispatch'd, he lifts his hands to pray,
 But the sharp sword prevents him in his way.

When *Perseus* found true valour over-laid
 By multitude; why then my foes shall aid,
 Since so my needs require: my friends, beware,
 Avert your eyes, he said, nor turn them here,
 And saying, *Gorgon's* snaky head did rear.
 Vain aid, such miracles are lost on us,
 Nor move the mind, cry'd furious *Theſcelus*:
 But while he stood in very act to throw,
 Fix'd with his offer'd dart, he did a marble grow.
Amphix succeeds his friend, and eager prest,
 And push'd his sword at bold *Lyncides'* breast;

His

His arm was stiffen'd in the trust, and stay'd
In the mid-pass, nor farther motion made.
Nileus, who boasts from sev'n-fold *Nile* his race,
His ample shield the sev'n-fold channels graces;
Part wrought in paler silver, and the rest
In gold were cast, and handsomely exprest.
Know, prince, *he cry'd*, our lineage; and below,
Among the silent ghosts contented go,
Since you receive from me the fatal blow.
So spoke the vaunting youth: the latter sound
Dy'd in the birth, nor perfect passage found;
He gapes for issuing words, but gapes in vain,
Choak'd in the stone, the words unform'd remain.

Enrag'd at the defeat, no *Gorgon's* head,
But fear congeals your hearts, fierce *Eryx* said,
Come join, my friends; and spite of boasted charms,
We'll slay the youngster with his magick arms.
In start to run, the ground his feet detain'd,
The champion motionless a stone remain'd.
These justly fell: but as *Aconteus* fought
On *Persesus'* side, unwarily he caught
The *Gorgon* in his view; the snakes beheld,
In a hard quarry the chang'd man congeal'd.
So well the shape the heedless eye deceiv'd,
Astyages mistook, and thought he liv'd.
With his long sword he lash'd and hew'd around,
The forceful blows against the statue sound.
Amazement seiz'd on the deluded foe,
And as he star'd, he did a statue grow;
The staring statue does his admiration show.

The commons names were tedious to recite;
Two hundred had surviv'd the fatal fight;
Two hundred now were images to fight.

Phineus too late repents his impious war ;
Of all deserted, no kind succours near.
He look'd, and saw the various figures stand,
And soon he knew them for his former band ;
He call'd them to his rescue, and prepar'd,
Faithless, to touch ; he touch'd, and found them hard.
Then, in a mortal fright, averts his eyes,
Upholds his folded hands, and thus he cries,
'Tis thine ; the conquest's thine ; I tamely yield ;
But oh ! I beg take hence thy *Gorgon* shield.
Not thirst of empire urg'd me to the fight,
Nor, grudging at thy lot, repining spite :
'Twas beauty caus'd the war, and th' am'rous charms
Of the fair bride provok'd my guilty arms.
Thy claim in merit did by far exceed ;
Mine had priority of time to plead.
I grieve that I oppos'd thy better right,
And impiously began th' unhappy fight.
Give, hero, but my life, I all resign ;
But life I ask ; the rest be wholly thine.
Anxious he begg'd, nor dar'd to lift his eyes,
When the fierce prince disdainfully replies ;
Take what I can, and this I can bestow,
And to thy dastard soul a mighty bounty too.
Dismiss thy empty fears, and rest secure ;
No steel shall violate thy body more.
A lasting monument I'll fix thee here,
Thy promis'd spouse still with thy fight to cheer.
He said ; and as he spoke, the snakes he held,
Where trembling *Phineus* turn'd, to shun the shield,
He went to catch away ; his stiffen'd neck
Was sudden stay'd ; his eyes in marble stick.

The marble man a trembling mouth displays
 A fearful look, invoking wanted grace,
 With hands submiss, and a dejected face.

Now *Persus*' with his bride, fair *Argos* gain'd,
 Where *Pratus Danae*'s adversary reign'd;
Acrisus to his arms was forc'd to yield,
 And now the throne usurping *Pratus* fill'd.
 But neither arms nor forts that barb'rous slave
 From the grim *Gorgon*'s dreadful snakes could save.
 So *Polydect*, who small *Seriphus* sway'd,
 No homage to the conqu'ring hero paid.
 He no respect to suff'ring virtue shew'd,
 But with base spleen his gallant acts pursu'd:
Medusa's death he but a sham declar'd,
 And with detracting flights his praise impair'd.
 To whom the youth, against your scandal, sir,
 We'll but one little evidence prefer;
 The rest! look off! then straight the snakes he shew'd,
 A bloodless stone the surly tyrant stood.

Thus far did *Pallas* on her brother wait,
 And with wise care secur'd his dubious state.
 Now from *Seriphus*, wrapt in cloudy skies,
 Straight by the nearest course to *Thebes* she flies;
 'Till spacious seas and various islands past,
 She reach'd the muses sacred hills at last.
 There down she sat, and with an air divine,
 She thus discours'd among the learned nine;
 Me to this place the strange relations bring
 Of your prodigious *Pegasaean* spring;
 I saw that horse rise from *Medusa*'s gore,
 But have not seen that hoof-raised stream before.
 To whom *Urania*, for the rest, reply'd,
 Happy that welcome cause; whate'er could guide

Your

Your sacred foot-steps hither! happier we,
Bless'd with the smiles of wisdom's Deity!
Fame told you truth, his hoof first rais'd the spring;
They then the Goddess to their fountain bring;
That a horse-hoof should give that fountain birth,
And burst the fetters of tenacious earth.
She wonder'd long; then view'd the landskip round,
Where shady groves the lofty mountains crown'd,
She sees cool grotts, and useful mingling sweets,
And ev'ry where delightful objects meets;
And calls the muses, and their studies bless'd,
Of solitary peaceful shades possess'd.

When fair *Urania* thus her speech resum'd,
Goddess divine, whose wisdom, it's presum'd,
Did not superior cares your thoughts employ,
Our bless'd society might long enjoy;
Our arts, our seats you justly praise, and we
Were bless'd enough, if but from dangers free:
But what won't villains dare? Our virgin-souls,
Harmless and weak, each little fright controuls.
Before our eyes still fierce *Pyreneus* stands,
I scarce, methinks, have yet well 'scap'd his hands.
He with his *Thracian* troops had *Daulis* gain'd,
And now in his injurious conquests reign'd;
Us, travelling by to great *Apollo's* dome,
He sees, adores, and then invites us home;
Not for devotion, but his impious mind
Was all to rapes and barb'rous lusts inclin'd.
Fair muses, rest a while, said he, nor fear
In such a storm to take a shelter here;
(Twas then a storm indeed) bless'd Deities
Have often stoop'd to meaner sheds than these.
Mov'd by kind words, and the tempestuous air,
We grant his wish, and to his porch repair;

The

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The rain once pass'd, and *Southern* clouds blown o'er,
 When *Northern* gales the lightsome day restore,
 We move, the tyrant stops the way; a rape
 Attempts, which we on airy wings escape.
 Up to a tower he runs; and sure, said he,
 That course you take may serve as well for me:
 Then off he springs, but falls; his batter'd face,
 And flying brains, and impious blood defil'd the place.

Thus talk'd the muse, when loud salutes around,
 And flutt'ring wings from lofty trees resound;
Pallas looks up, whose tongues were those, enquires,
 And notes, so near resembling ours, admires;
 Nine *Pies* they were, who there bewail'd their fate,
 And nimbly still in human tones would prate.
 Then to the Goddess thus the muse address'd,
 These too, of late, the feather'd choir increas'd.
 To *Pieros* these one fruitful mother bore;
 A fair addition to his wealthy store.
 Nine times *Euipe* begg'd *Lucina's* aid,
 A mother so of nine fair daughters made;
 Who, when grown up, of their own numbers proud,
 Thro' *Greece* and *Macedon* proclaim'd aloud
 Their wond'rous arts, at last they hither came,
 And their proud challenge in these terms proclaim.
 Muses, forbear to cheat the thoughtless throng
 With ill-set tunes, and inharmonious song.
 If you to voice or skill pretend, we dare
 With you for number, voice, and skill compare.
 We own you flutter on the wings of fame,
 But we a nobler share in glory claim.
 Your *Hippocrene* and *Aganippe* stake,
 And for our pledge delightful *Tempe* take.
 We'll to the sentence of the nymphs submit,
 The fairest arbiters of art and wit.

Too mean to us the daring challenge seem'd;
But to have yielded had been worse esteem'd.
The nymphs elect, by their own waters, swear,
And round on rocky seats the contest hear;
When one, before her turn, uncall'd, begins,
And lewdly of celestial battels sings.
The giant-race applauds in haughty strains
Degrades the Gods, and their exploits prophanes.
She sings, how huge earth-born *Typhœus* rag'd,
And all the Gods in fears and flights engag'd;
'Till *Nile's* fair land the fugitives supply'd
With lurking holes, the trembling crowd to hide.
Thither the monster stalk'd; but then, for fear,
The frighted Gods in various shapes appear.
Jove was a ram, large horns from thence we find
To *Ammon's* image ancient *Moors* assign'd;
Bacchus a goat, *Apollo* seem'd a crow,
Phœbe a cat, *Juno* a milk-white cow;
Venus a fish possess'd, and *Mercury*
Did close within the poy's'nous *Ibis* lie.
Thus to the harp she wildly sung; when we
Were call'd on for our part; but that must be
Too mean for your bless'd ears, whose nicer taste
No minutes can on our dull triflings waste.
In your sweet airs, the Goddess straight reply'd,
Soft and insensibly the minutes slide.
She said, and on a shady bank reclin'd;
The muse proceeds; we all our task assign'd
To our *Calliope*: She rose, and round
Her careless curls with ivy garlands bound;
Then with a prelude tastes the chiding strings,
And to her lyre at last thus sweetly sings:

I sing the queen who first our furrows plough'd,
Who first sweet fruits and easy food allow'd.

Ceres first tam'd us with her gentler laws;
From her kind hand the world subsistence draws,
Her name I sing; O could my fancy raise
What she deserves! and she deserves our praise.
That huge-limb'd monster, whose gigantick pride
Attack'd the skies, and ev'ry God defy'd,
Now, with *Sicilia's* dreadful weight oppress'd,
Moves, but with mighty pains, his heaving breast;
He struggles oft, and oft attempts to rise,
But on his right hand vast *Polorus* lies;
On's left *Pachynus*, *Lilibæum's* spread
O'er his huge thighs, and *Ætna* keeps his head.
There fierce *Typhæus* lies at large supine,
And from his throat sulphureous vapours shine.
Oft with strong throws the monster strives t'abate
His load of towns, and the rough mountain's weight,
Whence earthquakes rise; hell's gloomy monarch quakes,
While his dark empire's strong foundation shakes,
Lest sudden day thro' rending earth should flow,
And terrify the trembling shades below.
Rouz'd with such fears, the tyrant leaves his throne,
And at his last the coal-black couriers groan;
While thro' the isle he makes his cavalcade,
But finds no ruins there, nor ancient strengths decay'd.

Those fears all pass'd, now with a saunt'ring pace
His careless steeds the flow'ry meadows trace;
Venus there spy'd him from heav'n's lofty seats,
And thus her winged son with smiles intreats;
O thou, my strength, my glory, and my pow'r,
My son, whom men and Deities adore:
Observe yon loitering God, go send a dart
At once quite thro' the gloomy tyrant's heart.
Great *Jove* himself, and all the Gods above,
Neptune, and all his court, submit to love,

Shall

Shall hell be free? Enlarge our empire, boy;
Let's now, at length, the world's third part enjoy.
Still some above our utmost strength despise,
Among our selves our empire slighted lies.
Thou see'st how *Pallas* and *Diana* scorn
Our shafts, and *Proserpine*, if long forborn,
Affects the glories of a virgin-state,
And love's soft vows pursues with childish hate.
Go then, fair love, and beauty's prize enhance,
And the coy girl to *Pluto's* throne advance.
She spoke, the winged boy with eager cares
One, and the surest, swiftest shaft prepares:
Then bends, and knocks, and shoots; the shaft soon
found,

And on his heart impress'd a fatal wound.

Near *Henna's* well-built walls a spacious lake,
Now *Pergus* nam'd, collected waters make:
Swans sing not more on sweet *Caister's* streams;
The sun scarce finds it with his searching beams,
Check'd by aspiring groves; and all around
The flow'ry banks with lofty woods are crown'd.
The waving boughs a grateful coolness bring,
And budding flow'rs make one perpetual spring.
Here as fair *Proserpine* in walking stopp'd,
And violets sweet, and pretty snow-dops cropp'd;
While with her mates the playful virgin vies,
And her large skirt, and snowy bosom plies
With smiling sweets, the wounded *Pluto* came,
And saw, and lov'd with that impetuous flame;
At once he carry'd off the charming prize.
The frighted Goddess, with her loudest cries,
Oft on her mates, oft on her mother calls,
And from her lap her fragrant treasure falls;

And

And she (such innocence in youth remains)
Of that small loss among the rest complains.
The thief drives on, and by their sev'ral names
His hot-mouth'd steeds with vig'rous heat inflames;
And o'er their brawny necks and flowing mains,
With eager out-cries shakes the sooty reins;
Then thro' deep pools and sulph'rous stench he flies;
And thro' twin lakes, which from hot ruptures rise;
(Where two fair ports a demi-island made,
And in times pass'd poor banish'd heroes stay'd,
And first a city's large foundation laid.
And *Arethusa* at a distance flows
From *Cyane*) two little points enclose
A lake, and *Cyane* the lake was nam'd,
A nymph among the fair *Sicilians* fam'd;
Who, while on her own humble waves she trod,
She in his haste observ'd the flying God.
Stop here, said she, no farther here you go,
You shan't be son-in-law to *Ceres* so;
Not by such violence, but soft amours,
And tender sighs, you should have made her yours;
If small affairs we may with greater weigh,
My dear *Anapis* woo'd a gentler way;
My virgin-breast with softer flames he warm'd,
And did not fright me to his bed, but charm'd.
She said, and with her arms *his* course oppos'd,
When the grim prince with opposition rous'd,
Chear'd up his dreadful steeds, and at one stroke
His pond'rous mace thro' earth's firm surface broke,
The frighted earth to its dark center rends,
And down at once the furious God descends.
But *Cyane*, for her lost Goddess, griev'd,
And that affront her sacred streams receiv'd;

In her sad mind the cureless wound she bears,
And softly wastes with never-ceasing tears.
She, who a Goddess o'er the waters reign'd,
Now, of herself, but one small rill remain'd.
Her limbs by slow-degrees were softer made,
Her pliant bones the gentlest hand obey'd;
Her nails grew soft, her smaller members all
Before the rest in liquid humours fall;
Her hair, hands, legs, and feet; nor was it strange,
For the small parts to waters soonest change.
Then her firm back, her shoulders, and her side,
And yielding breasts all off in riv'lets slide;
All liquid now, to water turn her veins,
And nought to fill a lover's grasp remains,
The mother still her daughter seeks in vain
On ev'ry coast, and o'er the spacious main.
Her in her search the dawning morning found,
The ev'ning-star too met her in her round;
Two pines she lights at *Ætna's* flames, with those
Thro' wet dark nights the restless wand'rer goes;
The same walks still she with the day begun,
And never ended with the falling sun,
Quite faint with thirst, and far from cooling springs,
Her to a small thatch'd cell her journey brings;
She knocks; an aged dame looks out, and sees
The Goddess, and, when ask'd with bending knees,
A bowl the charitable beldam brought,
Homely, but fill'd with a sweet wholesome draught,
While with a hearty soop she quench'd her thirst,
Out in loud grins a saucy varlet hurst,
And toss-pot cry'd, The Goddess angry grew,
And in his face the small remainders threw.
His face grew freckl'd, legs his arms displac'd,
And a small tail his changing members grac'd.

Small was his shape, the less mischievous he,
Of lizards such the smaller species be.
The dame amaz'd, with tears, to catch him try'd,
But he runs to a little hole to hide.
A name too, proper to his hue, he bore,
And these small spots which on his sides he wore.
'Twere long to tell how much by sea, by land,
The Goddess search'd, when none to search remain'd;
She to *Sicilia* last return'd, and while
With curious looks she search'd the spacious isle;
To *Cyane* she came, who all had told,
But her new change her forward speech controul'd.
Yet, what she could, the spring her girdle show'd,
Which where she sunk, still on the waters flow'd.
The Goddess then, as if her loss before
Had been unknown, her flowing tresses tore;
Dash'd her own breast with unrelenting blows,
Yet ne'er the more her daughter's refuge knows;
But curs'd th' ungrateful countries all around,
Unworthily with her rich blessings crown'd.
Above the rest, she blam'd *Sicilia*, where
The last remains of her lost child appear.
With furious hands she breaks the toiling ploughs,
And round about her plagues at random throws.
Plough-men and oxen, heaps on heaps she lays,
Their fields all ruins, and their seeds decays.
O'er that rich glebe, fam'd thro' the hungry world,
She nipping frosts, and blasting mildews hurl'd;
Now rains, now drowth, now stars or winds destroy,
And greedy fowls, and thorns, and tares alloy
Their purer wheat; and careless knot-grass round,
And weeds their fields, and all their crops confound.
While the sad Goddess thus her woes express,
Her sorrows touch'd fair *Arethusa's* breast,

Who from her spring, her locks all-dropping, rose,
Which backwards from her lovely face she throws.
Then speaks, O mother! whose unwearied toils
Has for a daughter search'd remotest soils!
Mother of blessings! now your search give o'er,
Be angry with your faithful earth no more.
Unwilling earth with *Pluto's* force comply'd;
I plead not on my native country's side.
In *Sicily* a stranger, I was bred
Near *Pisa*, *Elis* still preserves my head;
Yet, here at rest, *these* happy fields I love,
And would for them your gentler passion move;
How to *Sicilia* I from *Elis* flow'd,
And found beneath eternal deeps a road;
When you're more pleas'd, and less perplex'd with care,
I'll at a better time at large declare:
A pass to me the pervious earth allows;
From hollow deeps, I here exalt my brows.
Here I, reviv'd again, have heav'n in view;
But while thro' *Strygian* deeps my streams I drew,
I saw *Proserpina*, your daughter, there;
Her looks indeed not wholly free from fear.
Her grandeur yet in those dark realms is seen;
As *Pluto's* spouse, and hell's triumphant queen,
Senseless as rocks, the doleful mother stood,
Struck with the fatal news; but (as a flood
Of thoughtless rage follows a storm of woes)
Away thro' yielding air tow'rd heav'n she goes,
With clouded brows, and loose dishevell'd hairs.
She there before *Jove's* sacred throne appears.
Lo I, great *Jove*, said she, a suppliant grown,
Beg pity for my daughter, and thy own;
If the poor mother can no favour find,
Thy own dear child must sure affect thy mind:

Let

Let not thy daughter's fortunes harsher be,
Merely because she once was born of me.
Look'd for so long in vain, at last she's found;
But so to find her rakes the bleeding wound.
Where now she is, I may for certain know,
Ah! sad discovery of a certain woe.
We freely will forgive her ravish'd charms,
If he restore her ravish'd to my arms.
Whate'er my daughter gets, *yours* sure might claim,
Above a ravisher's ignoble name.
Then *Jove* replies, In our dear daughter's care
And love, with you we bear an equal share:
But if things by their proper names we call,
This was but love, no injury at all.
So great a son-in-law can bring no shame,
If you consent, and but reverse his name;
Jove's brother needs must of himself be great,
Much more possess'd of an imperial seat;
Nay, our superior, had the lots been kind;
But, if they needs must part, to ease your mind,
Back *Proserpine*, if fasting still, may go,
Else she must stay; the fates command it so.

He spoke; pleas'd *Ceres* doubts not now to bring
Her daughter back, but fates forbid the thing.
Th' unhappy maid, alas! had broke her fast,
While careless she thro' noble gardens past,
A citron from th' inviting bough she pull'd,
And sev'n fair grains thence for her breakfast cull'd;
Ascalaphus alone, black *Orphne's* son,
Born in those gloomy shades to *Acheron*;
Orphne, among the nymphs of hell renown'd,
With dusky *Acheron's* hot passions crown'd;
Ascalaphus observ'd the tasting maid,
And his black tongue her hop'd return betray'd.

Hell's queen sighs deep, and with sulphureous waves,
 Fierce and enrag'd, the traytor's head she laves:
 It runs to beak, and plumes, and glaring eyes,
 And spreading wings from his lank body rise;
 He seems all face, with crooked pounces arm'd,
 But lazy sloth his spreading pinions charm'd.
 A schriech-owl now obscene to mortal eyes,
 With omens dire attended where he flies.

Tell-tales deserve such fate; but who could grace
 You, charming *Sirenes*, with a maiden face
 To your birds feet and wings? Was it because
 When *Proserpine* was lost, by friendship's laws
 You, then, her play-mates, sought her ev'ry where?
 And that your marks of love the seas might bear,
 You wish'd for wings to flutter o'er the main,
 And did your wish from yielding Gods obtain?
 Yet, lest your voice, contriv'd to charm the ear,
 Should lost or useless by the change appear,
 Your beauties still, and virgin looks remain,
 And you your old harmonious air retain.

Jove now at last the year between them parts,
 To ease his brother's, and his sister's hearts.
 The queen her reign o'er earth and hell divides,
 And six months *here*, and six *below* resides;
 Soon with a chearful air, and lofty mien,
 She, who was sullen all before, was seen;
 Brisk as the sun, when wat'ry clouds o'er-blown,
 His radiant beams are with advantage shown:
 And *Ceres*, throughly pleas'd, her debt requires,
 And *Arethusa's* tale at large desires.
 Her waves now hush'd, the Goddess rais'd her head
 Above those streams by chrystal fountains fed;
 Then with her hands she dries her sea-green hairs,
 And thus *Alphans'* old amour declares.

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Once an *Achaean* nymph was I, and none
 More for activity in hunting known;
 None with more art or care could spread their toils,
 None was more pleas'd with forest nobler spoils;
 And tho', for courage more than beauty, fam'd,
 My beauties too the flatt'ring world proclaim'd;
 Yet when the crowd my charming features prais'd,
 No pleasure that, but endless blushes rais'd.
 Others perhaps admir'd such toys as these,
 I almost thought it was a crime to please.
 As once I from *Arcadian* woods return'd,
 With equal heats of sun and hunting burn'd;
 I found a soft deep stream, thro' whose pure wave
 A pleasant sight the rolling pebbles gave.
 So clear the river was, so smooth the stream,
 A mirror this, and that a sky might seem.
 On the steep hanging banks a chearful shade,
 White fallows twin'd, with hoary poplars made;
 Approaching, first my feet the cold assay,
 And next my knees, 'till wholly stript, I lay
 My cloths on the green bank, then plunging in,
 A thousand sports I on the waves begin;
 Now back, now forward stretch, now dive, now flow
 I down afloat the lazy river go;
 When from the middle stream I hear a voice,
 And leap ashore, scar'd with the murm'ring noise;
 From the deep brook, *Alpheus* cries, O! where,
 O! where flies *Arethusa*! I who hear,
 Stript as I was, without my cloths (for they
 Without my reach beyond the river lay)
 Fly thence; he follows swift, while naked I
 Seem'd more obnoxious to his lust to die.
 I fled from him, as trembling doves would fly,
 When the fierce hawk pursues 'em thro' the sky;

The cruel man at me as swiftly flew,
 As rav'nous hawks the trembling doves pursue.
 Fleet as himself, I many leagues pass'd o'er;
 But he the long fatigue more strongly bore:
 Yet o'er rough hills and rocks I forc'd my way,
 Thro' woods and plains, which wild and pathless lay.
 I saw, or thought I saw his giant-shade,
 My fainting steps with larger strides invade;
 I heard his feet, his breath too toss'd my hair,
 With violent flurries of a sultry air.
 Quite tir'd and faint, I'm catch'd, Help, help, I cry'd;
 Diana, help one to thy train ally'd;
 On whom that honour oft thou would'st bestow,
 To bear thy golden shafts and sounding bow.
 The Goddess heard, and straight her suppliant shrouds
 In an impervious gloom of gath'ring clouds.
Alpheus sees, and tries the clouds around,
 And twice unknowing my thin shelter found;
 Twice in his search on the same cloud he falls,
 And *Arethusa*; ho, *Arethusa*, calls.
 What foul had I? What lambs, oppress'd with fear,
 When near their fold the howling wolves they hear;
 Or hares, when from their forms the hounds they 'spy;
 And hush'd for fear, and almost breathless lie;
 Yet tho' *Alpheus* could no steps descry,
 He mark'd the clouds still with a watchful eye.
 While thus besieg'd, cold sweats my heart surprize,
 And thin blue drops from ev'ry member rise;
 Where my feet mov'd, a pool my waters fill'd;
 And from my locks eternal dews distill'd.
 A river I, quick as I speak, became;
 But he, ah, cruel! with a lasting flame
 Pursu'd my streams, lays by the useless man,
 Assumes his wat'ry shape, and straight began

To

To draw tow'rd's mine; when pow'rful *Delia* rends
 The gaping earth, headlong my stream descends,
 'Till thro' a thousand dark *Meanders* tost,
 And almost in the gloomy windings lost,
 I reach'd this isle, from my dear Goddess nam'd,
 Now for my springs and wond'rous passage fam'd.

Here *Arethusa* ends; but *Ceres* now,
 With kinder wishes, and a smoother brow,
 Her chariot mounts, where two huge dragons stand
 Yok'd, and obedient to her gentle hand.
 On their broad sails thro' yielding air they fly,
 'Till *Ceres* sends her chariot from the sky
 To good *Triptolemus*, her *Athenian* friend;
Triptolemus, whose useful cares intend
 The common good: seed was the chariot's load,
 Which she on him for publick use bestow'd.
 Part she for fallow fields new-plough'd design'd,
 And part for lands by frequent tilth refin'd.
Europe and *Asia*, now with corn supply'd,
 The youth drives off to *Scythia's* Northern side,
 Where *Lyncus* reign'd; right to his court he goes,
 And there himself before the tyrant shows.
 The jealous tyrant ask'd his birth and name,
 Whence first, and why to *Scythian* realms he came?
Athens the fam'd, first gave me birth, said he;
Triptolemus my name; but not by sea,
 Nor land I come, but thro' the pervious air,
 With *Ceres'* blessings, to your realms repair.
 I bring rich seeds, which in your *Scythian* field
 An useful crop, and vast increase will yield.
 The envious tyrant, that himself might raise
 From such invention an immortal praise,
 Invites him in; but when with sleep oppress'd,
 Offers his dagger at his harmless breast:

But in that act a spotted *Lynx* was made,
When *Ceres* thence her favourite convey'd
Thro' the free air to foreign happy lands,
And left her gifts in less ungrateful hands.

The muse here ends her song; and all around
The nymphs with victory our *Chorus* crown'd.
But when the bold *Pierian* sisters grew
Stark-mad, and out in loud abuses flew;
Since, said *Calliope*, you're not content
By daring pride to merit punishment,
(That you deserve, who durst with us contend?)
But with foul words our patient ears offend;
Provok'd, our thoughts to penal deeds must rise.
The sisters with a scornful smile despise
Her threat'ning words; but when they try'd to speak,
And their fierce malice with their nails to wreak;
Beneath their nails advancing feathers sprung,
And on their arms a longer plumage hung.
They now each other's horned bills admire,
And grow themselves parts of the *Sylvan* choir.
They try'd to beat their breasts; but when they try'd,
Their flutt'ring wings the softer air divide.
Now *Pies*, they keep their ancient eloquence,
And still prate on, without a word of sense.





Book 6.





OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The example of the Pierides, being turn'd into magpies, exasperated the Goddess Pallas in such a manner, that she transform'd herself into an old woman. From whence a trial of skill about the art of weaving being enter'd upon between her and Arachne, she turn'd the latter into a spider. But this had no manner of effect upon Niobe, nor any ways hinder'd her from being chang'd into a stone, upon the loss of her children. Which prodigy having taken air, the common people recall'd to mind by what means the Lycian swains were made frogs by Diana, and Marfyas was flea'd by Apollo. However, when the neighbouring cities met to-

gether to condole with the Thebans, none but the inhabitants of Athens were absent, under presence of great disturbances and fears from king Atreus, who, on account of desflowering Philomela, was transform'd into a lapwing, as was Philomela into a nightingale, and Progne into a swallow. Which strange Metamorphosis being known by Pandion, the father-in-law, occasion'd his death. To him Erectheus succeeded in the kingdom, on whose daughter, Orithyia, Boreas got Calais and Zethes, who were formerly among the number of the Argonauts, when Jason, from sowing the dragon's teeth, out of which arose arm'd men, and causing that monster to fall asleep, made prize of the golden fleece.



ALLAS attentive heard the muses song,
Pleas'd that so well they had reveng'd their
wrong,

Reflecting thus, A vulgar soul can praise,
My fame let glorious emulation raise;
Swift vengeance shall pursue th' audacious pride,
That dares my sacred Deity deride.
Revenge the Goddess in her breast revolves,
And strait the bold *Arachne's* fate resolves;
Her haughty mind to heav'n disdain'd to bend,
And durst with *Pallas* in her art contend.
No famous town she boasts, or noble name,
But to her work alone owes all her fame:
Idmon, her father, on his trade rely'd,
And thirsty wool in purple juices dy'd;
Her mother, whom the shades of death confine,
Was, like her husband, born of vulgar line.
At small *Hypaea* tho' she did reside,
Yet industry proclaim'd what birth deny'd;

All *Lydia* to her name due honour pays,
 And ev'ry city speaks *Arachne's* praise.
 Nymphs of *Timolus* quit their shady woods;
 Nymphs of *Pactolus* leave their golden floods,
 And oft with pleasure round her gazing stand,
 Admire her work, and praise her artful hand.
 They view each motion, with new wonder seiz'd;
 More than the work, her graceful manner pleas'd.

Whether raw wool in its first orbs she wound,
 Or with swift fingers twirl'd the spindle round;
 Whether she pick'd with care the knotty piece,
 Or comb'd like streaky clouds the stretching fleece;
 Whether her needle play'd the pencil's part,
 'Twas plain from *Pallas* she deriv'd her art.
 But she, unable, to restrain her pride,
 The very mistress of her art defy'd.
Pallas obscures her bright celestial grace,
 And takes an old decrepid beldam's face.
 Her head is scatter'd o'er with silver hairs,
 Which seems to bend beneath a load of years.
 Her trembling hand, emboss'd with livid veins,
 On trusty staff her feeble limbs sustains.
 She thus accosts the nymph, Be timely wise,
 Nor thou the wholesome words of age despise;
 For in the hoary head experience lies.
 On earth contend the greatest name to gain;
 To *Pallas* yield; with heav'n you strive in vain.

Contempt contracts her brow, her passions rise,
 And proud disdain glares in her rolling eyes:
 Enrag'd, the tangling thread away she throws,
 And scarce can curb her threat'ning hand from blows,
 Worn out with age, and by disease declin'd,
 (*She cries*) thy carcase has surviv'd thy mind:

These

These lectures might thy servile daughters move,
And wary doctrines for thy nieces prove.
My counsel's from my self; my will commands,
And my first resolution always stands.
Let her contend; or does her fear impart,
That conquest waits on my superior art?

The Goddess straight throws off her old disguise,
And heav'nly beauty sparkles in her eyes;
A youthful bloom fills up each wrinkled trace,
And *Pallas* smiles with ev'ry wonted grace.
The nymphs surpriz'd the Deity adore,
And *Lydian* dames confess her matchless pow'r.
The rival maid alone unmov'd remains;
Yet a swift blush her guilty features stains;
In her unwilling cheek the crimson glows,
And her check'd pride a short confusion knows.
So when *Aurora* first unveils her eyes,
A purple dawn invests the blushing skies;
But soon bright *Phœbus* gains the horizon's height,
And gilds the hemisphere with spreading light.

Desire of conquest sways the giddy maid,
To certain ruin by vain hopes betray'd,
The Goddess with her stubborn will comply'd,
And deign'd by trial to convince her pride.
Both take their stations, and the piece prepare,
And order ev'ry slender thread with care;
The web inwraps the beam, the reed divides,
While thro' the wid'ning space the shuttle glides,
Which their swift hands receive; then pois'd with lead,
The swinging weight strikes close th' inserted thread.
Each girds her flowing garments round her waste,
And plies her feet and arms with dext'rous haste.
Here each inweaves the richest *Tyrian* die;
There fainter shades in beauteous order lie:

Such

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Such various mixtures in the texture shine,
Set off the work, and brighten each design;
As when the sun his piercing rays extends,
When from thin clouds some drizzly show'r descends,
We see the spacious humid arch appear,
Whose transient colours paint the splendid air:
By such degrees the deep'ning shadows rise,
As pleasingly deceive our dazzled eyes;
And tho' the same th' adjoining colour seems,
Yet hues of diff'rent natures dye th' extremis.
Here height'ning gold they midst the woof dispose,
And in the web this antique story rose.

Pallas the lofty mount of *Mars* designs,
Coelestial judgment guides th' unerring lines.
Here, in just view, th' *Athenian* structures stand,
And there the Gods contend to name the land.
Twelve Deities she frames with stately mien,
And in the midst superior *Jove* is seen;
And glowing warmth the blended colours give,
And in the piece each figure seems to live.
Heav'n's thund'ring monarch sits with awful grace,
A dread omnipotence imprints his face.
There *Neptune* stood, disdainfully he frown'd,
And with his trident smote the trembling ground;
The parting rocks a spacious chasm disclose,
From whence a fiery prancing steed arose;
And on that useful gift he founds his claim,
To grace the city with his honour'd name.
In her own shape a warlike port appears,
A shining helmet decks her flowing hairs;
Her thoughtful breast her well-pois'd shield defends,
And her bare arm a glitt'ring spear extends;
With which she wounds the plain; from thence arose
A spreading tree, green olives load the boughs.

The

The pow'rs her gift behold with wond'ring eyes,
And to the Goddess give the rightful prize:

Such mercy checks her wrath, that to dissuade,
By others fate, the too presumptuous maid,
A small design each corner space supply'd,
Of the just downfal of contending pride.

Haemas and *Rhodope* in this she wrought,
And beauteous colours spoke her lively thought;
With arrogance and fierce ambition fir'd,
They to the sacred names of Gods aspir'd;
To *mountains* chang'd, their lofty heads arise,
And lose their less'ning summits in the skies.

In that, in curious miniature was seen
The wretched fate of the *Pygmaean* queen;
Juno enrag'd resents th' audacious aim,
And to a *crane* transforms the vanquish'd dame;
In that voracious shape she still appears,
And plagues her people with perpetual wars.

In this *Antigone* for beauty strove
With the bright consort of imperial *Jove*.
Juno incens'd her royal pow'r display'd,
And to a bird converts the haughty maid.
Laomedon his daughter's fate bewails;
Nor his, nor *Ilium's* earnest pray'r prevails;
But on her lovely skin white feathers rise;
Chang'd to a clam'rous *stork*, she mounts the skies.

In the remaining orb, the heav'nly maid
The tale of childless *Cynaras* display'd;
A settled anguish in his look appears,
And from his blood-shot eyes flow streams of tears.
On the cold ground, no more a father, thrown,
He, for his daughters, clasp'd the polish'd stone;
And when he sought t' embrace their wonted charms,
The temple's steps deceiv'd his eager arms.

Wreaths of green olive round the border twine,
And her own peaceful tree adorns the fair design.

Arachne paints th' amours of mighty *Jove*,
How in a bull th' God disguis'd his love;
A real bull seems in the piece to roar,
And real billows breaking on the shore,
In fair *Europa's* face appears surprize;
To the retreating land she turns her eyes,
And seems to call her maids, who wond'ring stood;
And with their tears increas'd the briny flood;
Her trembling feet she by contraction saves,
From the rude insults of the rising waves.

Here am'rous *Jove* dissolving *Leda* trod,
And in the vig'rous swan conceal'd the God.
Love lends him now an eagle's new disguise,
Beneath his flutt'ring wings *Asteria* lies.
Here her enliv'ning colours well express'd
How *Jove* the fair *Antiope* caress'd.
In a strong satyr's rough-hewn form he came,
Instilling love transports the glowing dame,
And lusty twins reward his nervous flame.
Here how he sooth'd the bright *Alcmena's* love,
Who for *Amphitryon* took th' impostor *Jove*:
And how the God in golden show'rs allur'd
The guarded nymph in brazen walls immur'd,
How, in a swain, *Mnemosyne* he charms,
In lambent flames the fair *Aegina* warms;
And how with various glitt'ring hues inlaid,
In serpent's form *Deois* he betray'd.
Here you, great *Neptune*, with a short-liv'd flame,
In a young bull enjoy'd th' *Æolian* dame.
Then in *Enipeus'* shape intrigues pursue;
'Tis thus th' *Aloids* boast descent from you.

Here to *Bisaltis* you your love convey'd,
And, as a ram, deceiv'd the yielding maid.

Ceres, kind mother of the bounteous year,
Whose golden locks a sheafy garland bear;
And the dread dame, whose head's with serpents hung;
From whom the *Pegasaan* courser sprung;
Thee in a snuffing stallion's form enjoy;
Exhaust thy strength, and ev'ry nerve employ;
Melantho, as a dolphin, you betray,
And sport in pleasures on the rolling sea.
Such just proportion graces ev'ry part,
Nature herself appears improv'd by art.
Here in disguise was mighty *Phœbus* seen
With clownish aspect, and a rustick mien;
Again transform'd, he's dress'd in falcon's plumes,
And now the lyon's noble shape assumes;
Now, in a shepherd's form, with treach'rous smiles,
He *Macarian Isse's* heart beguiles.
Here his plump shape enamour'd *Bacchus* leaves,
And in the grape *Erigone* deceives.
There *Saturn*, in a neighing horse she wove,
And *Chiron's* double form rewards his love.
Festoons of flow'rs inwove with ivy shine,
Border the wond'rous piece, and round the texture twine.

Not *Pallas*, not ev'n spleen itself could blame
The skilful work of the *Maonian* dame;
With grief her vast success the Goddess bore,
Of heav'nly guilt the conscious texture tore.
Her boxen shuttle, now enrag'd, she took,
And thrice the proud *Idmonian* artist struck.
Th' unhappy maid, who found her labours vain,
Grew resolute with pride, and shame, and pain.
Around her neck a fatal noose she ties,
And, in despair, to death for shelter flies.

Pallas

Pallas with pity saw the sudden deed,
And thus the virgin's milder fate decreed.
Live, impious rival, mindful of thy crime,
Suspended thus to waste thy future time;
This punishment involves thy num'rous race,
Who, for thy fault, inherit thy disgrace.
Her incantation magick juices aid,
With which she sprinkles o'er the pendent maid,
And thus the charm its noxious pow'r display'd.
Like autumn leaves, she sheds her falling hairs;
With these, her nose, and next her rising ears;
Her head to the minutest substance shrunk,
And the strong juice contracts her changing trunk:
Straight to her sides her slender fingers clung,
And there her nimble feet in order hung:
Her bloated belly swells to larger size,
Which now with smallest thread her work supplies.
The virgin in the spider still remains,
And in that shape her former art retains.
Lydia and *Phrygia* with the story rung,
The theme and subject soon of ev'ry tongue:
The dame was known to *Niobe* the fair,
E'er the proud virgin felt a mother's care:
Then when she dwelt in the *Maonian* lands,
Where airy *Sipylus* the vales commands.
Yet did not sad *Arachne's* neighbour fate,
Lessen her license, or her pride abate;
Or make her to coelestial pow'rs give place,
And use the names of Gods with less disgrace.
Great were the pleas that swell'd her mighty heart;
Yet nor her race, nor crown, nor husband's art,
So much her pride, tho' all her pride inspir'd,
As her own issue, which the dame admir'd;

And

And she had bore the happiest mother's name,
Had not herself too much indulg'd the claim:
For *Manto*, from the fam'd *Tiresias* sprung,
Conscious of future fates, foreboding sung;
Ye *Thebans*, to *Latona's* fanes repair
With sacred incense, and with humble pray'r;
Be laurel-wreaths on all your temples wore,
The Goddess and her issue thus adore;
For so *Latona* by my mouth ordains.
The *Thebans* hear, and hasten to their fanes,
The twining laurels round their temples bend,
Bright burns their incense, and their pray'rs ascend;
When lo! great *Niobe*, majestick dame,
Amid a train of bright attendants came;
Stiff with embroidery shone her *Phrygian* dress,
Her charms were only by her anger less;
Her beauteous tresses o'er her shoulders spread,
Wav'd decent with the motion of her head;
She stood; and casting all around her eyes,
Sparkling with pride, the haughty matron cries;
What madness makes us to prefer as true
These *Hearsay* Godheads, to the *Pow'rs* we view?
Or why do altars to *Latona* smoke?
None burn to me, and none my name invoke;
Yet *Tantalus*, my fire, the only guest
The Gods e'er honour'd with their heav'nly feast.
A sister *Pleiad-star* my mother shines;
Great *Atlas*, on whose back the sphere reclines,
My uncle is; and by *Amphion's* side,
I am as near in blood to *Jove* ally'd.
All *Phrygia's* mighty nations bear my chain,
Who absolute in *Cadmus'* palace reign.
The walls once built by my *Amphion's* hand,
He and his wife with equal sway command.

Where-

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Where-e'er around I turn my wond'ring eyes,
 My riches glitter, and my treasures rise.
 All by these charms my Deity may trace,
 And sev'n of either sex this beauty grace:
 These soon may multiply by *Hymen's* laws?
 Now scan my pride, and see the glorious cause.
 Then who to mine prefers *Larona's* name,
 Of birth obscure, and of uncertain fame?
 Whom spacious earth deny'd the smallest room
 To drop the product of her lab'ring womb.
 The banish'd vagabond her burden drew,
 While neither world the wretched Goddess knew;
 'Till pitying *Delos* did the wand'rer stay,
 Said, You on earth, as I in water stray.
 The fluctuating isle relieves the dame,
 Who mother of a double birth became:
 I have the sev'nth daughter bore, the sev'nth youth,
 Happy I am; who dares dispute that truth?
 And will be happy on, who doubts this still?
 For plenty guards me against future ill.
 I stand superior to blind fortune's pow'r,
 Who, tho' she may take much, must leave me more;
 My gifts the narrowness of fear o'ercome,
 Grant something lessen'd from this mighty sum,
 This nation of my womb; let loss ensue,
 I cannot dwindle to *Larona's* two:
 A piteous scantling race, a small remove
 From the last curses of a barren love.
 Hence from these altars, from these altars fly,
 And lay, with shame, the sacred laurel by:
 They drop their wreaths, the rites profan'd forbear,
 And flying own the Goddess all they dare,
 In humble murmurs and submissive pray'r.

Now

Now fierce resentment fir'd the Goddess' breast,
Who thus her twins on *Cynthus*' top address'd:
Lo, I your mother, proud in you alone,
A Goddess next in place to *Juno*'s throne,
My Deity is call'd into debate;
And if you aid not, I must lose my state.
Nor is this all; the curs'd *Tantalian* seed,
Adds foul reproaches to her impious deed.
She dares her issue to prefer to you,
And calls me childless; be that curse her due!
Heir to the slanders of her father's tongue,
She then with pray'rs was urging on her wrong;
When *Phæbus* and his sister said, Forbear,
Complaints but lengthen, whom we must not spare.
Then swiftly gliding thro' the heav'nly field,
They stand on *Cadmus*' tow'rs in clouds conceal'd.
Before the city lies a spacious plain,
Resounding daily with the *Horse-man*'s train;
Where beating hoofs, and whirling chariots roll'd,
Had press'd the glebe into a softer mould.
Here some gay sons of stout *Amphion*'s race,
Mounted their fiery steeds with sprightly grace;
Their saddles blush'd in *Tyrian* scarlet die,
Their reins with glitt'ring gold fatigu'd the eye.
Ismenos here, his mother's first-born seed,
As in a ring he turn'd his manag'd steed,
And check'd his foamy jaws, Alas! he cries,
While thro' his groaning breast an arrow flies;
His bridle slack'ning with his dying force,
He leisurely sinks side-long from his horse.
Next *Sisyphus*, who heard the quiver sound,
Slackens his reins, as fearful of a wound.
As when a pilot, in the cloudy skies,
A future growing storm at distance spies,

He

He speeds his care; and lest the gentle gales
Should 'scape beside him, claps on all his sails.
Thus he for flight the slacken'd bridle drew,
The certain dart o'ertook him as he flew;
Deep thro' his neck the quiv'ring arrow stuck,
And from his throat the pointed iron struck;
Headlong he tumbled from his horse's main,
And his warm blood ran purple on the plain.
Now *Phadimus*, and *Tantalus*, who bore
The luckless name his grand-fire did before,
Their labour ended at its usual length,
Prepar'd in wrestling now to try their strength;
And now their sinewy arms each other prest,
Grasping, and closely straining breast to breast,
When at them both a fatal arrow flew,
And both the youths in that conjunction flew:
Both groan at once, at once their bodies bend,
With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend;
Their rolling eyes together set in death,
Together they expire their parting breath.
Alphenor look'd, and smiting on his breast,
Quick to his brother's cold embraces prest;
But fell, performing of this pious part;
For *Phœbus* with an arrow pierc'd his heart:
His lungs clung closely to th' extracted head,
And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.
A diff'rent fate young *Damasichon* found,
The boy not slaughter'd by a single wound:
First he was smitten where the ham-strings tie
The stronger knotted muscles to the thigh;
Whence striving to remove the pointed dart,
Another struck him in a nobler part;
Wet to the feather'd head this arrow lay,
Till by his gnashing neck-blood forc'd away:

The

The purple torrent springing fast on high,
Cut the soft element, and distant sky.
Last of the train *Ilioneus* prepares
His lifted hands, and unavailing pray'rs.
O all ye Gods, he cry'd, and all confess'd,
(Unknowing all were not to be address'd)
O pity me! the God had stopt his fall,
But could not now the fatal shaft recall;
Yet was he still with lessen'd fury slain,
Touch'd on the heart, and kill'd with slightest pain.
Fame, and her people's grief, and households tears,
Soon bring the slaughter to the mother's ears;
Who wonders how the Gods such pow'r could show,
And rages that they durst to use it so:
For now *Amphion's* sword had pierc'd his breast,
And, with his sorrows, had his soul releas'd.
Alas! how chang'd, and how unlike the same,
This *Niobe* to that imperious dame?
Who lately all *Latona's* pow'r defy'd,
Who trod the streets with a majestick pride;
Envy'd by all in ev'ry stately show,
Now to be pity'd by her meanest foe.
She falls on ev'ry coarse, and frantick runs
From lip to lip, and kisses all her sons.
Then stretching out her arms, to heav'n she cries,
Cruel *Latona*, feast thee in my sighs;
Feast, feast, and all thy furious passion cloy,
Swell o'er my sorrows, all my griefs enjoy:
Victorious foe, go triumph at thy will;
Victorious, said I? I deny it still.
Thus wretched I, boast more than happy you,
And, after such a scene of death, subdue.
This said, the bow-string twangs; a sudden fear
Chills all the hearts of the spectators near;

All hearts but *Niobe's*, who proudly sate,
 Bold in her griefs, and scornful of her fate.
 The sisters in long mourning robes array'd,
 Around their heres stood with hair display'd;
 One draws an arrow from her brother's side,
 And stoops to kiss him, and in kissing dy'd.
 A second strives to calm her mother's woes
 With words of comfort, and she speechless grows;
 Then bowing with the wound that inly bled,
 Shuts not her lips, until her soul is fled.
 Another tries to fly, and vainly tries;
 This stretches o'er her sister's coarse, and dies:
 This trembles, that would hide herself in vain;
 Six daughters thus by diff'rent wounds were slain.
 The sev'nth remain'd; when now to shield the last,
 O'er her the mother all her body cast.
 This one, she cries, and that the least, O save!
 The least of many, and but one I crave.
 She prays, the object of her pray'r now dies;
 Amid their coarse the childless widow lies:
 Sons, daughters, husband, slain, a mournful show,
 Senseless she looks, and stiffens with her woe.
 The wind no more her comely tresses shakes;
 The warm life-blood her fading cheek forsakes:
 Her eye-balls fix in her declining head,
 And the pale image looks already dead.
 The tongue and palate to the roof congeal;
 The veins nor heat, nor circling motion feel.
 Her neck, her arms, her feet, all senseless grown,
 Her very entrails harden into stone:
 Yet still she weeps, retains alone her tears;
 Her a quick whirlwind to her country bears;
 There on a mountain fix'd, that pow'r she keeps,
 And still fair *Niobe* in marble weeps.

This publick vengeance struck all hearts with fear,
 Who now *Latona* with more zeal revere;
 When one among the rest, as oft befalls,
 From present accidents the past recalls.
 Some *Lycian* clowns, said he, in former times,
Latona's vengeance felt for equal crimes.
 The sufferer's meanness makes the fact obscure,
 But yet the truth and prodigy are sure.
 I saw the lake, I well remember yet,
 My aged fire for travel then unfit,
 Dismiss'd me thence, choice heifers to provide,
 And with me sent a native for my guide,
 Where we in searching of the pastures round,
 Amid a lake an ancient altar found,
 Obscur'd with reeds, with dust and cinders crown'd.
 My guide here stopt; and, Favour me, he cry'd,
 And I too stopt, and with his pray'r comply'd;
 Then ask'd, if nymph or fawn that altar knew,
 When thus the stranger to his story drew.

No mountain pow'rs, O youth, that altar knows,
 She calls it her's whom *Juno* plagu'd with woes;
 Banish'd from earth, 'till *Delos* succour gave,
Delos now fix'd, then floating in the wave,
 There laid in palms and olives at her rest,
 In spite of *Juno* she with twins was blest'd;
 And thence too frighted from the painful bed,
 With her two infant-Deities she fled;
 And now she stood, o'er-travell'd in her flight,
 Where *Lycia* burns with an excess of light;
 Her palate with the heat began to fry,
 The babes had drank her milky fountains dry;
 When now beneath a vale, with longing eyes,
 By chance a limpid lake the Goddess spies;

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Some peasants there stood gath'ring prickly weeds,
 The shrubby osiers, and the miry reeds.
 The dame approach'd, and on her knees she bent,
 Then forward for a draught of water leant.
 The clowns forbid; to her forbidders she,
 Deny me water? That to all is free.
 Sun, air, and water, never were design'd,
 By nature's laws, peculiar and confin'd.
 In publick gifts I claim a share as due,
 And yet I ask it with intreaties too:
 I come not here my limbs fatigues to please,
 Or to disturb the waters for my ease.
 I come for thirst, my palate rough and cleft,
 That scarce a passage for my voice is left.
 A draught of water were as nectar now;
 Water's my life, with water life allow.
 Pity these babes, for pity they advance,
 And stretch their arms, their arms they stretch'd by chance.
 With whom could not such gentle words prevail?
 Yet with those clowns these soft intreaties fail.
 They threaten, rail, and bid her fly the place,
 Adding reproaches to their first disgrace:
 Yet more, they spoil the pureness of the flood,
 And to the surface stir the floating mud.
 Her rage defers her thirst; she scorns to sue
 To the base-manner'd and ungodly crew;
 But, Goddess like, assumes a loftier tone,
 Lifting her hands to the celestial throne,
 In these few words their future fates imply'd,
 May you for ever in this lake reside!
 Her wish succeeds; in lakes they love to live,
 Now play above, now to the bottom dive;
 Now show their peeping heads above the brim,
 Now dance the bank, and now the surface swim;

Backward and forward move with various leap,
And still their former clam'rous nature keep.
A shameless kind, whose brawling tongues prevail,
Tho' hid in water, they in water rail:
Their voices ever, in an hoarser note,
Swell out the wide expansion of the throat:
Their heads unto their shoulders reach, the place,
Where the neck should be, seems a vacant space:
Green are their backs, their bellies large and white,
And new-made *frogs*, they now in lakes delight.

This story finish'd by some *Theban* man,
Another with a *satyr's* fate began,
Condemn'd, for his presumptuous strife, to bleed,
By *Phæbus* conquer'd with his *sister's* reed.
O! wherefore from my self am I thus rent?
The *satyr* cry'd. O! *Phæbus*, I repent;
My fate is too severe; but as he cry'd,
Apollo from his body stript his hide.
One wound all o'er the naked sufferer stood,
And pour'd from ev'ry part the streaming blood;
Reveal'd to fight his nerves and sinews lay,
His veins uncover'd pant, his pulses play;
You might the motion of his heart behold,
And ev'ry fibre in his breast have told.
For him the *fawns*, who thro' the forests sweep;
For him the *nymphs*, and *brother-satyrs* weep.
His doom *Olympus*, famous then, bewails,
And ev'ry shepherd of the hills and dales.
The earth their sorrow in her bosom bears,
And soon grew pregnant with their fruitful tears;
Which, when she had to perfect water wrought,
Big with her burden she discharg'd the draught;
Which, rising from the ground in streaming rills,
Falls to the sea, descending from the hills:

The stream her name to suff'ring *Marfya* owes,
The purest river that in *Phrygia* flows.

These tales now told, the vulgar soon return,
The sadness of their present loss to mourn;
All weep *Amphion* and his children slain,
But all of haughty *Niobe* complain.

Pelops alone laments his sister's woes,
Lays bare his breast, his iv'ry shoulder shows.
On the left side this iv'ry substance grew,
Which once was flesh, and like the right in hue:
For fame reports, that by his father slain,
The Gods united all his limbs again.
The scatter'd parts now found they had combin'd,
All but the bone that neck and shoulder join'd.
This they with supplemental iv'ry frame;
And *Pelops*, thus restor'd, entire became.

The neighbour-kings and cities now debate,
To cheer the suff'ers, and condole their fate.
Argos, and *Sparta*, and *Mycene* send,
And *Calydon*, as yet *Diana's* friend:
Orchomenos, *Messene's* fruitful ground,
And *Corinth*, for the finest brass renown'd:
Patra, *Cleona*, *Pylus*, great in fame,
And *Traxen*, yet unknown to *Pittheus'* claim;
And all those cities, which, on either hand,
Or face the *Isthmus*, or behind it stand.
Athens alone, Who could the tale believe?
Forgot with all her fellow towns to grieve.
A war her present piety detain'd,
Her walls by barb'rous fleets and arms constrain'd.
These pow'rs confed'rate *Tereus* soon o'ercame,
And with the conquest spread his growing fame.
Him strong in wealth, in people, and in place,
From *Mars* descended, of a Godlike race,

Pandion saw, and, by the nuptial tie
Of the fair *Procne*, bought the strong allie.
Unhappy feast, unblest'd with *Juno's* care;
Nor were the *Graces*, nor was *Hymen* there.
The *furies* held a pale, sick, fun'ral light,
The *furies* spread the fatal bed at night.
The owl, a bird obscene, foreboding fate,
All night upon the bridal chamber sate.
Procne and *Tereus*, with such omens join'd;
With such they soon the name of parents find.
Thrace gratulates the seeming happy pair,
And they themselves indulge in thankful pray'r.
The nuptial day, and days of *Itys'* birth,
They consecrate to joy and festal mirth:
So far remov'd from us, so little known
Is all our good, and what concerns our own?
And now the measurer of time, the sun,
Thro' the fifth autumn had his journey run:
When flatt'ring *Procne* thus her lord allures,
If any grace my *Tereus* mine secures,
Let me a voyage to my sister take,
Or let my sister here a visit make;
Promise my sire a quick return; for she
Will be as grateful as a God to me.
He bids them launch a vessel on the main,
The lab'ring oar, and flutt'ring canvas strain;
And soon they gain the wish'd *Piraean* port;
When now arriving at *Pandion's* court,
The kings in kind embraces now salute,
When he, with bad presage, begins his suit:
For, lo! as he his wife's command recites,
And for her quick return his promise plights,
Bright *Philomela* enters richly gay,
But richer far in beauty than array;

Charming

Charming as fame or fiction can relate
 The *Dryads* walking thro' the woods in state;
 Or fair as wand'ring *Naiads* we express,
 Allow but them her habit and her dress.
Tereus so kindles at the lovely dame,
 As fast as hoary reeds catch flying flame;
 As fast his bosom glows with hot desires,
 As autumn leaves, or sun-burnt stubble fires.
 His in-bred lust now stimulates his crime,
 And the warm genius of his native clime:
 He burns, with double stings to passion prone,
 Fir'd with his country's fury and his own.
 He first designs her women to entice,
 And bribe her nurse, to prosecute his vice;
 Herself to tempt with mighty presents too,
 And make her avarice her pride subdue;
 His fortune and his crown itself to spend,
 Or ravish, and by war his rape defend.
 What dares he not, provok'd by wild desire?
 Nor can his breast contain so great a fire.
 Rack'd by delay he *Procne's* suit renews,
 And his own wish in that disguise pursues.
 Love now with eloquence inspir'd his tongue,
 And when he spoke too much, or press'd too long,
 'Twas *Procne's* order all, and at the close
 He added tears, as if she order'd those.
O Gods! what blindness mortal hearts controul?
And what a night of darkness shades their souls?
 They reckon *Tereus*, while to sin he climbs
 More pious still, and praise him for his crimes.
 E'en *Philomela* seconds his request,
 Her father's neck with fond endearments prest;
 Begs his consent to go, and seems to sue
 For her own safety, yet against it too.

Tereus this sees, and seeing more in flame,
Already seems to grasp the lovely dame;
Her kisses and embraces heat his blood,
And all afford his fire and fury food.
As often as she sought her fire's embrace,
He wish'd himself her father in his place;
Nor then with less remorse his guilty heart
Would play a husband's, for a father's part.
The parent yields to their united pray'r;
She thanks his kindness, and applauds his care.
The grant her own, and sister's pleasure thought,
Which both her own, and sister's ruin brought.
The labour of the day now near an end,
From steep *Olympus Phæbus*' steeds descend.
The royal board a stately banquet shows,
And *Bacchus* now in golden goblets flows.
The banquet done, they now to sleep depart;
But *Tereus*, going, bears her in his heart;
In fancy views her hands, her face, her mien,
And feigns at pleasure all the parts unseen;
In strength of thought he feeds the growing fires;
Sleep from his ruminating brain retires.
Day comes, *Pandion* his departing son
Press'd by the hand, and weeping thus begun:
Dear son, since piety this debt requires,
With her receive both your and her desires;
By faith, alliance, by the Gods above,
I charge you guard her with a father's love.
And soon (for all delay to me is pain)
Send back the comfort of my age again.
And daughter ('tis enough thy sister's gone)
For pity leave me not too long alone.
He charg'd, and kiss'd, and all the father show'd.
While moving tears of soft affection flow'd.

The pledges then of promis'd faith demands,
 Which mutually they give, their plighted hands.
 Then bids them gentle salutations bear
 To absent *Progne*, and her tender care.
 Then scarce with interrupting sighs he drew
 The sad prefages of a last adieu.
 So soon as shipp'd, as soon as lab'ring oars
 Had mov'd the surges, and remov'd the shores,
 He cries, I conquer, and I triumph here;
 With me my soul's desire, my wish I bear.
 Now scarce the wretch defers the foul embrace,
 And doats, for ever fix'd upon her face:
 As when an eagle to his nest on high
 Bears an imprison'd hare along the sky,
 He gripes him fast, nor leaves a way to flight;
 But eyes his captive prey with fierce delight.
 The voyage now dispatch'd, the labour'd crew
 With pleasing eyes their native country view;
 When now the king *Pandion's* daughter shows
 To a small lodge which ancient woods enclose;
 There trembling, pale, half-dead, with various fears,
 And for her sister asking now with tears,
 The tyrant soon secures the lovely dame,
 And to her ears avows his guilty flame;
 And then the ravisher by force betray'd
 The helpless, innocent, forsaken maid,
 Invoking often, to prevent her shame,
 Her sister's, fire's, and heaven's almighty name,
 Now like a lamb she trembles on the ground,
 Who from the wolf escaping with a wound,
 Yet fears the monster that inspir'd her dread,
 Nor seems in safety tho' her foe is fled:
 Or as a dove, whose bloody feathers show
 The purple vengeance of her greedy foe,

Still pants and trembles, tho' her danger's o'er,
And dreads the talons, where she hung before.

But when her better sense returning came,
Like some pale mourner look'd the wretched dame,
Her locks all tore, her arms all bleeding red,
Which now she lifted to the skies, and said:

O! barb'rous wretch, O! perjur'd to thy trust,
O! monster, cruel in thy brutal lust,
Whom no regards of piety could move,
Nor father's vows, nor tears, nor sister's love,
Nor thee, my virgin-state to pity led,
Nor laws that sacred keep the marriage bed.
What wild confusion hast thou made of woe?

I an adultress to my sister grow,
And thou art husband to us both become;
Sure I deserve not such a heavy doom.
Why then, the measure of thy sin to fill,
Forbear'st thou this polluted blood to spill?
O! would you had, ere I my honour lost,
Then had I seen the shades a spotless ghost:
Yet if the Gods such horrid actions see,
If there are Gods, nor all is lost with me;
Thou shalt a due and certain vengeance feel,
E'en I will forfeit shame, and all reveal.

If I can see the world, the world I'll tell;
But if I in this woody prison dwell,
My voice shall thro' the woody prison break,
And teach the woods and conscious walls to speak.
Hear, thou assisting Heav'n, what I declare!
Hear it, ye Gods, if there are any there!
Her words the tyrant's doubtful soul inspire
With various fears, and with resenting ire,
His passions burning from a double cause,
Forth from the case his shining sword he draws,

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In her loose hair his cruel hands he winds,
 Her arms behind her back constraining binds.
 Glad *Philomela* now her throat display'd,
 And hop'd for death while she the sword survey'd:
 But as she call'd her father's name in vain,
 Struggling with spleen, and breathing out disdain,
 His sword in pincers caught divides her tongue;
 Her bloody root in panting motion sprung;
 The fibres of the tongue itself still play,
 Trembling and murm'ring curses as it lay;
 Like a dissever'd serpent's tail, it danc'd,
 And, dying, to its mistress' feet advanc'd.
 After this deed (if we may rumour trust)
 He still abus'd her with repeated lust.
 After this deed he to his wife retires,
 Who for her sister of her spouse enquires:
 But he, prepar'd with false dissembling sighs,
 Relates her burial, and her death belies.
 His artful tears with *Procne* gain'd belief,
 Who for her sister's fate indulg'd her grief.
 She lays aside her bright embroider'd vest;
 Her sorrows now in mourning robes express;
 Then bids an empty monument be made,
 And gives oblations to her fancy'd shade.
 This duty for her sister's fate inspir'd,
 A diff'rent grief that sister's fate requir'd.
 The sun had now his annual journey flew,
 What now must wretched *Philomela* do?
 The guarded place from flight her steps secur'd,
 Within strong walls of solid stone immur'd.
 Her mouth had lost the index of the deed;
 But wit grows strongest in the greatest need;
 The mind is quicken'd by its sense of grief,
 And industry from sorrow draws relief.

A woof upon a *Thracian* loom she spreads,
And interweaves the white with crimson threads,
Where all her speechless woe in figures lives;
The perfect work she to a servant gives;
Her by expressive speaking signs demands
To give that present to her mistress' hands.
The maid comply'd, the work to *Procne* brought,
Unknowing what a tale within was wrought.
The tyrant's wife the woven gift unfolds,
And, reading, all her sister's woes beholds.
Silent she read, the force of grief so strong,
Wond'rous to tell! restrain'd her willing tongue;
She sought her words in vain, nor could she find
Language enough expressive of her mind.
Nor had she leisure now for female tears,
Her soul distracted in a wild of cares!
Her furious thoughts confounded wrong or right,
And imag'd only vengeance to her sight.
It was the time, when *Bacchus*' festal games
Were sacred kept by the *Sithonian* dames:
Night o'er the feast and matrons spreads her wings;
By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings;
By night th' impatient dame a jav'lin takes,
And now, a *Bacchanal*, the court forsakes.
Vines shade her brows, a spear her hands supply'd,
Her body cover'd with a shaggy hide;
Now with her train amid the wood she goes,
The dreadful *Procne*, frantick with her woes;
And thus to mimick *Bacchus* fury strives,
When now she at the fatal lodge arrives.
She howls *Evoe* loud, the woods resound,
The doors she breaks, and there her sister found,
Whom soon she snatches from the hated place,
And, dress'd like her, in ivy shades her face;

Then

Then quick conveys the trembling matron home,
When *Philomela* reach'd the curst dome,
The wretch with horror at her entrance shook,
And all her colour all her face forsook.
When *Procne* now a secret place espy'd,
She lays the ensigns of the God aside,
To light reveals her sister's blushing face,
And hasty ran into her dear embrace.
But she nor stirr'd her eyes, nor rais'd her head,
Seeming an harlot to her sister's bed:
But as she downward cast her modest eyes,
And would have sworn, and call'd attesting skies;
To witness this disgrace was force, not choice,
She held up *hands* that pleaded for her *voice*.
Procne now turns, nor can her rage contain,
And thus corrects her sister's tears, as vain.

No tears, says she, but steel our vengeance needs,
Or, if thou hast, what steel itself exceeds.
I, sister, stand prepar'd, and fix'd in will,
For all the horrid practices of ill.
Or I will wrap this royal fool in fire,
And see the villain *Tereus* there expire;
I'll bore his eyes out, or divide his tongue,
Or cut the member off that forc'd thy wrong;
Or thro' a thousand deadly wounds expel
His guilty soul, and send it hot to hell.
Some great, some mighty mischief I've design'd;
But yet the draught's unfinish'd in my mind.

As *Procne* thus her wild reflections drew,
Young *Itys* came, and taught her what to do:
And as her cruel eyes his features trace,
She cries, How like his father's is that face!
Nor more; but soon designs the tragick scene,
Her soul all boiling with revengeful spleen.

But

But when the boy to her embraces sprung,
And round her neck in tender transport hung,
Mixing kind kisses with his childish charms,
He moves her soul, and all her rage disarms.
Her eyes by strong constraint the motion show,
And down her cheeks the tears unwilling flow.
But when the parent struggled in her breast,
When piety her bold resolves suppress,
She, turning from the boy, her sister views,
Her eyes alternate either face peruse.
Then thus, Why talks he with a flatt'ring tongue,
While she with speechless silence weeps her wrong?
Or wherefore does not she salute the same,
Whom he calls mother, with a sister's name;
Degen'rate! think whose daughter, to whom wed;
All piety is sin to *Tereus*' bed.
Then *Itys* trails; as when by *Gange's* floods,
A tigress drags a fawn along the woods,
Retiring thus to a sequester'd room,
While he, with lifted hands, foresees his doom;
His mother call'd, and to her bosom press,
She sheath'd the weapon in his tender breast:
Nor did she while the murd'ring blade she drove
Start once aside, or once her eyes remove.
His throat was cut by *Philomela's* knife,
Altho' one wound suffic'd to conquer life.
His limbs they tear, which yet their warmth retain'd,
While doubtful life the flutt'ring soul maintain'd.
And now they roast, now boil the mangl'd limbs;
In reeking gore the royal pavement swims.
Procne her husband to this feast invites,
Feigning the custom of her country's rites,
Which consecrate to privacy afford,
No servant, nor companion, but her lord.

Tereus

Tereus, now seated on his grandfire's throne,
Devours himself, and feeds upon his own.
Then bids her (fatal blindness) call his boy;
Procne could not disguise her cruel joy;
But fir'd her own sad story to begin,
She says, You have what you desire within.
He looks around, enquires, and wonders where,
And asks again, and still renews his care.
Then forth all bloody *Philomela* flew,
And at his face the head of *Itys* threw;
Nor ever more than now a tongue desir'd
To tell her joy in words that it requir'd.
The king o'erturns the board with horrid yell,
And calls the furies from the depth of hell.
Fain would he, if he could, discharge his breast,
And to its fellow-limbs return the horrid feast.
Sometimes in gushing tears he weeps his doom,
And calls himself his son's unhappy tomb.
Sometimes his sword pursues the sister-race,
They seem on wing, and hover in the chase;
On wings they were; one flies in woods to roam,
One hovers round the niches of the dome:
And still the murder is in marks express,
And all with blood distain'd her feather'd breast.
He swift with sorrow, and by fury stirr'd
To hasty vengeance, changes to a Bird.
On his high crest a tuft of feathers bends,
And to a mighty beak his sword extends.
His face seems arm'd, and ready for the fight,
And now, a *Lapwing*, he begins his flight.
This killing news, e're half his age was spent,
Down to the *Strygian* shades *Pandion* sent.
His throne and government *Erichon* held,
Who both in justice and in arms excell'd.

Him

Him four brave sons, as many daughters blest;
But two in beauty far surpass'd the rest.
Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made;
But *Thrace* and *Tereus Boreas'* nuptials stay'd.
The God his *Orithya* wanted long,
While he to force preferr'd his gentle tongue:
That charm now failing, he to rage inclin'd,
A passion too familiar to that wind.

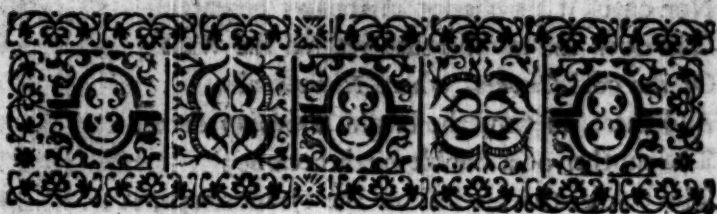
Justly, says he, am I ill-treated so,
For why, did I my proper arms forego;
Nor with my strength, my rage, my fury move,
But use soft pray'rs, disgraces to my love?
Force me becomes; by force the clouds I cleave;
By force the billows of old ocean heave:
Thus rive the knotted oaks, the snows congeal,
And beat the sounding earth with harden'd hail.
I, when I meet my brothers in the air,
(For that's our field, and we encounter there)
Dispute the war with such unequal might;
The air resounds, and thunders at our fight;
The cleaving clouds with strong convulsions break,
And the way reddens with the light'ning's streak.
When thro' *earth's* secret caves I shape my course;
When all her hollow entrails feel my force,
I tear the pillars of the world, and make
The ghosts to tremble, and the globe to shake:
Thus should I to *Erichtheus* have apply'd,
And forc'd, and not intreated for a bride.

Thus, or like this, indignant *Boreas* spoke,
Then shook his wings, the world all felt the stroke;
Then sweeps the ground, his misty mantle spreads
The mountain heads, and hid the earth in clouds.
Thus dress'd, he soon the fair *Orythia* sought;
His dusty wings his trembling mistress caught;

He

He flew, his fires increasing in his flight;
 Nor check'd his chariot in its airy height,
 'Till now the ravisher had reach'd the walls
 Of the cold *Cicones*, where *Hebrus* falls.
 And there, in time the bright *Athenian* dame,
 The mother of a double birth became;
 The twins, the product of the tyrant's rape,
 Both bore their father's wings, and mother's shape;
 Yet, not at first the feather'd parts appear'd,
 While yet their chins were strangers to a beard.
Zethes and *Calais* were then unplum'd;
 But when their cheeks the yellow hue assum'd,
 At the same time, all fowl-like to the view,
 On either side the feather'd plumage grew.
 The twin-born youths, when now maturing time
 Had gave full vigour to their manly prime,
 In the first vessel, with the flow'r of *Greece*,
 Plough'd seas unknown, and sought the *Golden Fleece*.





OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jason returns home with his wife Medea, who, by her skill in magick, renews the youth of her father-in-law Æson. She promises Pelias to do the same for him; and giving him a specimen of her art, by changing an old Ram into a young Lamb, gets him in her power, and kills him by a stratagem. From thence she visits many other countries, famous for various Metamorphoses; and, after the murder of her own children, marries Ægeus. Minos soon after engages in a war with him, and levies forces from all the neighbouring countries, and particularly from the island Paros; which island was formerly betray'd by Arne, who was turn'd into a Cow. Æacus, in this war, assists Ægeus, and sends him his Myr-





Myrmidons, *who were chang'd from Ants to Men, under the conduct of Cephalus; who, some time before, upon a change of his shape, had drawn his wife into adultery, and seen his own Dog and a Fox chang'd into stones.*



HE *Argonauts* now cut the stormy deeps,
And make the coast where aged *Phineus*
weeps,
Deplores his loss of sight, and painful age;
But *Boreas*' sons in his defence engage;
The youths from his polluted table chace
The greedy *Harpyes* with the virgin face:
They many heavy toils with *Jason* bore,
And reach at last the slimy *Phasis*' shore.
They soon address'd the king, and at his hand
The sacred prize, the *Golden Fleece* demand;
But *Phryxus*, e're he grants, hard laws ordains,
Unnumber'd labours, and a scene of pains.

Mean while *Medea* burns with secret fires,
And struggles long to conquer her desires;
When reason fail'd her passion to restrain,
She cries, *Medea*, you resist in vain;
Some God unknown withstands, some pow'r unseen;
What can this new, this strange disorder mean?
Sure it is love, or else so like the flame
That men call love, I fancy it the same.
For wherefore do the king's commands appear
Severe to me---and sure they are severe?
Why should I tremble for a stranger's fate,
An unknown stranger, whom I saw but late;
Whence springs so quick a fear, and yet so great?
Wretch! from thy virgin-breast this flame expel,
O could I---then *Medea*'s heart were well.

Smit by new pow'rs, my heart unwilling bleeds,
Discretion there, and here affection pleads;
I see the right, and I approve it too;
I blame the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.
What makes an unknown stranger thus ador'd?
Why courts the royal maid a foreign lord?
This thy own country better may impart
A choice as worthy of thy royal heart.
Whether this youth shall live, or end his date,
Is in the hands of over-ruling fate.
Yet may he live, for surely I may move
That guiltless pray'r without a thought of love.
For what has *Jason* done? what impious deed?
Do not his youth, his race, his valour plead?
And wou'd not these each gentle bosom please?
Yet did he want accomplishments like these,
What heart his graceful person could decline?
I feel it is impossible for mine.
Yet if I aid him not, he must expire,
Or the bull kills him with his blasting fire,
Or slain by earth-born foes the sower lies,
Or, last, the dragon's certain prey he dies!
If this I suffer, and no pity feel,
I am a tygress, and my heart is steel.
Why scruple I to see him as he dies,
And with that guilty sight pollute my eyes?
Why not with fiercest fires the bulls excite,
And arm the *earth-born* brethren for the fight,
Quicken the watchful dragon to destroy,
And for his murder all my arts employ?
Forbid it, Heav'n!----But pray'rs are vainly spent,
When action only can his fate prevent.
And shall I then betray my father's throne,
To save an idle, wand'ring youth, unknown?

Who,

Who, by my aid preserv'd, shall prove unkind,
Sail off, and his preserver leave behind,
Then with his beauties blest some happier dame,
While I am left to punishment, and shame.
Could he scorn me, and to another fly?
Then without pity let the traitor dye;
But I read better omens in his face;
That noble spirit, and that comely face,
Forbid *Medea* to suspect deceit,
A form so fair can never be a cheat.
Besides, he shall engage, devoutly swear;
So well secur'd, what room is left to fear?
Medea, fly, his dangers fast remove,
Jason shall pay the debt in lasting love,
Hymen crown all, and every *Grecian* dame
Shall thee the kind, the best *preserver* name.
But shall I all abandon thus for love,
From sister, brother, and from father rove;
Trust to the winds, and bid them all adieu,
My country Deities, and country too?
My father's stern, my brother's but a child,
My sister fans my flame, my country's wild;
Then for the Deities, tho' great the rest,
I bear the greatest with me in my breast.
Not great the pleasures which I leave behind,
At least not great to what I hope to find.
The *Grecian* youth, preserv'd, *Medea* crown;
She shall view towns and cities of renown,
Whose fame has pierc'd to these remoter parts,
In manners civil, and polite in arts.
Yet more, for whom I would the world resign,
Jason, the lovely *Jason* shall be mine;
And when possess'd of him, and call'd his bride,
I am a Goddess, and to heav'n ally'd.

They

They talk of hazards in the wat'ry plain,
 Of isles that meet and jostle in the main,
 Of dang'rous rocks in the *Sicilian* waves,
 Where fierce *Charybdis* in wild eddies raves,
 Who now aborps, and now refunds the tide,
 And monstrous dogs that howl by *Scylla's* side.
 Let the seas swell, while I, secure from harms,
 Shall hold my love, my *Jason* in my arms.
 Embracing him, I fearless will appear;
 Or, fearing, only for my husband fear.
 Did'st thou say husband? With that specious name,
 Would'st thou, *Medea*, varnish o'er thy shame?
 Confess the cheat, and, e're it be too late,
 Behold thy naked guilt, and shun thy fate.
 She ceas'd; *shame, piety, and right,*
 At once appearing to the virgin's sight,
 The vanquish'd *Cupid* turn'd to sudden flight.
 She now retreats where *Hecate's* altar stood,
 All dark and secret in a shady wood.
 She feels her fires allay'd, her bosom arm'd;
 But *Jason's* presence there her soul alarm'd;
 Her flames revive, and now her face, by turns,
 Deadens with paleness, and with blushes burns.
 Thus a small spark, that hid in ashes sleeps,
 When a fresh gale the hoary atoms sweeps,
 As the resuscitating vapour blows,
 Spreads fast, and with its wonted fury glows;
 So her sick love, which late appear'd to die,
 Assum'd new life from his inflaming eye.
 For chance that day had heighten'd *Jason's* face,
 And flush'd his features with uncommon grace,
 Justly might the severest censure now
 Forgive her passion, and her flame allow.

She

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She fixes on his face her eager eyes,
 And looks, and looks transported, with surprize;
 She views him like some wonder never seen,
 And thinks Divinity is in his mien,
 But when in humble words the youth address'd,
 Seiz'd on her hand, and her assistance press'd,
 Promis'd the sacred rites and nuptial ties,
 The lovely maid, in floods of tears, replies:
 I see to what events my passions move;
 Nor am I lost by ignorance, but love.
 My mystick arts shall save your person guard;
 But swear—and be your person my reward.
 He swears by *Hecate*, the triple pow'r,
 By all her rites, and this her sacred bow'r;
 And by her grand-father's prophetick view,
 By his success, and by his dangers too.
 She credits all, and gives him, for his aid,
 Her magick herbs, and then their use display'd;
 He to their virtues listens with surprize,
 And to the palace joyful bears his prize,

The blushing morn had bid the stars retreat,
 When in the plain of *Mars* the people meet,
 Circling they sat; and midmost of the ring,
 High on his iv'ry scepter lean'd the *King*.
 And now the brass-hoof'd bulls their flames expire,
 Blasting the greens, and herbage, with their fire;
 And as full forges terrible resound,
 Or as the lime of flints in hollow ground,
 When sprinkled water makes the mass ferment,
 Converts to flame, and struggles for a vent;
 So from their breasts they pour the fiery store,
 So their scorch'd throats with dreadful clamour roar.
 Yet *Æson's* son undaunted nearer drew,
 The monsters turn their faces to his view;

Eye his approaches with a dreadful glare,
And toſs their ſteely horns, and threat in air.
Enrag'd they bellow, ſcatter ſmoke around,
And beat with brazen hoofs the thund'ring ground.
A thouſand fears the *Grecians* ſpirits chill,
But he, untouch'd, advances nearer ſtill.
He paſs'd their ſnorted fire, ſecure from harms;
So great the virtues are of magick charms!
Now his bold hands their hanging dewlaps ſtroke,
Now to their necks he fits the heavy yoke;
Forces the ſtubborn monſters to the toil,
Breaks the ſtrange glebe, and yet unpraſtis'd ſoil.
The *Colchians* much the wond'rous fight admire,
The *Grecians* ſhout, and more his ſoul inſpire.
Then from his helm the vipers teeth he takes,
Which o'er the furrow'd field the ſower ſhakes;
Theſe before tinctur'd with ſome poys'nous charms,
The earth into a ductile ſoftneſs warms;
And as an *embryon* in the mother's womb,
Does by degrees the form of man aſſume,
There ſleeps 'till all the parts proportion bear,
Nor taſtes, 'till ripe for life, the common air;
So from the bowels of the teeming earth,
Mens perfect figures ſtruggle forth to birth;
And ſoon as born, which ſtranger ſtill appears,
They ſhake their arms, and threaten with their ſpears.
But when the *Greeks* beheld the crew advance
To ſend at *Jafon's* head the pointed lance,
Their change of ſpirit in their looks appear'd,
Ev'n ſhe, who had inſur'd his ſafety, fear'd;
And when ſhe ſaw ſo many one aſſail,
Her blood grew curdled, and her cheeks turn'd pale.
Then, leſt the preſents of her former ſkill
Should fail the purpoſe of the giver's will,

She

She new auxiliary charms imparts,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her arts.
 The youth a stone among the brothers throws,
 Thus turns the doubtful war upon his foes;
 By mutual wounds they seek each other's life,
 And all fall victims of their civil strife.
 The *Greeks* the victor meet with joyful pride,
 Embrace his breast, and hang upon his side.
 You too, *Medea*, wish'd to do the same,
 And clasp him closer, but were check'd by shame;
 Regard of honour, not of virtue's charms,
 Forbad thy flying to thy lover's arms.
 Yet all you dar'd, in secret, you confess,
 You thank the magick pow'rs that gave success,
 And Gods, the authors of their virtues, bless. }
 The dragon still remains, one labour more,
 To make him sleep that never slept before.
 The *Fleece* he guarded, terrible and strong,
 Bright shone his crest, and triple was his tongue.
 Him when he sprinkled with *Lethean* juice,
 And thrice repeated words that sleep produce;
 (Words that to peace can ruffled seas command,
 Or in their course bid headlong rivers stand,)
 His eye-lids slumber'd in unusual peace,
 While the young hero seiz'd the *Golden Fleece*.
 He bore the prize, with pride and pleasure bless'd,
 The donor too, a second prize, possess'd;
 And now victorious *Jason* stems the tide,
 And to *Thessalia's* coast conveys his bride.

Now for their son's return, the *Grecian* dames,
 And aged fathers, kindle sacred flames;
 Their off'rings bring; their votive incense burn,
 And slay the victim with the gilded horn.

But only *Æson's* absence trouble gave,
Now sick of life, and bending to the grave;
When *Jafon* thus his spouse address'd; O! wife,
To whom I stand indebted for my life;
Tho' your vast tenderness and blessings prove
A miracle of kindness, and of love;
If magick can, what cannot that surmount?
O! take some needless years from my account;
My shorten'd number to my father place;
As yet he spoke, the tears bedew'd his face.
His filial piety her passion won,
Who now reflects how ill herself had done.
Yet she replies, her thoughts dissembling well,
What wicked words have from my *Jafon* fell?
Can it be thought I will? that I, thy wife,
Transfer thy years to any other's life?
Hecate forbids, unlawful is thy pray'r,
But greater gifts employ my present care.
I'll try to lengthen out thy father's line
By my own arts, and not by short'ning thine:
So may the Goddess of the triple pow'r
Aid my bold purpose in a lucky hour!

Three nights were only wanting to complete
The time when *Luna's* bending horns should meet;
When at the full, in all her lustre bright,
She shone on earth, a solid globe of light.
Medea leaves the court, all loosely drest,
Naked her feet, her hair about her breast,
Thro' the dead silence of the night she strays
Alone, in desert unfrequented ways.
Men, beasts, and birds, were wrapp'd in gentle sleep,
No murmurs thro' the peaceful hedges sweep;
No air the leaves, no sounds disturb the air,
Stars only glitter in the silent sphere.

To them she lifts her hands with awful view,
 Thrice turns, thrice sprinkles o'er her hair with dew;
 Thrice fills the trembling air with yelling sound;
 Then, bending, kneels upon the naked ground.
 O! *night*, thou friend to secrecy, she cries;
 Ye *stars*, that nightly with the *moon* arise;
 Thou triple *Hecate*, conscious of my thought,
 By whom the wonders of my skill are wrought;
 Ye charms and magick arts; thou friendly *earth*,
 Whose bosom gives our pow'rful simples birth;
 Ye mountains, fields; ye winds, thou mother air;
 Ye murm'ring springs; ye lakes and rivers hear;
 Ye Gods of woods, and Gods of night appear. }
 By you I rivers to their fountains force,
 While the banks wonder at their backward course;
 Purge off the clouds, the skies with clouds deform;
 Storms turn to calms, and make a calm a storm;
 Raise high the winds, again to silence awe,
 And split with mystick spells the viper's jaw.
 I cleave the rocks, the knotted oaks I break,
 Remove the forests, and the mountains shake;
 Force earth to groan thro' all her hollow caves,
 And wake the slumb'ring ghosts in silent graves.
 Thee too, O! *Luna*, from thy sphere I call,
 Tho' brass relieves thee, and obstructs thy fall.
 My charms can o'er my kindred *Sun* prevail,
 And turn the *Goddeſs* of the *morning* pale.
 Aid me, ye pow'rs, I invoke your names,
 Who tam'd the bulls, and pointleſs turn'd their flames;
 Who bow'd their stubborn necks to plough the earth;
 Who ſlew in civil ſtrife the ſerpent-birth;
 Who cloſ'd the dragon's eyes, and ſent the *Fleece*,
 The guard deluded, to the tow'rs of *Greece*.

Now I need juices, which can turn back time,
 Make age re-flourish with a youthful prime,
 Vig'rous and strong; and I my wish shall gain;
 For sure those stars now twinkle not in vain;
 Nor vainly hither now the *dragons* ride,
 With the wing'd *carr*; the *carr* was by her side.
 Soon she ascends, and strokes the *dragons* mains,
 And o'er their necks she shakes their airy reins.
 On high she mounts, beneath *Theſſalia* ſpies,
 And now her courſe to diſtant lands applies.
 She ſeeks for herbs on *Pelion's* lofty head,
 And thoſe that *Oſſa*, and that *Othrys* bred,
 The growth of *Pindus*, and *Olympus'* fruits;
 Some ſhe approves, and gathers by the roots;
 And other plants her brazen ſickle mows;
 Many ſhe culls where flow *Amphryſus* flows;
 And where *Epidamus*, and *Penens* paſs,
 And *Sperchius*, and *Enipeus* poiſon'd graſs.
 Nor thee, O! *Babes*, ſhe unfruitful found,
 Nor thy ſoft banks with miry ruſhes crown'd;
 Nor *Anthedon* eſcap'd her wand'ring range,
 Nor that herb famous ſince for *Glaucus'* change.
 Nine nights and days had now her chariot ſeen,
 Searching each ranker mead, and flow'ry green;
 Now ſhe returns; nor food her dragons knew,
 But the ſtrong ſcents which from her ſimples flew,
 Yet their ſcales vaniſh, and their youths renew.
 Arriv'd, without the palace-gate ſhe lies,
 Her bare head cover'd only by the ſkies,
 And the polluting touch of man denies.
 Then ſhe two altars rais'd of equal height,
 To *Youth* the left, to *Hecate* the right.
 Theſe ſhe with vervain and green herbage crown'd;
 Then digs two trenches in the neareſt ground;

Next

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Next takes a black-fleec'd ram, and flits the throat,
 Around with reeking blood the trenches float.
 She pours in bowls of milk, and bowls of wine,
 Then mutters to herself in words divine.
 Now first her pray'rs terrestrial Gods request,
 And next the gloomy King of shades address,
 His ravish'd *Queen*, and ev'ry power beneath,
 Not to prevent her by old *Æson's* death.
 The pow'rs appeas'd, and ans'ring her desire,
 She bids them now produce her aged fire.
 Her charms all dead in sleep his spirits bound,
 She spreads his senseless body on the ground.
 Then bids her spouse retire with all his crew,
 Nor with unhallow'd eyes her secrets view.
 They go; *Medea*, with her hair unbound,
 All furious treads the fragrant altars round;
 Then dips her torches in the reeking blood,
 And on her altars fires the tinctur'd wood;
 Thrice purges him with water, thrice with flames,
 And thrice with sulphur, mutt'ring horrid names.
 Mean while in hollow brass the great *recept*
 Works high, and foams, and whitens with the heat;
 There boils she what *Hamonia's* vales produce,
 Roots, juices, flow'rs, and seeds, of sov'reign use:
 She adds the stones of *Eastern* rocks, and more
 Left by the ebbing ocean on the shore.
 The dew collect'd, e're the morning springs,
 A screech-owl's carcass, and foreboding wings,
 A wolf's soft entrails, of that doubtful race,
 That changes to the *brute*, or *human* face;
 The liver of a long-liv'd hart then takes;
 The scaly skins of small *Cyniphean* snakes:
 And last a crow's old beak, and hoary head,
 On which nine ages had their winters shed.

All these were work'd by the *Barbarian* dame,
All these, and thousands more without a name.
And now a wither'd *olive-bough* she takes,
And all th' ingredients to a mixture shakes.
When lo! the bough, all dry so lately seen,
Stirr'd in the pow'rful cauldron turn'd to *green*.
Then by degrees the leafy branches shoot,
And soon stand loaded with a weight of fruit.
Now, wherefoe'er the froath had scatter'd round,
And the warm mixture had bedropp'd the ground,
Sudden to sight a springing herbage grew,
And vernal flow'rs in various colours blew.
At sight of this *Medea's* sword divides
His wrinkl'd throat, the frigid blood scarce glides;
And now the veins exhausted she recruits
With the warm juices of her magick fruits,
Which as his mouth, or gaping wound, receives,
His head and beard the hoary whiteness leaves,
A sudden blackness starts into their place,
Paleness, and squalid wrinkles fly his face,
And a new tide of blood his veins supplies,
His limbs grow lusty, and his muscles rise.
Æson, admiring, now himself surveys,
And to his mind recalling former days,
And strong and active to himself appears,
As e'er, he counted his last forty years.

When *Bacchus* from on high this wonder view'd,
And found that youth could be by art renew'd;
This gift the God for his old *nurses* craves
Of willing *Tethys*, ruler of the waves.

New frauds now fill *Medea's* fruitful brains,
Who soon a quarrel with her consort feigns.
To *Pelias'* court he flies, his daughters there
(For he with age declin'd) relieve her care.

And

And soon their easy heats her flatt'ries move
With a false friendship, and dissembl'd love.
Her stories much her many merits boast,
But dwell on *Æson's* revirescence *most*.
The daughters hear, and hope their father too
By the same medicine might his youth renew;
They beg her aid, and promise for her skill
Boundless rewards, and treasures at her will.
The dame with seeming doubts stands mute, and tries
To hold them in suspense with feign'd surprize.
The tardy promise made at last, she said,
That you may more depend upon my aid,
Bring from your flock an aged batter'd ram,
My arts shall change him to a sucking lamb.
Quick by the wreathed horns a ram they drew,
So old, his youth no living mortal knew.
And now, his throat display'd, she lets out life,
The little blood scarce stain'd the wounding knife;
The carcass in the boiling cauldron swims,
And drugs are blended with the mangl'd limbs;
Each limb now softer by degrees appears,
He casts his horns, and with his horns his years,
And soon a tender bleating strikes their ears.
As they admire, forth strikes a frisking lamb,
That sports and seeks the udder of his dam.
The maids with wonder and belief possess'd,
Her promise more importunately press'd.
Now thrice had *Phœbus*, from the heav'nly plain,
Unyok'd his steeds in the *Iberian* main,
The fourth night came, bedeck'd with golden stars,
When false *Medea* her deceit prepares.
She now a heap of useless simples took,
And some mere water of the limpid brook;

On *Pelias* and his drowsy guard she hung
A death-like sleep with her enchanting tongue;
The daughters now into his room were led,
And sat, expecting, round their father's bed.

When she; Why pause you thus, O! slow to good?
Unsheath your swords, and shed his aged blood,
That I his veins with sprightly juice may fill;
His life and youth depends upon your will;
If you have any virtues, if your heart
Feed not vain hopes, perform this filial part,
With swords expel your sire's extreme decay,
And purge thro' wounds his dregs of life away.
Thus urg'd by zeal, the daughter who first shows
The greatest piety, most impious grows,
Acting that evil which she seems to shun;
Yet could not one behold the murder done;
Each, as she strikes, with eyes averted stands,
And blind wounds follow from their cruel hands.
He, bloody as he was, yet strives to strain
His dying mangl'd body up with pain,
Stretch'd his pale hands amidst so many swords,
And trembling spoke a few imperfect words;
What do my daughters do? What impious strife
Arms your sad hands against your father's life?
Their hands and spirits fell; *Medea's* stroke
Divides his throat, and words, he would have spoke.
And now the cauldron, boiling o'er the flame,
Receives his coarfe from the *Barbarian* dame.

Her the wing'd dragons, mounted in the air,
Far from the mourning daughters vengeance bear.
She flies above the shady *Pelion's* head,
Where *Chiron* in his cave *Achilles* bred;
Above high *Othrys*, and that famous seat
Renown'd for old *Cerambis'* safe retreat:

Here,

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Here, favour'd by the *nymphs* with secret aid,
 He thro' the air his new-form'd wings display'd;
 And when the world lay bury'd in the flood,
 Safe from *Deucalion's* spreading deluge stood.

On the left hand fair *Pisane* she leaves,
 Where *marble* now a dragon's form receives;
 And *Ida's* grove, where *Bacchus* turn'd a *steer*,
 To cloak the theft, into a branching *deer*.

Cebrena too, that *Paris'* tomb contains,
 And fields, where *barking Mara* frights the swains.

Euripylus, where once *Alcides* rang'd
 His hardy troops, and where the dames were chang'd;
 The *Coan* dames, with horns by *Juno* crown'd,
 And turn'd to *cows*, they low along the ground.

She pass'd by *Rhodes*, to *Phæbus* sacred made,
 And the *Teelchines*, once expert in trade;
 But bury'd now in *Neptune's* waves they lie,
 So *Jove* reveng'd the *magick* of the eye.

Cartheian's walls she passes as she flies,
 Where now in ruins ancient *Cæa* lies;
 Where fates *Alcidamas* with wonder move,
 To think his daughter should become a *dove*.

Thence *Hiere's* lake she views, and *Tempe's* field,
 That once a sudden new-plum'd swan beheld;
 For *Phyllius* there, with *Cycnus'* love inflam'd,
 For him wild birds, and savage lyons tam'd:
 A bull he conquer'd too, to please his pride;
 But angry at his love, so long deny'd,
 To the boy's pray'r refus'd the present boon,
 Who said, *You shall repent your folly soon*.
 Then leaping from the precipice on high,
 He seem'd to fall, to the spectators eye;
 But now a *Swan*, he spreads a feather'd pair
 Of silver wings, and flutters in the air.

His fate reach'd not his mournful mother's ears,
 Who wept away her life in melting tears,
 And turn'd a *lake*, the name of *Hyrie* bears.

Next *Pleuron* lies, where *Combes* sons once stood
 Prepar'd, with swords, to shed their mother's blood;
 But she on wings flew trembling to the wood.

Thence o'er *Caularas* isle she flew in air,
 Where once to *birds* were turn'd a royal pair:
 Near lies *Cyllene*, where *Menephron* strove
 To force his mother to incestuous love.

Far hence *Cephisson* to her sight appears,
 And great *Eumelus*' dome, now both in tears.
 His nephew this, and that his daughter mourn'd;
 She to a *bird*, and he a *sea-calf* turn'd.

And now, at last, her winged chariot gains
 A view of fam'd *Pirenian Corinth*'s plains.
 And here, if ancient fame the truth has sung,
 A race of men from dewy *musrooms* sprung.

But now her poysons on *Crensa* fed,
 New to the raptures of the marriage-bed;
 And both the neighbour-seas around admire
 The royal dome of *Creon* wrapp'd in fire;
 Then ill-reveng'd her childrens blood she shed,
 And from the raging arms of *Jason* fled.

To *Athens* next her dragons wing their flight,
 And there present just *Phineus* to her sight;
 And *Periphas*, declin'd with age and care;
 And *Polypemon*'s neice, once call'd the fair,
 Now new to wings, all flutt'ring in the air.

Last *Ægeus*' roof receiv'd the wand'ring dame,
 Of *Ægeus*' virtues she the only shame,
 Who not content alone to treat his guest,
 His nearer care in marriage-rites confest.

Now

Now *Theseus* to his fire unknowing came;
Theseus, by freeing *Isthmus* great in fame.
His ruin undeserv'd *Medea* fought,
By mortal *Aconite*, from *Scythia* brought.
This fatal poison, ancient story draws
From triple *Cerberus*' invenom'd jaws.
There is a cave all gloomy at the vent,
And hollow windings form the steep descent,
Thro' which the valiant *Theseus* drew with pain
Black *Cerberus* in *Adamantine* chain;
Who backward hung, and stopp'd with wild affright,
And scowl'd askance upon the hated light;
Then furious, barking, shook his triple head,
And on the grass the froathy poison shed;
This in the fruitful soil to substance grew,
And thence its fatal pow'rs of mischief drew,
The swains the name of *Aconite* impose
On the dire plant, because on rocks it grows.
This *Ageus*, by his wife's persuasion won,
As to a foe's, now offers to his son:
He took the cup, when by his iv'ry hilt
The father knew his son, and saw his guilt.
Then struck the poison'd potion from his hands:
Medea quick a cloudy mist commands,
And by her charms envelop'd in disguise,
She 'scapes their vengeance, and eludes their eyes.

But tho' the father's transports highly run,
Pleas'd at the lucky safety of his son;
Yet was he struck with wonder and with fear,
To think so great a danger was so near.
To testify his joy, his altars shine,
And various presents load each heav'nly shrine.
The lusty *victims* march with ribbands bound,
And tincture with their blood the sacred ground.

Athena

Athens ne'er saw a day so brightly great,
 Feasting the nobles, and the vulgar sate.
 They sung, as chearful bowls their spirits raise,
 Great *Theseus*! *Marathon* resounds thy praise;
 There the fam'd *bull* by thy bold prowess fell,
 The *Cromyan* swains thy matchless valour tell;
 Secure they till their fields, and fear no more
 The fierce incursions of the savage *boar*.
 Thy pow'rful hand good *Epidaurus* freed,
 When she beheld stern *Vulcan's* issue bleed,
 By thee *Cephisus* saw *Procrustes* slain;
 By thee *Cercyon* bit *Eleusis'* plain.
 By thee the strong *Athletic Sinis* dy'd,
 Who to wrong ends his boist'rous strength apply'd;
 Who heavy beams and stately beaches bent,
 And tortur'd limbs between the branches rent.
Scyron now dead, the trav'ller safely treads
 The road that to *Alcathoes* city leads.
 To his dead bones the earth a grave deny'd,
 Nor would the sea his hated relicts hide;
 Long tofs'd about, in time the bones became
 A solid rock, that still bears *Scyron's* name.
 If we thy years should number with thy deeds,
 The glorious roll thy race of time exceeds.
 We pray for thee, as for our publick health,
 Great soul! and drink to thy eternal health.
 The palace with the people's praises rings,
 And sacred joy in ev'ry bosom springs.

And yet (*So unsincere is all our joy,*
Such starts of grief our rising bliss destroy)
 Imperfect pleasure *Ægeus'* bosom bears,
 And tho' his son is safe, he sad appears:
 For *Minos* threatens war, a pow'rful foe,
 Strong in his forces, and his navy too;

But

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But stronger vengeance most his soul alarms,
 And calls him for his murder'd son to arms.
 Yet first he wisely sought for foreign aid;
 His potent fleet the neighbour-isles survey'd.
 Thus *Anaphe* and *Astipala* he gain'd,
 By presents one, and one by war constrain'd,
 Low *Myconon*, and *Scyron* fam'd for height,
Cimolus' fields with chalky caverns white;
 Exalted *Cythnon*, and *Seriphon*'s plain,
 And *Paros*, famous for its marble vein;
 And where *Sithonian Arne*, faithless maid,
 For gold her native citadel betray'd,
 And to a *bird* was chang'd; a sable black
 O'erspreads her feet, her feathers, and her back;
 Her qualities their former nature hold,
 A *cow* she is, and still delights in gold.
 But *Didyma*, *Oliaros*, and *Tenos*' isle,
 And *Gyáros*, and *Peparethos*' olive-soil,
 And *Andros* too deny'd their aid to join,
 Or with the *Cretan* fleet in war combine,
 Who now their course for fair *Oenopia* hold,
Oenopia it was call'd in days of old;
 But *Æacus*, who to the place laid claim,
 Styl'd it *Ægina*, from his mother's name.
 Now fond to view a hero of his fame,
 In crowds the populace unnumber'd came;
Peleus and *Telamon* his entrance grace,
 And *Phocüs*, youngest of the royal race;
 Last *Æacus* his aged body draws,
 And of his voyage asks the secret cause.
 Then thus, while sighs the father's grief betray'd,
 The ruler of an hundred cities said:
 Assist my arms, born for my murder'd son;
 And in this pious war our fortunes run;

Give

Give comfort to his grave. The king reply'd:
In vain you ask what needs must be deny'd.
No cities e'er were bound in stronger ties
Than we and *Athens*, we are firm allies.
Angry he went, these words they parting hear,
Your strong alliance soon may cost you dear.
He thought it best to threaten, not engage,
And waste untimely there his martial rage.
They yet could view the *Cretans* under sail,
When now advancing with an happy gale,
An *Attic* vessel reach'd the friendly shore,
Which *Cephalus*, his country's envoy, bore.
The sons of *Æacus* the hero knew,
Tho' long remov'd, and absent from their view;
They join their hands, and in embraces meet,
Then lead him to their royal father's seat:
The comely prince the fair impressions held
Of that bright form that in his youth excell'd.
He enters now, an olive in his hand,
The branch, the product of his native land;
Each side young *Orys*, and young *Buten* grace,
From *Pallas* sprung, of a celestial race.
First *Cephalus* his full oration made,
Shew'd his commission, and demanded aid.
His words their ties and ancient leagues recall,
And how all *Greece* was threaten'd in their fall.
Thus while his eloquence's flowing tide
Enforc'd his country's charge, the king reply'd,
(His royal scepter shining in his hand)
Athenians, crave not succour, but command;
For all this island's forces are your own,
For your assistance I will stake my throne.
Soldiers I have enough, that can oppose
My own invaders, and repel your foes.

Prais'd

Prais'd be the Gods! great *Cephalus* replies;
Bless'd be the time! that all excuse denies,
May your full city still with people throng,
I joy'd to see them as they march'd along;
Your comely youth so fair and strong appears,
Of equal charms they seem, and equal years.
Yet I perceive a num'rous train are lost,
Since last I landed on your friendly coast.

Then *Æacus*, (his words in sighs ascend)
A sad beginning had a better end.
Would you could hear, or I the whole relate;
Yet take the tale, disorder'd, of their fate.
Now silent tombs their bones and ashes hide;
Ah! what a number of my people dy'd.

A fatal *plague* from angry *Juno* came,
To vex the land that bore her rival's name;
While yet it seem'd deriv'd from human cause,
We try'd our arts, and us'd the physic laws.
But still unconquer'd spread the wasteful ill,
In spite of art, and mock'd the learned skill.
At first thick sullen vapours press'd the earth,
Where lazy heat lay rip'ning into birth:
And now four moons their growing horns unite,
As often they withdraw their feeble light.
When now a murky *South wind* fatal blew,
To lakes and springs the poison'd vapour flew;
Millions of vipers trail'd the fields untill'd,
And ev'ry stream with tainted venom fill'd.
The young disease with beasts and birds began,
And dreadful, thro' the mute creation ran.
The plough-men at their labour wond'ring spy
Their sinking steers amid the furrows die;
The fleecy flocks with anguish faintly bleat,
Their wool decreases, as they pine with heat.

The warlike steed, now fore with inward pain,
Forgets his honours on the dusty plain,
Groans at the manger, heedless of the prize,
And by a lazy fate inglorious dies.
The stag forgets his speed; his rage the boar,
The bears insult the horned herd no more.
A gen'ral faintness all around is spread,
And woods and fields all labour with the dead.
The stench infects the air, their coarses lay
Untouch'd (a wonder!) by the beasts of prey;
Rotting they fell, and deadly odors bred
And all around the dire contagion spread.

The growing *plague* now rises to the swains,
And proudly in the peopled city reigns;
Internal heats are all the vitals prey,
And flushing spots the latent flame betray:
Their fiery breaths they scarce with pain expell,
Their tongues turn furry, and with blisters swell:
Their jaws are stretch'd, and gasp for cooling breath,
And with the air imbibe a swifter death.
No bed, no garments can the wretches bear,
But lie upon the ground in open air;
The ground no coolness to their bodies throws,
But with new heat from their impression glows.

In vain their skill the learned *leeches* try,
Unaided by their rules of art, they die;
Whoe'er with most fidelity attends
The painful moments of his sickly friends,
With greater speed but hastens on his date,
And in the pious office shares his fate.
Now when they see the sickness they endure,
Can find in death alone a certain cure,
They please their fancies, nor the taste restrain,
Nor care for aid, since all their cares were vain.

And

And now each sex, regardless of their shame,
 Press to the brooks and streams to quench their flame:
 There hanging o'er the brims, in bitter strife,
 At once they both extinguish thirst and life.
 Thus in the streams their dying bodies sink,
 And still those streams the rash survivors drink.
 Here from his bed one wretch uneasy flies;
 One rolls along the ground too weak to rise;
 Each from his house, as fate were there, withdraws,
 And blames the place, unknowing of the cause.
 There might you see an half-dead carcass crawl,
 Long as he could with fainting steps, then fall;
 Some stretch upon the ground with wailing cries,
 And some in dying roll their weary'd eyes;
 Others their languid arms to heav'n up cast,
 Surpriz'd by death, they pray, and breathe their last.
 Ah! what did then employ my troubled thought,
 But what the father of his people ought?
 Beneath the heavy weight of life to groan,
 And wishing to be gather'd to my own.
 Where'er I turn'd my mournful eyes around,
 In heaps the breathless vulgar spread the ground:
 Like acorns scatter'd by a gusty breeze,
 Or mellow apples from the shaken trees.
 You see yon dome that lifts its front on high,
 'Tis sacred to the ruler of the sky.
 What mighty numbers have those altars sought?
 How often unavailing incense brought?
 Wives for their husbands, and for sons their fires,
 While as he prays, each votary expires;
 Falls on that altar where his vows were sent,
 Half of his incense in his hand unspent.
 Oft has the destin'd ox, while yet the priest,
 Pouring the holy wine, his vows address,

Preventing fell upon the sacred ground,
Slain by an inward unexpected wound.
When I my self invok'd *Jove's* saving aid,
For me, my country, and my children pray'd;
A horrid bellow from the victim broke,
Sudden it sunk without the sacred stroke;
The little blood the wounding knife scarce stain'd,
And no prefaces by the priest were gain'd;
The sickly entrails tainted all away,
So deep conceal'd the dire infection lay.
I saw my self a num'rous train of dead
Around the temples sacred pavement spread;
Death strew'd their altars too, and triumph'd there,
As to reproach the Gods, and mock their care.
Some now despairing scorn to wait the blow,
And hasten to the fate that seems too slow;
In throttling strings suspended, stop their breath,
And cure by dying all their fear of death.
None o'er their urns with decent honours grieve,
Nor could the graves the waste of death receive;
Or they unbury'd on the ground are spread,
Or burn without the *dowry* of the dead;
All decency is lost, and sense of shame,
With rude dispute their neighbour's pile they claim,
And turn to ashes in another's flame.
None now the pious mourners place supply,
And sons and fathers unlamented die;
The ghosts of young and old all stray in air,
And meet their wand'ring kindred shadows there:
The dead a larger space for burials claim,
Nor could the trees supply the fun'ral flame.
And now my soul amaz'd, and sinking low,
Beneath the tide of such tempestuous woe,

O! *Jove*, said I, if we may credit fame,
That you to fair *Agina's* bosom came,
O! father, if you own a father's name;
Or my lost people to my eyes return,
Or hide their king too, in the silent urn.
I spoke: The God soon gives a prosp'rous sign,
His thunder rattles, and his light'nings shine:
So let it be, and may these omens prove
A pledge, said I, of thy returning love.
By chance, hard by a spreading oak there stood,
Sacred to *Jove*, of *Dodonean* wood;
Here a long file of frugal ants we view,
Whose little bodies heavy burthens drew,
And kept their order on the rugged way,
While I, admiring at their number, pray;
As many subjects from thy bounteous will,
O! father, give; again my cities fill.
The trembling oak his lofty head declin'd,
And murmur'd soft without a breath of wind;
A sudden fear my trembling limbs o'erspread,
My hair stood stiff erected on my head;
Yet both the earth and oak I, kissing, press'd,
Nor soon my soul her glimm'ring hopes confess'd;
And yet I hop'd too, and in private spent
The secret wishes which I durst not vent.
But night now comes, when gentle sleep repairs
The body watted by its daily cares.
Lo! the same oak before my eyes appears,
As many boughs, as many *ants* it bears;
The branches too with like commotion sound,
And shake the frugal creatures on the ground.
When now they seem to stretch their narrow size,
And greater still by just degrees arise:

Then

Then on the earth with manly stride they tread,
And raise upright each elevated head.

Their num'rous legs now fled, and blacker hue,
The *ants* a human form confess to view.

I wake, and, waking, of my dream complain,
Condemn the Gods, and call their promise vain ;

Yet in my court a murm'ring noise I hear,
And unaccustom'd voices strike my ear.

These too I thought illusions of my dream,
When *Telamon* with haste impatient came ;

The door unlock'd, his voice before him sends,
See! father, what thy hope and faith transcends.

I come, and such as I in fancy drew
The pictur'd shapes, now real beings view ;

I recognize their order, and their train,
They call me monarch, and confess my reign.

First to restoring *Jove* I send my pray'rs,
My new-born subjects next command my cares ;

Now I divide, with an impartial hand,
My empty city, and dispeopl'd land.

I call them *Myrmidons*, and trace their name
From that original from whence they came.

Their persons you have seen, and still they hold
In *men* those manners which in *ants* of old ;

A frugal race, inur'd to toil and pain,
Studious to get, tenacious of their gain.

These, equal both in strength and years with you,
Shall join their forces, and your war pursue.

Soon as the *Eastern* wind, that fill'd your sails,
(For *Cephalus* was brought by *Eastern* gales)

Shall change its point, and turn'd to *South* present
A better wind to prosper your intent.

To such discourse they dedicate the light,
To feasts the ev'ning, and to rest the night.

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The morning sun projects his golden rays,
 The South still blows, and their departure stays.
 Now *Pallas*' sons to *Cephalus* resort,
 And *Cephalus* with them repairs to court;
 The king still sleeps, his charge to *Phocus* leaves,
 Who at the palace-gate the guests receives;
 For *Telamon* and *Peleus* absent were,
 The levies for the war employ'd their care.
 Now *Phocus* leads into an inner room,
 Rich with embroideries of the figur'd loom;
 The *Grecians* plac'd, by *Cephalus*'s side
 He sat, and in his hand a jav'lin spy'd,
 On which a while his curious fancy fed;
 Nor knew the wood, but saw the golden head.
 Then said, (some speeches leading on the way)
 Tho' much I hunt, and love the savage prey,
 Yet I that jav'lin's stem with wonder view,
 Nor can divine the tree on which it grew;
 If *ash*, it would betray a yellow stain;
 If *cornel*, it wou'd bear a knotty grain;
 The tree I know not, yet mine eyes ne'er saw
 A fairer dart, or freer from a flaw.
 Some *Grecian* then replies ——— to tell its use,
 Will greater wonder, than its form, produce.
 It hits the game, nor is by fortune led,
 And of itself returns with slaughter red.
 Now *Phocus* each particu'lar desires,
 The gift, the don'or, and the cause enquires.
 The owner with his wish complies; ——— but shame
 Forbad the reason of the gift to name.
 As he begins the story to relate,
 His tears confess'd his wife's untimely fate;
 This dart, O Goddess born, provokes my tears,
 And ever will, if endless were my years;

This

This fatal gift my tender wife destroy'd,
O that I never had the gift enjoy'd!
Procris *Orithya's* sister was (if fame
Has more inform'd you of *Orythia's* name,
Whom a God ravish'd) but compare their charms,
She more might tempt the ravisher's hot arms.
The maid her fire and love had mine decreed;
All call'd me bless'd, and bless'd I was indeed;
Far diff'rent were the thoughts, and secret will
Of heav'nly pow'rs, or I were happy still.
Two months were now consum'd in chaste delight,
When grey *Aurora*, chacing of the night,
As I my early toils begun to set,
And for the branching stag extend my net,
Beheld me on *Hymettus'* fragrant hill,
And ravish'd me away against my will.
The truth, with rev'rence to her pow'r, I speak,
Tho' much she boasts the roses of her cheek;
Tho' *Nectar* is her drink, and tho' she sways
The dewy confines of the nights and days;
Yet I my *Procris* lov'd, my *Procris* clung
Fast to my heart, and dwelt upon my tongue.
I urg'd my nuptial ties, my new delights,
And the first breaches of the sacred rites.
At last, enrag'd, she cry'd, Ungrateful boy,
Go, take thy *Procris*, and thy bliss enjoy;
But yet, if I divine the true event,
Thou shalt the folly of that bliss repent;
And thus dismiss'd me. As along I sped,
Thoughtful I mus'd on what the Goddess said,
While my pain'd heart with jealous torments bled,
Lest *Procris* had profan'd her nuptial bed;
Much I distrust her charms and blooming years,
But much her virtue check'd my rising fears.

Yet

Yet I was absent, and the Goddess Lust
Had shown how far a woman could be just;
Each doubtful circumstance suspicion bred,
And lovers *Sceptics* are, and all things dread.
I try to seek what I should grieve to find,
Resolve to bribe her, and with presents blind.
Aurora's envy favours my intent,
I seem'd to know the borrow'd shape she lent.
In this disguise I home to *Athens* came,
Enter'd my house, nor saw a cause for shame,
All chaste appear'd, all anxious for their lord,
Who for a sight a thousand arts explor'd;
At last obtain'd, upon my wife I gaze,
Fix'd to her face, transported with amaze;
Almost repent the trial I had made,
Then scarce forbear my *Procris* to invade,
And long to see the marriage duty paid.
Mourning she sat, and yet no nymph could show
A form so lovely, tho' without her woe;
For her lost husband wept the beauteous dame,
Her heart still glowing with the absent flame.
O *Phocus*, guess how charming was that face,
Which could, in grief, retain so sweet a grace.
What need I tell how often I assail'd
Her frozen bosom, and how often fail'd?
Still, as I press'd, her answer was the same;
' For one alone I keep my spotless flame;
' For one, where'er he is, from me disjoin'd,
' My hope, my joys, my raptures are confin'd.
Whom but a mad-man would not this content?
Yet still I press'd, upon my ruin bent;
But when my vast rewards began to make
The doubtful ballance of her virtue shake,

Ir cy'd

I cry'd aloud; O! thou perfidious, view
The bargain'd gallant, and adult'rer too;
Lo, thy true husband, nor can art disguise
Thy falshood, witness'd by my conscious eyes.
She nothing said, confusion in her face,
But flew her husband, and the hated place,
And for my sake detesting all mankind,
To woods, and wilds, *Diana's* chace, inclin'd.
Forsaken thus, I felt my flames increase,
I came, my folly own'd, and su'd for peace;
Such gifts I said my virtue would have mov'd,
Had but that virtue by such gifts been prov'd.
Her wrongs reveng'd, my folly too confess'd,
We long again in mutual joys were blest'd.
Beside her self, (as small that prize she thought)
The nymph the presents of her Goddess brought,
The fleetest *greyhound* of *Diana's* train,
And this fair *jav'lin* which my hands sustain:
If you the fortune of the *first* enquire,
Receive a wonder, and the fact admire.

The subtle sons of *Laius* had display'd
The mystick riddles of the *monster-maid*;
And the dark prophetess herself lay dead,
Now mindless of the wiles that fill'd her head.
But angry *Themis*, to revenge her fate,
Sent a new plague to vex the *Theban* state;
A monstrous savage that laid waste the plains,
Nor spar'd the cattle, nor the master-swains.
The neighbouring youth to chace the monster met;
Our toils we fix'd, and round the fields beset;
Above the nets the nimble savage sprung,
Above the poles on which the net-work hung;
The dogs uncoupled, like a bird in chace,
He shoots before, and mocks them in the race.

And

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And now they bid me slip my *Lelaps* too,
(That was his name) who, eager to pursue,
Had chaf'd and struggl'd in his collar long,
And strain'd to loosen the retentive thong.
That minute where he was we fought in vain,
But trac'd his footsteps on the dusty plain;
But he was lost, and vanish'd from our eyes,
Not half so swift the missive jav'lin flies,
Nor singing pellet from the whirling sling,
Nor the sharp arrow from a *Cretan* string.
Mean time I climb'd a mountain near the place,
To take a better prospect of the chase;
The savage now seems captive in his jaws,
And now from the pursuer's wound withdraws;
Nor runs outright, but to elude his force,
Circles the plain, and doubles in his course:
He gaining ground, and length'ning ev'ry stretch,
Bears hard, and seems the flying foe to catch;
Yet for the gripe in vain his fangs prepare,
The game shoots forward, and he chops the air:
To cast my jav'lin then I took my stand,
But as I look'd, to fit it to my hand,
And then to fix my aim recover'd rise,
Two marble statues stood before my eyes;
So true their postures were, that you would say,
This seem'd as running, and that stood at bay.
Some God decreed, that neither should subdue,
If Gods descend such trivial acts to view.

Thus he, and paus'd; when eager *Phocus* sought
The jav'lin's crime; he thus recites the fault.
O! let me, *Phocus*, first my joys relate,
For joy was the foundation of my fate:
What pleasing images remembrance draws
Of those fair days, when new to *Hymen's* laws

L

I with

I with my *Procris* led the spring of life,
The happiest husband, and the happiest wife?
So high the tide of our affection run,
Our love, our care, our passions, all were one.
She would have mine preferr'd to *Jove's* embrace,
And I for her's refus'd a *Venus's* face.
Love had to both so just a portion dealt,
Such equal flames our mutual bosoms felt!
I went, as usual, at the dawn of day,
To search the woods, and hunt the sylvan prey;
Nor equipage, nor servants were my care,
Nor dogs sagacious, nor the huntsman's snare;
Arm'd with this dart, I went secure alone;
And when the slaughter of the day was done,
Fatigu'd, I to the leafy shades repair,
And where the vallies breath'd a fresher air.
I call on *Aura*, *Aura*, still request,
To sooth my toils, and cool me to my rest;
Then said (for I remember well the song)
Come *Aura*, gentle *Aura*, come along,
Revive, as thou art wont, my fainting breast,
Approach, thou dearest, thou most welcome guest.
Perhaps I added too (by fate misl'd)
More tender words, and, like a lover, said,
Thou art my joy, thy fragrancies impart
Refreshing pleasures to my springing heart.
For thee the solitary woods I tread,
My life, my spirit, by thy breath is fed.
Some busy swain o'er-heard my wanton song,
Who construing soon the name of *Aura* wrong,
Thought that some nymph I courted in the shade,
And to my *Procris's* ear the news convey'd.
Great love abounds with most suspicious fears;
She faints with anguish as the tale she hears;

Her sense returning, her complaints began,
Ah! hapless wife, she cries, O faithless man!
Transported with imaginary blame,
She fears a nothing, and an empty name;
And grieves as much, and grows as jealous too,
As if the crime were just, the rival true.
Yet oft she doubts, and hopes she is deceiv'd,
And scarce forgives herself that she believ'd;
Resolves to see, and to suspend her blame,
'Till her own eyes convinc'd her of the shame.
Next morn again, I to the woods resort,
And call on *Aura*, weary'd with my sport,
Approach, dear *Aura*, and my spirits cheer,
At which a mournful sigh invades my ear;
I still pursue my song with *Aura*'s name,
When from the brake a rustling murmur came;
I thought some savage had took shelter there,
And to the thicket threw my certain spear.
It was my *Procris* bleeding with the wound.
Ah me! she said. I heard the tender sound;
Too well, too well, alas, the voice I knew,
And to the place with headlong fury flew;
There bloody and half-dead my wife I saw,
Her own sad present from her bosom draw;
I rais'd her body, dearer far than mine,
And on my guilty breast her head recline;
Then with a hasty hand my garments tore,
To bind her wounds, and staunch the streaming gore,
And begg'd that she would fleeting life detain,
Nor leave me guilty with a murder's stain.
But now her fainting weakness scarce affords
Her strength, to speak these few imperfect words.

By all our sacred bands, our nuptial ties,
 By ev'ry Godhead in the upper skies,
 By those below, to whom my spirit flies;
 By all my past deserts of tender pain,
 By that dear passion which I still retain;
 By love, the fatal cause, for which I bleed,
 Never let *Aura* to my bed succeed.
 Thus she — Our error I perceiv'd at last,
 And told her — but the remedy was past.
 Her strength decay'd, she too begins to fall,
 But look'd at me, while she could look at all;
 Yet undeceiv'd, resigns her latest breath
 With chearful looks, and seems to smile in death.

The hero thus his story told, and wept;
 His audience too an equal measure kept.
 When now good *Æacus*, approaching, drew
 His sons, and new-rai'd forces, to their view;
 Those, arm'd complete, in native courage brave,
 To *Cephalus*' command the monarch gave.









O V I D'S

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Before the arrival of Cephalus, Minos besieges the city Alcathoe; upon the taking of which, Nisus is chang'd into a bird nam'd a hobby, and Scylla into a lark. Minos returns from thence to Crete, where the Minotaur was kept in a labyrinth; which monster being slain by Theseus, he, in his return to his country with Ariadne, leaves her by the way. She is taken up by Bacchus, who turns her crown to a Constellation. Icarus attempts to fly after his father, is drown'd; and Talus, lately turn'd to a partridge, sees Dædalus celebrating the funeral of his son. Theseus, now advancing in fame, is sent for to engage the Calydonian boar,

which had kill'd Meleager, whose sisters were turn'd into birds. After this exploit, Theseus goes to the river Achelous, and thence sees the islands call'd Echinades, who once were water-nymphs. The possibility of which transformation is affirm'd by Lelex, who gives an instance of Baucis and Philemon being chang'd into trees, and their house into a temple, and the village where they liv'd into a lake. After this story, Achelous relates the Metamorphoses of Proteus and Mestras, and other transformations, which he himself made use of for the sake of Deianira, when he engag'd with Hercules on her account.



HE night descends, the sun resumes the
skies;

The East wind falls, the humid vapours rise;

The Greeks and Cephalus now speedy sail,

Befriended by a gentle Southern gale;

Before the prosp'rous wind their vessels drive,

And, 'ere expected, at the port arrive.

Mean while, the monarch Minos spreads his host

Around, and wastes the Lelegeian coast;

And, next, before Alcathoe sits down;

Nisus was king and ruler of the town:

Nisus, whose head, amid its honour'd store

Of silver hairs, a lock of purple wore,

The lock the fortune of his kingdom bore.

Six waning moons had now again grown young,

The war as yet in equal ballance hung,

And victory, as wav'ring where to light,

Flutter'd between both hosts with doubtful flight.

A royal turret rose with vocal walls,

Which ancient fame the Gods of music calls;

There

There once he laid his lyre; the stones around
Retain th' impression of the sacred sound.
There *Nisus*' daughter often went alone,
And with small pebbles struck the warbling stone;
This was her usual sport in peaceful days;
She now from thence the ruder war surveys;
There, in the ling'ring siege, the royal dame
Had learn'd each martial leader's face and name,
Their arms, and all their equipage could tell,
But knew the gen'als best, — and much too well,
When *Minos* threaten'd in his plumed cask,
She thought him lovely in that warlike mask;
Or was he in his glitt'ring shield beheld,
His air and gesture in his shield excell'd;
Or if he launch'd in air the whizzing dart,
She prais'd his native strength and decent art.
But when his arrow flew, she swore, that so
Apollo stood, when he discharg'd his bow.
But, when he took the helmet from his face,
When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,
He sat his steed, and turn'd the manag'd rein,
Transport, and love, and frenzy, seiz'd her brain:
Happy she call'd the dart that touch'd his hands,
Happy the flowing rein that he commands.
She wish'd, an helpless maid alone, to go
Amid the camp, and pass the warlike foe;
Or thro' the air her person to convey,
Or the gates open, and the town betray.
And this, and more, the dame would undertake;
All that himself could wish, — for *Minos*' sake.
Then as her eyes the monarch's tent survey'd,
New passions rose, and thus she softly said:
Much doubt I, whether this new war should be
An argument of joy, or grief to me.

I grieve that *Minos* is his lover's foe;
But had I known him, were not *Minos* so?
Yet he may make this martial fury cease,
And take me too, the hostage of the peace.
O! lovely youth, well might a pow'r divine
Burn for thy mother, were her charms like thine.
O! happy I, could wings delay prevent,
And waft me swiftly to my *Minos*' tent.
There would I all my secret flame relate,
And buy his passion at the dearest rate;
Bid him but chuse, and take the promis'd dow'r,
Ask what he will, — beside my father's tow'r;
For rather die and perish all my love,
Than I a traytor to my father prove.
Yet when a virtuous chief the conquest gains,
The conquer'd oft are better'd by their chains.
But surely *Minos* now with justice draws
His 'vengeful sword, his murder'd son the cause;
Beside strong arms the stronger cause maintain,
He must, he must the certain conquest gain;
And if that fortune on the city waits,
Why should not love, not war unlock the gates?
Better without delay he take the town,
Without his soldiers blood, or dearer own.
Ah! how my bosom swells with rising fear,
Lest some unknowing arm should wound my dear?
For surely none so cruel were, to throw
His spear at *Minos*, did he *Minos* know.
Thus far advanc'd, my progress I review
With pleasing pride, and will the scheme pursue.
I will this fatal scene of slaughter close,
And give my self and country to my foes.
To will is little, yet what more remains;
A well-arm'd band the guarded pass maintains?

My

BOOK VIII. METAMORPHOSES. 225

My father keeps the keys that lock the gates;
 My father, — he alone my fear creates;
 He, only he, obstructs my promis'd vow;
 Gods! how I wish I had no father now!
But each is to himself a God, that dares;
And Fortune ever laughs at idle pray'rs.
 Had any other maid my flame enjoy'd,
 She had long since all obstacles destroy'd.
 And why should any bolder prove than me?
 I can pass fires and swords at love's decree.
 Yet I have neither swords to pass, nor fires;
 My love alone my father's hair requires.
 That purple hair alone I value more
 Than all the riches of the Eastern shore;
 I shall, of that far dearer prize possess'd,
 Enjoy my love, and be with *Minos* bless'd.

Thus she, when night, the solemn nurse of care,
 Drew her wide curtain o'er the darken'd air;
 Her boldness greater from the darkness grew;
 It was the time, when bath'd in gentle dew
 Man felt the sweetness of his first repose,
 The daughter to her father's chamber goes;
 Silent and soft, approach'd the bed, and there
 She cut (accursed deed!) the fatal hair.
 Seiz'd of her wicked prize, with speedy haste
 The postern door, and hostile camp, she past;
 (So much her guilty merit made her bold)
 Then reach'd the king, and thus her story told:
 Love, plead for me, that did my crime persuade;
 I *Scylla*, *Nisus'* daughter, royal maid,
 To thee, my Gods, and country too impart;
 For these, return no present but thy heart.
 This purple hair the pledge of love receive,
 And with that hair my father's life I give,

L. 5

Then

Then offer'd with her hand the guilty prize;
Minos the donor, and the gift denies.
Shock'd at the monstrous deed, he cries, in rage,
O! scandal of thy sex, and of thy age.
Gods! banish her the world; nor earth, nor sea,
Receive so base an animal as thee.
Surely thou never shalt prophane our *Crete*.
The nursing-place of *Jove*, and *Minos*' seat.
Thus said, the victor hastens to impose
Equal conditions on his captive foes;
Then bids his fleet weigh anchor from the shores,
And labour home-ward with impulsive oars.

But soon as *Scylla* saw his navy sail,
And all her guilty hopes from *Minos* fail,
To female anger she converts her pray'r,
Wide spreads her hands, and tosses loose her hair.
Then loud exclaims, O! whither do'st thou go,
Leaving the giver of thy conquest so?
O! thou, above my fire and country priz'd,
Where fly'st thou, cruel, why am I despis'd?
The guilt and merit of thy spoil is mine,
Could nor my gift, nor love, thy soul incline?
Nor all my hopes confin'd to thee alone?
For where shall I retreat, now thou art gone?
What! to my country? that's the victor's prey;
If not, — my treason there obstructs the way.
Or shall I to my father's presence sue?
Him, him, proud stranger, I betray'd to you.
Excluded from the world I stand, that *Crete*,
Of all the world, may give me a retreat.
And do'st thou bar that only passage so?
Thus leave me, traitor, in this wild of woe?
Thee, not *Europa*, but dire *Syrtis*' shore,
Or some fell tygress, or *Charybdis*, bore.

Jove never was thy fire, nor ever rod
 Thy cheated mother on the changeful God;
 That idle story of thy birth is feign'd,
 For she a wild and real *bull* sustain'd.
 O! father *Nisus*, thy revenge behold;
 Rejoyce, O! country, by my treason sold.
 Death is my due confess'd; I death demand;
 Yet, O! yet, give it me some injur'd hand:
 But you, who conquest by my guilt obtain'd,
 Do you revenge the crime by which you gain'd?
 My crime that made my fire and country bleed,
 Yet is to thee a meritorious deed.
 But such a wife befits thee, as receiv'd
 The *bull-adult'rer*, and his lust deceiv'd;
 Hid in a *mimick cow*, and then brought forth
 A mix'd *half-human*, and *half-brutal* birth.
 O! do my sorrows reach thy wounded ear?
 Or them the winds, that waft thy navy, bear?
 No wonder now *Pasiphae* preferr'd
 A *bull* to thee, more savage than the herd.
 O! wretched maid, exert thy utmost speed;
 See the waves whiten, and the shores recede.
 In vain thou fly'st, Ungrateful from my view;
 Thou can'st not hinder me; I will pursue.
 Drench'd in the seas, I will thy ship embrace;
 Then, to the wave she leaps with hasty pace.
 The ship pursues, (such pow'r from *Cupid* sprung)
 And on his keel, an odious burthen, hung.
 Her when her father saw, (for he of late
 Was to a yellow *hobby* turn'd by fate)
 The new-made bird with hasty fury came.
 His beak prepar'd to wound the pendant dame:
 She fearful quits her hold; nor reach'd the main;
 The soft air seem'd her body to sustain;

But they were wings, a bird she flits in air;
Her name is *Ciris*, from the ravish'd hair.

No sooner *Minos* to his *Crete* returns,
But he to prosp'ring *Jove* his incense burns,
An hundred bulls, his vow'd oblation, fall;
The captive spoils adorn the royal hall.
But now his family's reproach grew plain
By the man-beast, and foul adult'ress' stain.
Minos resolves to hide his marriage shame,
Immur'd in winding rooms of artful frame.
He *Dadalus* assigns the work to build,
The best of artists, in mechanics skill'd;
He, in the mazes of ten thousand rounds,
Distracts the senses, and the paths confounds.
As thro' the *Phrygian* vales *Maander* strays,
Flowing, re-flowing in uncertain ways;
Now meets himself, and then again perplex,
Beholds his waters that are rolling next;
Now to his fountain, now the ocean glides,
And sports and plays in his inconstant tides.
Thus *Dadalus*'s hands by wond'rous skill
The ways with strange un-number'd errors fill,
Scarce to the threshold back himself could come,
So very intricate appear'd the dome.
When in this fabrick *Minos* had inclos'd
The double form, of man and beast compos'd;
Now twice the blood of young *Athenians* shed,
Each ninth revolving year the monster fed,
Himself, the third allotted victim, slain;
And now the passage often try'd in vain,
The winding clue explor'd, and virgin's aid
Back to the door the victor-youth convey'd;
The victor-youth the ravish'd virgin bore,
Set sail, and held his course to *Dian*'s shore.

There

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There cruel *Thetis* left the dame behind
 On the cold beach, and sighing to the wind.
Bacchus succeeded to her aid, and bed,
 And in the vaulted heav'n her glories spread,
 Her crown a constellation made on high,
 Thro' air it flew, and passing to the sky
 The jewels turn to fires, the crown retains
 Its proper figure, and a station gains,
 Where *Hercules* in bending posture stands,
 And tries to gripe the *dragon* in his hands.

But *Dadalus* in *Crete* now long confin'd,
 His country's love recurring to his mind,
 Felt tedious exile on his soul sit hard;
 Then said, Tho' land and water are debarr'd,
 The sky is free, I'll force a passage there,
Minos seize all—He cannot seize the air.
 Then schemes of un-invented arts he draws,
 And innovates the course of nature's laws.
 For various feathers now his hands dispose,
 Beginning with the least, in artful rows,
 A short succeeding still, the longer quill,
 Shew'd like the gentle rising of a hill.
 By such degrees the rural pipe arose,
 Whose curious frame unequal reeds compose.
 With threads the middle, and with wax the ends
 He fastens, then the soft composure bends
 With easy force, and to a hollow flings,
 The better to resemble nature's wings.
 Young *Icarus* was by, the little boy
 Smil'd, and survey'd the pleasing work with joy,
 Unknowing that his secret fate was there,
 Now chas'd the feathers flutt'ring in the air,
 Now chaf'd the yellow wax, and busy play'd,
 And by his sport his father's work delay'd.

The

The work was finish'd, the great artist rears
His body up, and on his plumage bears;
His wings the air sustain'd; he then begun
To teach their use and motion to his son.
My son, observe the middle path to fly,
And fear to sink too low, or rise too high.
Here, the sun melts, there vapours damp your force,
Between the two extreams direct your course.
Nor on the *bear*, nor on *Bootes* gaze,
Nor please thy self with fierce *Orion's* rays:
But follow me my guide with watchful sight,
At once he teaches him the arts of flight,
And fits his wings, and fitting bursts in tears,
While his hand trembled with paternal fears;
Then kiss'd his son, whom he must kiss no more,
And, rais'd upon his feathers, flew before;
Fearful he flew, as mother-birds that bear
Their tender young to try the liquid air.
The heedless fire now bids the boy pursue,
Instructs him in his art and ruin too.
His wings he moves, and then looks back with care,
To heed the motion of his son in air.
Them, as some angler bending o'er the brook,
Or shepherd leaning on his rustick crook,
Or ploughman views, they each with wonder stare,
And think them Gods that can command the air.
Now passing on the left they *Samos* spy,
And seas where *Pacos* and where *Delos* lye,
Their motion on the right *Lebynthos* sees,
And fair *Calymne*, fam'd for noblest bees.
When now the boy began to flush with pride,
Stretch'd his bold plumage, and forsook his guide,
Fir'd with the hope of mounting to the skies,
Still higher his ambitious pinions rise,

The neighb'ring sun the gaudy plumage felt,
 The bands dissolve, the wax begins to melt;
 His steerage lost, he shakes his arms now bare,
 His naked arms collect no poisoning air.
 He calls his father, while he yet could call,
 The sea below receives him at his fall,
 And from that time is known to future fame
 By the boy's fate, *Icarian* is the name. *

The hapless fire, whom now no issue blest'd,
 His frantick grief impatiently express'd;
 My *Icarus*! he cry'd, my darling joy!
 What region of the earth contains my boy?
 He saw the wings that late sustain'd his flight
 Float on the waves, and raving at the sight,
 His art he curses: yet, with pious cares,
 The fun'ral of the wretched youth prepares,
 From whom its name th' adjacent country bears.
 Him, whilst in earth the filial course he folds,
 The chuckling *partridge* from afar beholds,
 Where, lonely, on a shady *belm* he fate,
 (For yet he had not found a chearful mate)
 He chirp'd, and with malicious joy confess'd,
 Insulting transports o'er the fire distress'd:
 A *bird*, new form'd, nor known of ancient time!
 His change was caus'd from *Dadalus's* crime.
 Once a bright youth, in story it appears,
 Of sprightly, forward wit, but tender years,
 (His sister's son) whom, thoughtless of his fate,
 She charg'd the conduct of his infant state.
 His speculative genius could produce
 From distant hints designs of gen'ral use.

* Thus far Mr. Sewell. From hence, to the end of the story of
 Meleager and Atalanta, by F. Chute, Esq.

He marks the bones which in the fish he spies,
Where rows of dents appear of equal size.
Then dents, like those in harden'd steel he makes,
And hence the saw its first foundation takes.
The compass too his fruitful wit design'd;
Two iron arms of even length he join'd,
The one, the circling orb around to trace,
Whilst one, in centre fix'd, retains its place:
But *Dadalus* his skill with envy views,
And with inhuman rage to death pursues,
From off *Minerva's* fane the youth he throws,
Then feigns some accident the fatal cause.
Falling, the Goddess stay'd him yet in air,
For wit like his claim'd her peculiar care.
Chang'd to a *bird*, now wings, on either side,
The loss of human faculties supply'd.
His ready wings his ready wit retain;-
Swift as before, his feet transform'd, remain.
His name the same: He tim'rous in his flight,
Confines his course to an inferior height:
Nor nestles on the tops of lofty trees,
But seeks the hedges which he gains with ease;
Beneath mid air his low excursions tries,
And, aw'd by former dangers, fears to rise.

Now *Dadalus*----- but first much toil he bore,
Arriv'd at length on the *Sicilian* shore;
The pow'rful *Cocalus* the land possesst,
Who harbour'd pity in his royal breast,
And took up arms to succour the distress.
Th' *Athenians* now, by *Theseus'* happy aid,
Eas'd the sad tribute which so long they paid;
Their joyful brows for this new honours wear,
And grateful off'rings to the Gods they bear:

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Jove, and the warrior-Goddess they invoke,
 Devoted victims in each temple smoke;
 The fragrant incense from full bowls they pour,
 And load the altars with the promis'd store.
 Swift o'er the land the God-like deed was spread,
 And *Theseus'* fame thro' ev'ry city fled.
Achaia's wealthy land, by dangers prest,
 With humble suit the hero's help request.
 E'en *Calydon* implores with earnest pray'r,
 Nor ought avails her *Meleager* there.
 The cause, a boar, whom fierce *Diana* sent,
 Of her revenge the direful instrument.
 Hence sprang her wrath; The * lord that own'd the soil
 When plenteous harvests had repaid his toil,
 To each presiding pow'r oblations made;
 The first-fruits of his corn to *Ceres* paid,
 To *Bacchus* wine, and piously profuse,
 To bright *Minerva* her own olive's juice,
 On ev'ry rural, or celestial God,
 All honours were religiously bestow'd;
Diana's altars only he neglects,
 No incense there its curling smoke erects.
 Within her breast a jealous fury rolls,
 For passion finds a place in heav'nly souls!
 Nor shall this crime, she cry'd, unpunish'd go,
 The wretch, at least, the pow'r he scorns, shall know.
 The Goddess spoke----and, bent on dire revenge,
 Gave to the boar the spacious fields to range :
 The boar, whose size portentous, nor exceed
 The bulls which on *Epirian* pastures feed,
 Nor half so large the fam'd *Sicilian* breed.
 Fiery and blood-shot glare his threat'ning eyes,
 And stiff upon his neck his bristles rise,

* *Eacus*.

As

As a strong rampart, his huge bulk appears,
And stands erected like a field of spears.
His tusks like *Indian elephants* arose,
The foam a-down his ample shoulders flows,
With horrid sraunch he churns it as he goes :
His scalding breath forth issuing, as he churns,
Falls on the leaves, and as it falls, it burns.
He tramples, furious, o'er the standing *crop*,
And robs the watchful tiller of his hope ;
New-knit in ear lays waste the rip'ning grain,
The barns expect their promis'd store in vain!
The budding clusters of the spreading vine,
And the young tendrils, to his rage resign.
Strew'd on the ground the *olive boughs* are seen
And fade by force the *beauteous ever-green*.
He seeks the *flocks*, impetuous in his course,
Nor dogs, nor shepherds, can oppose his force;
Through flocks and herds pursues his furious way;
Nor tempt the fiercest *bulls* th' unequal fray.
The scatter'd people fly the desert plain,
And, scarce secure, within their walls remain.
Till a brave band young *Meleager* draws,
By glory led, to aid a glorious cause.
The sons of *Tindarus* together came,
Twins in their birth, and brothers in their fame;
The one to rule the steed expertest found,
The one for strength in combat more renown'd ;
Jason, who first the use of ships contriv'd,
And *Theseus*, with *Pirithous*, arriv'd ;
Idas, and *Lyncæus*, great *Aphareus*' seed,
And the brave issue of old *Thestius*' bed ;
The stern *Leucippus* in the list appears,
And *Canens* there a manly visage bears,

Acæstus,

Acastus, skill'd th' unerring dart to throw,
Phoenix, *Hippothoos*, and *Dryas* go.
The rival heroes of th' *Actorian* race,
And *Phyleus*, (*Elis* was his native place.)
Nor *Telamon*, nor great *Achilles'* fire,
Were wanting with their presence to inspire.
Here stout *Eurytion* stood, with *Pheres'* son,
And *Iolaus*, and swift *Echion*;
Lelex and *Hylous*, *Hippasus* the brave,
And *Panopeus* their assistance gave.
Hippocoon his warlike offspring sent,
And *Nestor*, now a youth, his succour lent.
Laertes next, *Ancaus*, and the sage,
Who from *Ampycus* sprang, with these engage:
Amphiraus the gen'ral call obey'd,
Whom yet no mischief-making wife betray'd,
The comely *Atalanta* last was seen,
The glory and the wonder of the green.
A polish'd buckle did her mantle bind,
Her hair was gather'd in a knot behind,
The ends, uncurl'd, lay open to the wind;
Her iv'ry quiver, o'er her shoulders flung,
Contain'd her darts, and rustled as it hung;
In her left hand a curious bow she held,
And, thus array'd, she seeks the sportive field.
At once appear'd in her coelestial face
A female softness, and a manly grace.
Her charms the *Calydonian* hero fir'd,
At once he saw, and fatally desir'd;
With heav'n averse, he drew the passion in,
And smother'd in his breast the secret sin.
Happy the man, with silent sighs he cries,
Who finds compassion from that fair one's eyes!

To fight was all he could—for danger now,
 And shame, no free confession would allow.
 The greater work of combat claims his cares.
 A close thick wood from off the plain appears,
 And overlooks th' extended space below,
 Where never ax had dealt its needful blow.
 Here met the youths, and eager for the spoil,
 Divide the labour, whilst some set the toil.
 These loose the coupled dogs, those trace around
 The printed footsteps on the moister ground.
 On diff'rent tasks each takes his pointed way,
 All hope the danger, and expect the prey.

A ditch there was, whose hollow depth contain'd
 The frequent floods which from the hills descend,
 Its banks all o'er with water-weeds o'erspread,
 Rushes, and osiers, and the knotted reed,
 And bending withies nod their pliant head.

Here lurk'd, from hence the bristled monster rose,
 And rush'd, like light'ning, rapid on his foes.
 The lofty trees he bends with furious force,
 The cracking timber warns them of his course.
 A shout ensues, and all for fight prepare,
 Their ready jav'lins rais'd aloft in air!
 He enters headlong with resistless sway,
 And kills, or drives the baying dogs away.
Echion first, but unsuccessful, threw,
 Against a stump the erring weapon flew.
 Him *Jason* follow'd, and o'ershot his dart,
 Or now the *boar* had yielded to its smart:
 The dart by too much fury sped the worse,
 And, gaining vigour, lost effectual force.
 Next *Mopsus*, *Phæbus*' priest, his skill essay'd,
 But first to *Phæbus* thus his pray'r he made:

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If thee, dread Pow'r, I ever have ador'd,
 And yet adore, this only boon accord;
 Grant, since 'tis all thy servant shall beseech
 My destin'd weapon to the mark may reach.
 Far as he might the God his wish fulfils,
 The *boar* he strikes, but scarce the stroke he feels;
 The well-aim'd shaft, respondent to his pray'r,
 Its end attains; but whilst it skims in air,
 The spear *Diana* of its point deprives,
 The spear-staff harmless to the mark arrives.
 Chaf'd at the touch, incens'd the monster grows,
 Flash'd his fierce eyes, and from his breast arose
 Revenge and fire, and threaten'd all his foes. }
 Not with more force the weight injected falls,
 When deathful engines batter hostile walls,
 Than fled the *boar*, terrifick in his might,
 Back on his hunters, and began the fight.
Eupalamon and *Pelagon* engage,
 To guard the right, but quickly meet his rage,
 And whilst their friends the prostrate bodies raise,
Enasimus his life a forfeit pays,
 Prepar'd for flight, but death too soon prevail'd,
 Pierc'd thro' the ham, the slacken'd sinews fail'd.
 Here *Nestor* too had met an early fate,
 Nor seen the downfall of the *Trojan* state;
 But when close danger press'd him on the ground,
 Pois'd on his spear, he mounts with active bound,
 A neighb'ring tree, there, perch'd; in safety stood,
 And thence the distant foe with pleasure view'd.
 An *Oaken* stump, at hand, the monster finds,
 Where first his horrid tusk a while he grinds,
 Then meditating mischief moves along,
 And with fresh forces re-invades the throng:

Orithias's thigh receiv'd the crooked lance;
 When, foremost now, the *brother twins* advance,
 Since rais'd to *stars*, then earthly forms they wore,
 And each a sprightly snow-white courser bore;
 Each shaking first aloft his shining spear,
 At once they sent them whizzing thro' the air:
 Each too with sure success his dart had sped,
 But darts nor steeds could reach him where he fled:
 He sought the closest covert of the wood,
 And as bold *Telamon* his flight pursu'd,
 Thoughtless of danger, thinking to o'ertake,
 He struck against a root, and tumbled in the brake.
 When now, as *Peleus* help'd to raise his friend,
 Her bow the lovely *Atalanta* strain'd.
 The well-sped dart forsook the quiv'ring *Eugb*,
 And to the distant mark unerring flew:
 Close at his ear the shaft a passage found,
 And the first blood ensu'd the fair one's wound.
 The nymph, transported, smil'd at her success,
 Great was her joy, nor *Meleager's* less:
 He first beheld, and to his comrades show'd
 The trickling blood that o'er the bristles flow'd;
 Alone he prais'd, and thought it just to pay,
 Where best deserv'd, the honours of the day.
 The warriors blush'd, and, prick'd with envious rage,
 Renew their courage, and again engage.
 Loud sounding shouts awake a gen'ral fire,
 And all to emulate the dame aspire.
 With heedless haste their clashing darts they throw,
 And numbers intercept each other's blow.
 When thus relying vainly on his skill,
 The * boastful bearer of the two-edg'd bill:

* *Aeneas.*

Now

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Now, youth, (he cry'd) the diff'rence learn to know
 Between a female, and a manly blow:
 To me you'll then your juster praises yield,
 And here decree the glory of the field:
 Tho' *Dian's* self protect and shield the *boar*,
 He yields, he dies by my superior pow'r.
 The vaunter said; pride swell'd him whilst he spoke,
 The *double ax* in either hand he took,
 And stood on tip-toe to direct his stroke.
 Scarce had he ceas'd, when fast the monster clove,
 And thro' his groin the fatal tusks he drove.
Ancaus fell, sure death pursu'd the wound,
 His mangled bowels trail'd along the ground,
 And stain'd with gore the humid earth around.
Pirithous approach'd, the foe to dare,
 And brandish'd in his hand his trusty spear;
 Whom when *Aegeus'* son beheld, he cries,
 O! thou, whom dearer than my self I prize;
 My soul's far better part, the combate shun;
 Be wise, and warn'd, nor run too rashly on.
The bravest need not all the danger share;
Too heedless valour cost Ancaus dear.
 He said; and strait his spear the hero threw,
 The brazen shaft with fatal fury flew;
 True to his wish, and promis'd to succeed,
 But a *beech* bow oppos'd it in its speed.
 His spear the next, the son of *Aeson* threw
 An undeserving hound by chance it flew,
 And thro' his bowels to the earth it grew.
 But diff'rent luck on *Meleager* waits,
 Two darts he throws, these various in their fates;
 The first took ground too soon, the other stood
 Fix'd on his *back*, and drew a purple flood.
 Nor staid the author of the wound behind;
 But as the wounded *monster* fum'd, and twin'd, And

And champ'd, and pour'd forth blood amidst his foam,
Improv'd the stroke, and urg'd the jav'lin home.
The shining steel a speedy passage found,
And a new clamour eccho'd all around.
His bulk prodigious, as on earth he lies,
All view amaz'd, and scarce believe their eyes;
With eager joy to meet the victor bound,
And strove to gain the hand that gave the wound.
All doubt his death, none dares approach him near,
Each dips his dart, and all would fain the glory share.
The youth advanc'd, and now, to end the day,
He cuts, and bears the dreadful head away.
Then to the bright *Nonacrian* nymph he flies;
Accept this gift, illustrious fair, he cries;
To me of right decreed, the conquest mine,
And half the honours of the field be thine.
With that, the spoil he offers to the fair,
The tusky chops, the chine with bristly hair.
She takes the present with delighted eyes;
The happy giver's hand enhanc'd the prize.
An envious murmur thro' the host there ran,
When thus the sons of *Thestius* began:
With mighty voice their arms aloft they rear,
And claim the trophies given to the fair.
Forbear, rash maid, (they cry'd) what right have you
To claim the honours which to us are due?
Let not a vain conceit of beauty move
Thy pride, nor his, thy hero's ill-plac'd love.
Ours is the title, (which no sooner spoke)
From *her* the gift, from *him* the giver's right they took:
But warlike *Meleager*, swell'd with rage,
No ties of blood his fury could assuage.
Ye base usurpers, who so bold are grown
In arrogating honours not your own,

Learn

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Learn you that threaten, from this vengeful steel,
 Threats have less weight than what you now shall feel.
 This said, his fatal weapon forth he drew,
 And breathing slaughter on the boasters flew.
Plexippus, heedless of the coming blow,
 Met the stiff steel, and sought the shades below;
 Nor had *Toxæas* leisure to debate,
 He wish'd revenge, but fear'd his brother's fate:
 Between the two he strove, nor fix he could;
 For whilst uncertain which to chuse he stood,
 So fast the minister of death pursu'd:
 The falchion reeking from the former wound,
 His choice unfinish'd in his breast he found.
 With zeal *Althæa* to the temple run,
 To offer gifts for her victorious son;
 Where, whilst she stood, for the great work prepar'd,
 The slaughter'd bodies of the slain appear'd,
 She smote her breast, in sable weeds array'd,
 Low were her costly robes of honour laid,
 And howling loudly thro' the streets she fled.
 The murd'rer known, how sudden was the change?
 At once her grief was turn'd into revenge.
 A log there was, which, when in pangs she lay,
 When scarce the fatal babe beheld the day,
 The *sister-fates*, in presence of the dame,
 With mystick rites committed to the flame;
 And, as it burnt, they spun their fatal thread,
 And, as it spun, these fatal words they said:
 To thee, O youth, and this, one end we give,
 This log shall last as long as thou may'st live.
 The charm perform'd, the Goddesses withdraw;
 The dame, affrighted at the things she saw,
 To snatch it from the flames impatient went,
 And quench'd it, to avert the dire portent.

She kept it in her closet lock'd with care,
And that preserv'd the youth whilst treasur'd there.
She drew it forth; the wood in order laid,
By her command the fun'ral fire was made;
Four times she stoop'd to fire *the fatal* brand,
And, four times doubtful, stopp'd her failing hand.
Mother and sister long the sway contest,
And two names struggle in one anxious breast:
With horror of the fact now pale she stood;
Now rage boil'd high, and flush'd her eyes with blood;
Now dreadful threats sat glaring in her face,
And milder mercy now again took place:
'Ere from her cheeks rage dries the scalding tears,
Within her eyes another storm appears;
And, as a ship, when boist'rous wind and tide,
With various impulses, the waves divide,
Toss'd to and fro, the shock of either feels,
And still the stronger drives her, as she reels:
Althæa so between two passions strives,
A moment calm, the next her rage revives.
At length the sister o'er the parent gains,
Strange piety, which impious murder stains.
The son must die, the brothers ghosts t' appease,
And now the greedy fire increas'd she sees:
To you, said she, my bowels I consign;
But still she held the log, nor could resign;
Before the fun'ral flame the matron falls,
And, trembling, thus the fatal sisters calls:
All-judging pow'rs! propitious from above,
My frantick zeal, my holy rage approve.
I act a crime, but to revenge a guilt;
'Tis just his blood atone the blood he spilt:
This black offence, but answers that, at worst,
The second murder punishes the first.

Shall *Æneas* proudly boast a victor son,
 And *Thestius* bear his heavy loss alone?
 No, rather let the stroke o'ertake us all,
 And whelm'd in woes the wretched household fall.

Ye dear departed souls, in realms below,
 (Oh! could you feel the pangs I under go)
 A wretched child from a sad mother take;
 O! think no common sacrifice I make;
 Forgive my grief; alas! I give him for your sake.
 By justest doom I own he merits death;
 But must he die by her who gave him breath?
 Ill suits that office with my hand or heart;
 For murder sure is not a parent's part.

Then, must the wretch unpunish'd still remain,
 And, flush'd with conquest, plead a right to reign?
 Whilst the cold coarces of the injur'd dead
 In humble dust forgotten shall be laid?
 It must not, shall not be—his death's decreed,
 The darling of his father's age shall bleed.
 At once his country's hope, and kingdom fall,
 And let the rage of fate consume 'em all.
 Where's then the softness of a mother's kind?
 Where the dread laws that parents ought to bind?
 Ten months dire pains, 'ere yet I brought thee forth;
 Oh! had'st thou perish'd in thy hour of birth,
 And this hand left thee burning on the hearth.
 By me you liv'd, by me you 'scap'd the flame,
 But in your death you only are to blame.
 Then pay me back the life you doubly owe,
 Or lay me dead with those already so,
 I wish, but cannot what I would pursue;
 My brother's gaping wounds methinks I view;
 The horrid murder does my vengeance move;
 But then a mother's fondness melts to love.

Unhappy conquest ! but at length 'tis won ;
Prevail the brothers, I resign the son :
Yet will I follow, and one fate partake
With you, and him I offer for your sake.
She said ; and from her half unwilling hand,
Fell crackling on the flame, the fatal brand,
And falling groan'd, or seem'd to groan with pain,
The half unwilling fires a while refrain,
And, sinking as they burn, the prey disdain.
The hapless youth, unknowing of his fate,
At distance burns by sympathetick heat.
He feels the lurking fires his entrails tear,
But virtue strengthens him his pain to bear.
He mourns thus tamely to resign his breath,
Base and ignoble, by a bloodless death ;
Blesses the wounds *Aeneas* liv'd to bear,
And, groaning, calls his aged father near ;
His brother, sister, her that shar'd his bed,
To view him dying, and to mourn him dead ;
Perhaps his mother too : the fire, the pain,
At once increase, and sink at once again ;
Both fail at length, at once they both withdrew,
And forth by slow degrees the fleeting spirits flew.
The *Calydonians* sink beneath their woe,
From young and old the tears unnumber'd flow ;
One loss did cause of grief to all afford,
And touch'd alike the beggar and the lord.
The matrons shave their locks, they join their cries,
And catching thro' the land the common horror flies ;
Stretch'd on the ground the wretched father lies.
His hoary hair, and wrinkled cheeks besmears,
And rails at heav'n, that gave him length of years.
The guilty mother sees the dire effects,
Then draws a poniard, and a while reflects ;

Reflec-

BOOK VIII. METAMORPHOSES. 245

Reflection a just vengeance does exact,
And speeds the steel to expiate the fact.

Would heav'n on me an hundred tongues bestow,
Would heav'nly wit from all that hundred flow;
Would *Phœbus* all his *Helicon* infuse,
And raise on wings divine the willing muse;
The dreadful anguish of a grief so great,
As felt the *sisters* for their brother's fate,
Those heav'nly helps would fail me to relate.
No bounds of decency their passion knows;
They wound their breasts, redouble blows on blows;
Close in their arms the clay-cold corpse they strain,
Impressing holy kisses, but in vain;
They kiss'd the body, whilst the body stay'd,
And next the bed on which before 'twas laid;
To fun'ral flames convey'd, with rites they grace
His urn, and piously his dust embrace;
Around his tomb the mourning maidens wait,
Lamenting vainly his unhappy fate;
To what remain'd, their love of him the same,
They kiss'd the marble that contain'd his name.

On one sad house so great a slaughter sent,
The Goddess found her rage was fully spent,
The sad remaining few resolv'd to save,
And rais'd them drooping o'er their brother's grave;
Gorge alone, of all the race remain'd,
And *Deianira*, who their forms retain'd;
The rest she chang'd, with feathers cover'd o'er,
Now sprout their wings, where spread their arms before;
Their lips extend, and horny beaks appear,
They spring aloft, their feather'd fans they rear,
And wing their flight along the wilds of air. †

† Thus far Mr. Chute. The remainder by Mr. Dart.

Theseus, a sharer in the glorious toil,
Journeys where turrets crown th' *Athenian* soil.
But *Achelous*, swell'd with rain, oppos'd
His farther travel, and his journey clos'd ;
When thus the river God ; Vouchsafe to stay,
Accept my grot, nor dare the wat'ry way :
For oftentimes it breaks, with rapid force, (source;
Vast rocky stones and trees, and whirls them down its
And when the floods beyond their confines stray,
They bear down stalls and cattle in their way,
With sweeping rage ; nor was the bull of force
To stand his ground ; nor swiftness sav'd the horse.
Oft snows dissolving from the higher grounds,
Precipitate their way with rushing sounds,
And join my streams ; the struggling surges strive,
In counter-currents wheel, and eddies drive ;
Then many one have found a hasty fate.
Better to tarry 'till the waves abate,
And flow within their banks a quiet flood.
When *Theseus* thus ; We think the motion good,
Nor friendly invitation will refuse ;
We both your counsel and your grot will use.
Then enters the large cave, of *Pumice* made,
And rugged *Tophus*, the soft floor o'er-spread
With humid moss ; the concave roof with fair
White shells emboss'd, with purple here and there
Distinct. The sun had giv'n two parts of day,
When *Theseus*, and the partners of his way,
His second self, *Pirithous*, always near,
And ancient *Lelex*, crown'd with snowy hair,
Lay down ; and others, whom the river prest
To share his love, and be a welcome guest.
Large dishes, born by barefoot *Naiades*,
Were usher'd to the board ; and after these,

A goblet

A goblet rough with coral, and enchas'd
With swelling pearls, was on the table plac'd,
And fill'd with wine, to heighten the repast.
When *Theseus*, looking down the stream, What land
Is that I make? (directing with his hand)
What is that island call'd, that lies alone?
And yet methinks there should be more than one.
It is not one, the courteous God replies,
There's five in all, distance deceives your eyes.
They once were *Naiades*; who having slain
Ten bees, invited all the wood-land train,
And rural Gods, to share the sacrifice;
Neglecting me, this made my fury rise;
I roll with hasty anger, all my waves,
And as my soul enrag'd my torrent raves;
And woods from woods, and fields from fields divides,
And nymphs (now mindful) hurry down my tides,
And gave them to the sea, whose waves with mine
The solid mass into five parts disjoin;
As many islands lie in yonder seas,
Which now are call'd, The five *Echinades*.

Yet take a farther view, and cast your eyes,
At yonder space, a little island lies;
My favourite place, 'twas once in human frame,
Call'd *Perimela* then, and still retains the name.
I from this maid her virgin honour seiz'd,
The crime *Hippodamas*'s fury rais'd,
Her angry fire, that from a rocky steep,
He flung his teeming daughter in the deep.
The danger seen, I catch with speedy aid,
And while my waters buoy the struggling maid,
I *Neptune* thus invok'd: O thou, whose sway
Spreads o'er the wat'ry regions of the sea;

God with the trident; to whose realms we tend,
With tributary waves, for pity lend
An ear attentive, and propitious hear.
I injur'd once the maid my waters bear;
Yet pity sure a father's heart might move,
Had but *Hippodamas* a father's love.
Thy speedy succour bring, to one distress'd
By hellish fury in a parent's breast
A place afford; or may she be a place,
Which I may still with kindly streams embrace,
The wat'ry king, with an assenting nod,
Shook all the seas; the seas confess their God.
The nymph still swims, altho' with fear oppress'd,
My palm supporting sought her panting breast;
When soon my hand a harder substance finds,
And cleaving earth about her body binds;
Converted in an instant, as she swims,
A solid *island* rises from her limbs.

Thus ceas'd the river God. Religious fear,
With wonder mix'd, possesses all that hear;
But *Ixion's* impious son, of temper fierce,
Plac'd no belief in Gods, and laugh'd at theirs,
And said, The idle fancies you devise,
Are only holy cheats, and formal lies:
You stretch too far the pow'r of heav'n, to say
That they, or give our forms, or take away.
Such daring words as these amaz'd the rest,
Who blame his notions, and his talk detest.
When *Lelex*, ripe in judgment, as in years,
Began, and thus his better thoughts declares:
The pow'rs of heav'n immense all parts must fill;
Whole nature is subservient to their will.
For instance, on the *Phrygian* hills are seen
An oak, and linden, cloth'd with branches green;

With

With ancient ruin'd walls inclos'd they stand;
 I saw them once, when into *Phrygian* land,
 By *Pittheus* sent, his father's once command.
 Not far from thence a floating lake is found,
 Once solid earth, and habitable ground,
 Now *coots* and fishing *corm'rants* there abound.
 Here *Jove* in human form, and with the God
 Came *Hermes*, but without his wings or rod;
 And lodging at a thousand houses crave,
 All shut their doors, and rough repulses gave:
 One house, at length, the weary trav'lers found,
 A lowly cot, and scarcely rear'd from ground,
 Thatch'd warm with straw and reeds together bound.
 Within this little hospitable shed,
 The good old *Baucis* and *Philemon* led
 A peaceful life, their years of equal date,
 Had lengthen'd out the happy marriage state.
 With mutual chearfulness they underwent
 Their poverty, made easy with content,
 And took, with thankful heart, the little, fate had sent.
 Nor either wholly serv'd, nor sway'd alone,
 There were but two, and ev'n those two were one,
 Both gave the orders, which by both were done.
 Each God low stooping, cautious of his head,
 Press'd thro' the door, and old *Philemon* said,
 Sit down and rest your selves, while *Baucis* lays
 Old cushions stuff'd with straw the seats to raise;
 Then wakes the sleeping embers, and display'd
 The faintly glowing coals; on these she laid
 Dry leaves and furz, and rotten bark of trees;
 Then, with a trembling puff upon her knees,
 Recals the dying fire, and feebly blows
 Provoking flames, a little flame arose;

Then feeds the fire with sapless sticks. This done,
 With busy haste she hangs the kettle on;
 Then culls the salad-herbs her husband found,
 Collected from his little garden-ground:
 Whilst he officious, from the chimney-nook
 With prong, a smoky fitch of bacon took;
 And slic'd a rasher off, which being cut,
 He in the kettle's boiling liquor put.
 Mean while the narrative old woman sat,
 And shorten'd the delay with pleasing chat.
 Beneath a rafter was a beachen pale,
 Hung by the handle on a driven nail.
 This fill'd with water for the guests she set
 To wash their hands, and bathe their weary feet.
 A moss-stuff'd mattress was the genial bed,
 Supported on a willow frame and stead,
 O'er which a coarse old coverlid she lays.
 Yet never us'd, except on holy days.

The Gods lie down, the palsy shaken dame
 A table brings, whereof one foot was lame;
 Which soon she mends, a potsherd ekes the frame.
 This busy *Bancis* rubs with verdant mint,
 Which clears the wood, and yields a grateful scent;
 Then party-colour'd olives grac'd the board,
 And kernels in preserving pickle stor'd;
Endive and *Succ'ry* in a salad dress'd
 Succeeded those, with cheese-curd newly press'd,
 And new-laid eggs, by *Bancis'* studious care,
 Upon hot embers turn'd and roasted rare,
 All serv'd in earthen ware; and after that
 A potent pitcher of the self same plate
 Went fairly round, and warm'd the merry chat.

And

And now the smoking mess was serv'd to board,
 And flaggons with replenish'd liquor stor'd.
 This done, with haste the closing banquet comes,
 Store of brown nuts, rough dates, and frosted plumbs,
 And grapes, and fragrant apples plac'd around;
 These with a milk-white honey-comb were crown'd,
 And chearful looks, as if in will not poor,
 Heartily free of this, still wishing it was more.
 Now all this while, the bowls oft empty'd still
 Were of their own accord observ'd to fill.
 At this, th' amazed couple fell to pray'r,
 And beg they would excuse their homely fare.
 One goose they had, their little cottage guard;
 This to the Gods they vote, and both prepar'd
 To seize the promis'd gift with holy rage,
 Whose dodging turns deceive their hobbling age;
 Long held them out, at length to Jove she flies,
 A sacred covert seeks, and cowers beneath his thighs;
 The Gods forbid the off'ring, then declare
 Their heav'nly pow'r, revealing who they were.
 A vengeance just the neighbourhood shall feel,
 To you is giv'n to be secure from ill;
 Your cottage quit, and follow where we lead,
 And make with speed to yonder mountain's head.
 The good old pair obey, slow steps each takes,
 Propp'd on their staves, and bend their aged backs.
 By this, they'd almost gain'd the hilly height
 Within the distance of an arrow's flight;
 There cease their toilsome ascent, and survey
 Those parts they left, where now a lake they see;
 Their house alone remains, whilst they deplore
 Their neighbours fate, and country now no more.
 Their little hut, but large enough for two,
 In height and circuit swells, the crotches columns grew;

The level floor with polish'd marble laid,
 The awful gates with living sculptures spread,
 With wonder they the rising dome behold,
 The shooting spires and roof distinct with gold.
 Then thus *Saturnius*, with a chearful look,
 Smiles sitting on his mouth, serenely spoke:
 Thou good old man, and thou good wife, who best
 Art worthy such a mate, speak your request.
 They talk apart a while, the good old fire
 In both their names prefers their joint desire:
 Give us to serve attendant at your shrine,
 To guard your fane, and offer rites divine;
 And since no day in all our marriage life
 Was ever clouded with domestic strife,
 Give us one hour to close our happy date,
 Nor I mourn hers, nor she bemoan my fate.
 The Gods assent, the little life behind
 That fate had left, perform'd what they design'd.
 When on th' extream of age, standing before
 The steps ascending to the temple-door,
 Recalling past events, *Baucis* is seen
 By old *Philemon* sprouting branches green,
 And *Baucis* sees her old *Philemon* send
 Green leaves; and branches from his head portend.
 Now, as the creeping rind together drew,
 They snatch'd, and gave at once a quick adieu;
 Ev'n yet a *Tyanean* shews two trees,
 An oak and linden, which he says are these;
 And I have often heard the truth averr'd,
 By ancient men for gravity rever'd;
 Nay, more, ev'n I my self have seen their boughs,
 Loaded with garlands gifts for pow'ful vows,
 And off'ring wreaths of recent flow'rs I said,
 To those, who honour'd heav'n, be heav'nly honours paid!

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The story silence clos'd, the audience all
The teller credit, and admire the tale;
But *Theseus* most, who still prepar'd to hear,
Urg'd the discourse, and lent a list'ning ear;
When *Achelous*, low reclin'd at ease,
Assum'd the thread of talk in words like these:
There are, great sir, to whom the Gods ordain,
One form sure fix'd for ever to remain;
Others again can vary shapes at ease,
As thou blue *Proteus* ranger of the seas;
Who now a youth confess'd, a lion now,
And now a boar with tusky head do'st show;
Now like a hateful gliding snake art seen,
A bull with horned head, a stone, or spreading green;
Or in a flood do'st flow a wat'ry way,
Dissembling streams, or in bright fire do'st play.

This pow'r *Autolyces*'s wife did gain,
Daughter to *Erisichon* the profane,
That he who impious, scorn'd the pow'rs divine,
Nor offer'd od'rous smoke at any shrine;
Who violated *Ceres*' woody shade,
And durst with steel her sacred grove invade,
In which an oak arose, and spread above
Its leafy crown, and seem'd itself a grove;
With votive tablets deck'd, and fillets bound,
And wreaths and flow'ry garlands hung around;
Where all the wood-land nymphs their revels play'd,
And footed sportive rings around its shade;
Not fifteen cubits could encompass round
The ample trunk on consecrated ground;
As much its height the other trees exceeds,
As they o'ertop the grass and humbler weeds;
Not all its holy horror could avail;
He bad his slaves the sacred trunk assail;

And

And storming their delay, he snatch'd from one
 An ax, and said, *Not her lov'd tree alone,*
But tho' this were the Goddess, she should down,
And sweep the earth with her aspiring crown.
 Then pois'd his ax, and aim'd an oblique stroke,
 Deep sighs proceeded from th' affrighted oak;
 And lo, its leaves and acorns paler grew,
 And shudd'ring branches chang'd to yellow hue;
 Then from the deep inflicted wound do pour,
 Strange to relate, long streams of ruddy gore,
 Like that which, from an ox at th' altar bound,
 Forsakes the batter'd skull and sacrificer's wound.
 Fear seizes all; one with suspending hand
 Denies the blow, refusing the command.
 With fury him the fierce *Thessalian* spy'd,
Go, take thy piety's reward, he cry'd;
 Then as with rage a mighty stroke he sped,
 Converts it from the tree, and lops his head;
 Then on the tree he deals a second wound,
 When from the stem proceeds a vocal sound,
 In words like these, *A nymph thy wounds does bear,*
Belov'd of Ceres, her peculiar care;
Attending vengeance with my latest breath,
I prophesy a comfort ev'n in death.
 Not thus restrain'd, he with repeated blows,
 And straining cords, the mighty tree o'erthrows,
 Whose far projected branches overspread,
 And shar'd their ruin to the neighb'ring shade.
 The wood-land nymphs their injur'd grove survey,
 Wailing their sister's loss and fav'rite tree.
 Array'd in fullen black the suppliant crew
 Invoke the harvest pow'r, and vengeance due.
 Th' assenting Goddess shakes her radiant hairs,
 (The fields of corn obsequious wave their ears)

Then

Then fixes an unmerciful decree,
 Had he for mercy but the smallest plea:
 His death by *Famine* dooms; but since, we find
Famine and *Ceres* are by fate disjoin'd,
 A nymph she calls, one of the mountain train,
 And thus directs, In *Scythia* lies a plain,
 Where frosts perpetual bind the dreary place,
 Nor fruit nor chearful greens adorn its sullen faces:
 There cold, and bluish chills their station make
 Pale frights stiffen, and damp agues shake,
 And meagre *Famine*, bid that she repair
 To *Erisichon's* breast, and lurking there,
 Exert her utmost fury, and devour
 All plenty, let her rage o'ercome my pow'r;
 Nor startle at the tedious way, but take
 My *carr* and *dragons*, and swift journeys make:
 The nymph obeys, her airy journey tends
 To *Scythia*, on rough *Caucasus* descends:
 Thence takes her view, where soon the *Famine* found
 Supinely laid along a stony ground,
 Tearing, with eager teeth and nails, the grass,
 Which scanty grew around the barren place;
 Thick-matted was her hair, within her head
 Her hollow eyes were sunk, her lips with slime o'erspread:
 Deep yellow scurf her scraggy teeth distains,
 A dry hard skin the rattling bones contains:
 Her huckle bones elate, a valley lies
 There where the swelling belly takes its rise:
 Her wrinkled breasts were dry, and did incline
 Inward, as if the skin had cloth'd the spine.
 The want of flesh the rising joints augment,
 Round knees and ankles leanly imminent.
 Standing aloof, the nymph her message dealt;
 Yet ev'n aloof the hungry fury felt:

Altho'

Altho' but now arriv'd, then wheels her flight
 And airy journey to *Hamonia's* height,
Famine obeys the Goddess's command,
 Tho' their endeavours still oppos'd stand.
 Involv'd with storms, the curs'd contagion flies,
 Enters the wretch's roof, beside him lies.
 'Twas dead of night, and sleep, with heavy charms,
 All eyes had clos'd, she takes him in her arms,
 And now his mouth, and now his breast explores,
 And breathes her venom into all his pores.
 Her task perform'd, she leaves the happy earth,
 And seeks her empty cave and known abodes of dearth;
 'Till now refreshing sleep with downy wings,
 To *Erisichon's* fancy banquets brings.
 His jaws he moves, as fill'd with dainty fare,
 And for imagin'd food devours the empty air:
 But when with sleep delusive visions fled,
 And real hunger follow'd in their stead,
 Not all that earth, or air, or seas afford,
 Could furnish food for his still empty board;
 He hunger dreads, when with full plenty stor'd.
 What towns and nations might supply alone,
 With food sufficient, satisfies not one:
 The more he eats, the more his stomach craves,
 As seas receive their tributary waves;
 Yet, not suffic'd, drink ev'ry stranger-flood,
 As fires oppress'd with mighty loads of wood
 No aliment refuse, but with the same
 Improve their fury, and enlarge their flame.
 So *Erisichon*, with unhallow'd jaws,
 Fresh food devours; food which is hunger's cause:
 Still craving, he in vain his meals repeats,
 And calls for banquets, while he banquets eats.

His

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His patrimony sold, and riches drain'd,
 To bribe her hungry curse which yet remain'd,
Famine gains head, his hunger un-asswag'd,
 And in his throat and empty bowels rag'd;
 To ev'ry part exerts her raging fire,
 A daughter left, unworthy such a fire,
 The beggar fold, to quench the greedy flame,
 Whose gen'rous soul disdain'd a servile name;
 And on the shore, with suppliant hands abroad,
 Spread to the sea, she thus invok'd the God,
 O thou, once pleas'd with my virginity,
 Thy ravish'd spoil from hated bondage free.
 This *Neptune* had, who hearing her, bestow'd
 A diff'rent form, with manly face endu'd.
 A *fisher* now, her following master sees,
 And straight address'd her in such words as these;
Angler, whoe'er that with beguiling bait
 Conceal'st thy hook, so prosper thy deceit;
 So may the pow'r propitious smooth the sea,
 So may thy arts allure the finny prey:
 May they with eager haste attempt the bait,
 Nor see the bearded hook, but feel too late;
 As thou disclorest her, who, on this shore,
 Late stood with ruffled hair, and garments poor.
 But now I saw her here, nor can I trace
 Her sandy foot-steps farther than this place.
 She who perceiv'd the God's concealing aid,
 Smil'd at th' enquiry, and this answer made:
 Believe me, Sir, not I, my eyes have been
 Fix'd on the flood, nor any one have seen;
 That you may credit, may the pow'r of seas
 Aid my endeavours in such arts as these,
 As neither man nor maid I saw, before
 You, and my self excepted, on this shore.

He

He credits, and deceiv'd, the shore forsook,
And she again her former figure took.
Her father finding she could change her shape,
Repeated oft the tale, and she th' escape.
Now like a *hart*, a *cow*, a *bird*, or *mare*,
And fed his hunger with dishonest fare.
But when his malady all means had spent,
And he had giv'n it the last nourishment,
Prodigious to relate, he last proceeds
To eat his flesh, and so his body feeds.

What need I dwell on foreign tales? Ev'n we
Can shift our shape, tho' limited they be.
Now seem I, what I am, oft like a *snake*,
I roll in volumes; and as often take
A *bull's* fierce form, the master of the mead,
And arm with pointed horns my threat'ning head;
But whilst I horns assum'd, see one was broke,
Then adds a length of sigh to what he spoke.



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- BOOK I. II. by Mr. Sewell, &c.
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F I N I S



